1826.aa.28.

A COMMENTARY ON MR *POPE*'S PRINCIPLES of MORALITY, Or ESSAY on MAN.

By *Monſ.* CROUSAZ,

Member of the Royal Academies of Sciences at *Paris* and *Bourdeaux*, and Profeſſor of Philoſophy and Mathematics at *Lauſanne*;

In ANSWER to a LETTER of

REMARKS on his EXAMEN, &c.

CONTAINING ALSO

I. The LETTER of REMARKS to Monſ. CROUSAZ.

II. The Abbe DU RESNEL's Tranſlation of the ESSAY into FRENCH Verſe.

III. An Interlineary *Engliſh* Verſion of the ſame.

IV. M. DU RESNEL's Preface, with his Obſervations on the *French*, *Italian*, and *Engliſh* Poetry.

V. Some Annotations by the Tranſlator.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CAVE, at St JOHN's GATE.

M,DCC,XLII.

A COMMENTARY ON Mr POPE's PRINCIPLES of MORALITY, Or ESSAY on MAN.

By Mons. CROUSAZ,

Member of the Royal Academies of Sciences at Paris and Berenburg, and Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics at Lausanne;

IN ANSWER to the REMARKS of the BISHOP of LONDON, &c.

CONTAINING

I. The Letter of REMARKS to Mons. CROUSAZ.

II. The Abbe DU RESNEL's Translation of the ESSAY into FRENCH Verse.

III. An Interlinear English Version of the same.

IV. M. DU RESNEL's Preface, with his Observations on the French, Italian, and English Poetry.

V. Some Annotations by the Translator.



LONDON:

Printed for E. CAVE, at St JOHN's GATE. M,DCC,XLII.

CONTENTS.

LETTER to Mr *Crouſaz*. PAGE i.

The Inconſiſtency of a Poſition with an Author's other Tenets no Proof that he does not maintain it. ii.

The Weakneſs of Human Underſtanding a common Plea. iii.

Language full of Ambiguities. iv.

From thence a Confuſion of Ideas. *ibid.*

This the Schools have not rectified but encreaſed. v.

Inſtance of oppoſite Opinions. vi.

Cauſe of Ignorance. vii.

The Reigns of oppoſite Syſtems. ix.

The abſurd Philoſophy of *Leibnitz*. x.

Negatives eaſy. xi.

Reaſons for which Opinions are received. xii.

Some Brains adapted to Abſurdity. xiii.

Fataliſm, an Opinion favourable to Intereſt. xiv.

Oppoſitions between Fataliſm and Practice. xv.

Fataliſts never regulate their Lives by their Syſtem. xvi.

The Fluctuation of the Mind inclined to Fataliſm. *ibid.*

Fataliſts unjuſtly lay claim to the Suffrages of the Divines. xvii.

Free-will aſſerted by Divines. xviii.

Man, if Fatality be allowed, not a moral Agent. xix.

COMMENT on EPIST. I.

CROUSAZ, formerly a Cultivator of Logic, 1

Now a Reader of Morality. 2

How *Crouſaz* diſcovers *Reſnel*'s Deviations from his Original. 3

Two of Mr *Pope*'s Lines tranſlated into Eight. *ibid.*

Modeſty a proper Qualification of a Moraliſt. 4

Compariſon of Retirement and Publick Life. 5

Enquiry what is to be underſtood by *Nature*. 7

23

CONTENTS.

Enquiries inſtead of Information. 11
The *Firſt Cauſe* abſolutely neceſſary. 12
Perverſion of the Term *Neceſſary Exiſtence*, 13
Creation an Act of Choice. *ibid.*
Different Orders of Being, 14
The Perfection of the Univerſe limited. 15
Therefore might have been different. *ibid.*
Neither Phyſical nor Moral Evils neceſſary. 18
The Hiſtory of the *Fall* to be conſidered. 19
Queſtions relating to Moral Agency. 20
The Fall of the Angels. *ibid.*
Man pitied becauſe tempted. 21
God diſtinguiſhes Errors from Crimes. *ibid.*
Man has the Power of exalting his Nature. 22
The Horſe and Ox made our Teachers. 23
Many of our Errors ariſe from Vice. 24
The Knowledge of the Horſe no Standard. 25
Man, whether as perfect as he ought. 26
Deſcription of Mr *Pope* and his Aſſociates. 27
Deſire of prying into Futurity culpable. *ibid.*
Mr *Pope* miſ-interpreted by *Crouſaz*, *Note* 30
Reaſons for which God fruſtrates Mens Deſigns. 31
Uſes of Self-Love. 32
Pope miſ-repreſented. *Note* 32
The Progreſs of the Mind in Divine Truth. 33
Balance, the Meaning of it in *Pope*. 34
Hero and *Sparrow*, whether of equal Value. 35
Nature, what *Pope* means by it. 38
Life not to be poſſeſſed with Indifference. *ibid.*
Pope miſ-repreſented. *Notes* 39, 40
Imperfection not in God but Man. 41
A Good Man's Gratitude for Life. 43
Pope repreſented as a Catholic, Why. 45
Devil's Malice produces good Effects. 46
Falſe Humility. 48
God not neceſſitated to the preſent Form of the Univerſe. 50
The Elements and Paſſions improperly compar'd. 52

God

God not the Author of Moral Evil. 54
Desires of universal Virtue not ridiculous. 55
Storms and Crimes not parallel. 56
Good Effects of Sorrow for Sin. 57
Picture of a Fool. *ibid.*
Different Imports of the Word *Nature*. 58
Pope's Direction to Happiness insufficient. 59
The true Way to Happiness. 60
Picture of *Pope*'s Indian consider'd. 63
Des Cartes's Rule for Reasoners. 65
Superiority of Man to the Brutes. 67
The Universe not unalterable in its Parts. 71
The Power of Acting, in Men, *free*. 75
The Virtue and Happiness of the Poor. 76
The Parts of the Universe not naturally tending to Separation. *ibid.*
God not the Author of Evil. 77
The Translation remarkably excellent. 78
Nature of Submission to the Supreme Being. 79
Pope's Inconsistency. 80
Chance not incident to God. 81
Vice universally an Evil. 82
Some Physical Events imputable to Vice. 83
In what Sense *whatever is is right*. 84

Epist. II.

The Necessity of studying Ourselves. 86
Pope's Picture of Life considered. 87
Newton really an *Ape* according to the *Leibnitzian* System. 95
Self-Love and Reason consistent. 98
Reason conducts us to Religion. 99
Self-love sometimes errs. 100
Passions arise from Self-love. 102
Stoical Indolence. 103
Passions conduce to Virtue. 104
Evils arising from the Passions. 106

Nonſenſe imputed to *Pope*. 107
The Notion of a *Ruling Paſſion* unjuſt. *Note* 108
Paſſions operate differently on different Men. 111
Reaſon not chargeable with our Faults. 112
Paſſions may be ſubdu'd——The Abbè de St *Cyran* 115
The true Method of conquering our Paſſions. 118
Advantages of Society. 119
Vices though not implanted by God, become his Inſtruments of Juſtice. 120
Eternal Artificer, the Expreſſion examined. 123
The true Original and Uſe of the Paſſions. 125
Actions, in appearance virtuous, may ſpring from Vice. 127
The preſent Satisfactions and Advantages of Virtue illuſtrated by two Examples. 128
An Explication of *Pope*'s Doctrine of the Ruling Paſſion. 130
Virtue will guide the Paſſions right. 131
The Conduct of a Man actuated only by preſent Advantage. 133
The Gradations by which Men advance in falſe Notions. 136
How little excuſable in the Sight of God. 137
Frenchmen always introduce Love. *Note* 139
Men do not equally promote the general Good. 140
Neither *Shame*, *Raſhneſs*, nor *Vanity* neceſſary. 143
The Fear of Death uſeful. 147
The *Engliſh* not enough afraid of it. 147
Diſcontent frequent in few States. 150
All Conditions not equally happy. 151
Pride not a Bleſſing. 153
Security in the higheſt Degree dangerous. 155
Self-love implanted by God. 157

EPIST. III.

Man the Author of his own Deſtiny. 161
Compariſon

CONTENTS.

Comparison between the Natural System and Society. *ibid.*
Nothing in reality annihilated 162
The States of Brutes and Man with Regard to their Knowledge of Futurity compared. 166
The Superiority of Reason to Instinct. 170
Different Orders of Being not related to each other. 174
Nature, the Term explained. 179
The Primitive Religion according to *Pope*. 180
The Original of Government. 189
Pope's Meaning mistaken. 191
The Causes of Faction. 194
The Original of Depravities in Religion. 195
Gradations by which Men attain'd Divine Honours. 197
None but Good Men sincerely promote the Good of others. 200
Self-love, and the Love of God concur to produce Happiness. 206

EPIST. IV.

Happiness, according to *Pope*, easily attainable. 210
Pope does not direct his Reader to Happiness. 212
Nature, the Meaning of that Term. *ibid.*
A Man supposed to be sent into the World in the full Strength of his Reason, 213
How He would naturally reason. *ibid.*
How gladly He would receive Information. 215
The exalted Happiness of Devotion. 216
Happiness attainable by different Abilities. 221
How the Balance of Heaven is kept equal. 223
Men not always sollicitous about their own Merit. 226
Men not wholly good or bad. *ibid.*
Character of a Libertine. 227
Men not always desirous of Esteem of the Good. 228
Length or Shortness of Life no Proofs of God's Favour or Anger. 230
Physical and Moral Events not connected. 232

If

CONTENTS.

If all Actions are neceſſary, why is any Suffering produced by them? 235
All Difficulties removed by admitting Free-will. *ibid.*
Reſignation, a Virtue produced by Vice. 236
Perſecution and Malignity no Characters of a Chriſtian. 237
Providence for juſt Reaſons ſnatch'd away *Titus* as well as *Cæſar*. 238
Miraculous Aſſiſtance not the proper Reward of Virtue. 240
Falſe Notions of Riches and Honour. 244
Every Man conſcious of his Liberty. 251
Neceſſary Actions not puniſhable. 252
Pope's Inconſiſtencies. *ibid.*
The Abuſe of Power. 253
Superior Parts, their Value. 254
Contraſt of Benevolence and Malignity in learned Men. 255
True Method of defeating Envy. 256
A ſmall Number of pious Families retiring to a Deſart Iſland, their Conduct. 262
Cauſes of the Decay of Families *ibid.*
The Virtues exerted in giving and receiving. 263
Happineſs not the peculiar Property of deep Reaſoners. 265
Pope's Picture of a virtuous Man. 267
Benevolence how founded. 268
Orders of Being for which we have no Regard. 269
Enquiry (ſuppoſed) how much we love the Inhabitants of *Saturn*. 270
How we are to regard the Angels. 271
Conſequences of a Suppoſition that all the Parts of the Univerſe depend on each other. 272
Self-love unreſtrained prejudicial to Society. 273
The true Motives to the Love of others. 276
Pope's concluſive Addreſs to his Patron. 277
Conjecture about the Manner in which *Pope* compiled his Eſſays. 277
Pope's Contradictions. 278

The

CONTENTS.

The Power of *Pope's* Poetry. 279
His Doctrines only received because they flatter Pride. 280
The Uncertainty of Mr *Pope's* Reasonings. 282
Letter to *Crousaz*. 283
Crousaz's Answer. *ibid.*
The Principles of some *Leibnitzians*. 284
Stupidity of many of that Sect. 285

Reasons against their System.

First, It is not certain that God was determined to one only Scheme of Creation. 285
Second, A Creation of Free Agents most worthy of God. 286
Third, It is inconsistent with Philosophy. *ibid.*
Instances of this Inconsistency. 287
Criminals according to this System unjustly punished. 288
Resnel not conscious of his own Writings. 289
Every Man transformed by every new Object. 290
The Motives that produced this System, and call in Adherents to it. 291
The *Leibnitzian* System unworthy of a wise Man. 292
A Man according to it can only be sure of his own Existence. *ibid.*
The *Leibnitzians* without any Test of Truth. 293
Ludricous Account of the Contest between two Controvertists, according to *Leibnitz's* System. 293
History of a Man who denyed the Reality of Human Existence. 294
The ill Consequence of indulging odd Actions in private without communicating them. 297
Danger of Romantic Histories. 298

RESNEL's PREFACE.

Present Taste in *France*. 300
Attacks of Critics upon *Pope* 301
Reasons for translating the Essay on Criticism. *ibid.*
Reasons for adding the Essay on Man. 302

Use

Uſe of the Eſſay on Man. *ibid.*
General Plan of the four Epiſtles. 303
Pope a Catholic. 305
Pope's Excellencies. 306
Poetry cannot be tranſlated but into Poetry. 307
Brevity of the *Engliſh* Language. *ibid.*
Conciſeneſs of *Pope*'s Eſſays. 308
How to be imitated. 309
Delicacy of the *French*. *ibid.*
Taſte of the *French* complied with. 310
The Propagation of the *Engliſh* Language. 311
The Writings of *Engliſh* and *Italians* compared. *ibid.*
General Accounts have always many Exceptions. 313
Difference between the *Engliſh* and *French* Writers. 313
The *Engliſh* leave room for Reflection, 313
The *French* exhauſt their Sentiments. 313
The *Engliſh* leſs delicate than the *French*. 313
The *Engliſh* do not allow the *French* to be Poets 314
England the *Country of the Spleen*. 314
Addiſon's Character of the *Engliſh* 314
The *French* ſtrict obſervers of Rules 315
Not eaſy to decide between different Nations. 315
Montaigne, *la Bruyere*, *Boſſuet*, admired *ibid.*
Pope's Simile of the Apothecaries 316
Homer's Deſcriptions defended 317
Fontanini's Defence of the *Italians*. 312
We have too little Knowledge of foreign Authors, and are too nearly acquainted with our own 319
Opinions of the beſt Critics different. 320
Quintilian's Precept to Critics 321
The Ancients to be reverenced and followed. 322
The Laws of a ſtrict Tranſlation. 323
The Diſadvantages of cloſe Tranſlations. 324
Charact. of *Roboton*'s Verſion of *Eſſay on Criticiſm*. 325
The Stile of *Didactic* Writers 326
Method of reading Mr *Pope*. 327
Bp *Atterbury*'s Opinion of Imitation. 327

ERRATA.

P. 139. at the End of the Note ADD [illegible]
the Stage.
P. 271. l. 22. for [illegible]
P. 318. l. 8. for [illegible] READ his.

BRITISH
4 SE 1912
MUSEUM

ERRATA.

P. 139. at the End of the Note ADD *upon the Stage.*

p. 271. *l.* 22. for *But* READ *Thus*

p. 318. *l.* 8. for *they* READ *it*; for *their* READ *its.*

CUM habeant iter rectum, devios ſequuntur anfractus.---His conſulendum eſt, ne contra ſe pugnent, velintque ſe tandem ab inveteratis erroribus liberari, quod utique facient, ſi quare ſint nati aliquando perviderint. Hæc enim pravitatis cauſa ignoratio ſui, quam ſi quis cognita veritate diſcuſſerit, ſciet quo referenda & quemadmodum ſibi vita degenda ſit. Cujus ſcientiæ ſummam breviter circumſcribo, ut neque Religio ulla ſine Sapientia ſuſcipienda ſit, neque ulla ſine Religione probanda Sapientia. Lactant. Lib. I. Cap. I.

THE Meaning of *Lactantius* in theſe Words is, that Reaſon and Revelation, Religion and good Senſe ſhould go together. He likewiſe traces our Diſorders to their Source, *the Ignorance of what we are.* The Knowledge of ourſelves will immediately ſhew the End to which we are to direct our Steps, and the Path that will lead us to it. We may ſee here to what a deplorable Degree that Man is blinded, who having the Misfortune of being too much applauded by others, lives and dies without knowing himſelf. *Qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur ſibi.*

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE
READER.

THE Author of this little Performance is very far from being aſham'd of his Zeal for the Defence of Religion. The Reader will find in the following Letter the Reaſons and the Occaſion of this Commentary.

THE Abbe *du Reſnel* had certainly no intention of compoſing his Poem for the Gratification of Libertines; but the Heart of Man having a ſtrong Tendency to Infidelity, too much Application cannot be uſed, to take away all Pretences of forming Doubts, and all Occaſions of ſtrengthening them. To this End the Writer of this Commentary thought it might contribute.

A

LETTER

WRITTEN TO

Mr CROUSAZ

On his EXAMEN of

Mr POPE's *Eſſay on* MAN.

SIR,

I AM too well acquainted with you to apprehend that I ſhall not give you Pleaſure, by informing you what has been thought of your Work, in which you have applied yourſelf to free Mr *Pope* from the Suſpicion of adhering to the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem of Fatality. Your ſtrongeſt Arguments againſt the Juſtice of that Imputation are drawn from the Inconſiſtencies into which Mr *Pope* would fall: But ſome urge, that if this Method

of reaſoning be followed, we muſt never allow ourſelves to be perſuaded that any Author has embraced an erroneous Opinion, and endeavoured to eſtabliſh it in his Writings, unleſs he be ſo fond of Singularity as at once to renounce all Truth; ſince there is no Error, but what is inconſiſtent with a certain number of Truths, either greater or leſs. This Objection, Sir, makes your Apology, in its preſent Form, conſidered as diſcovering a Way, by perſuing which, Authors may ſhield themſelves from any Accuſation, what Notions ſoever they may be deſirous of propagating in their Works. For whatever Oppoſition may be diſcovered between theſe new Opinions and received Principles, and however they may find their own Conſciences recoil, they may entirely get clear, by ſcattering here and there a few Lines conformable to the Notions which the World is prepoſſeſſed in favour of, or at leaſt to Expreſſions which Cuſtom has authoriſed, and with which Mankind have been uſed to ſatisfy themſelves. This Objection, which, as you ſee, Sir, is not without its Weight, appeared new to me, as well as others to whom I communicated it, and who, like me, on account of its Novelty, ſuſpected it of being ſophiſtical.

But when I came to conſider it more nearly, and with greater Attention, I thought it not ſo new as at firſt, and am aſſured that you yourſelf will immediately be of the ſame Opinion.----A

Man

Man maintains and reverences an Opinion which to others appears horrible, and is deſired by them to attend to the dreadful Conſequences which according to their Notions flow naturally from it. The Defender of the Opinion, attack'd with theſe deteſtable Deductions, anſwers without Scruple; *I condemn theſe Conſequences, and, like you, think them ſhocking and abominable, but deny that they follow from my Principle.* Inſtruct us then, *replies his Opponent*, on this important Point, ſet us free from ſo tormenting a Scruple, and ſhew us the real contrariety of your Principles to theſe Conſequences which you yourſelf hold in deteſtation. That, alas, *returns he*, is not to be expected, our Minds are not formed equal to Subjects ſo great, nor are they able to comprehend them with the clearneſs of Evidence; they are, in ſhort, too weak to riſe to that ſublime Light, which alone is capable of reconciling theſe Conſequences with theſe Principles. If, after having returned an Anſwer in this humble Strain, he ſees himſelf ſtill charged with theſe hateful Conſequences, he conceives himſelf unqueſtionably entitled to complain in the moſt open manner of Injuſtice, and in private even of Calumny. It appears that human Weakneſs has for a long time pretended to the melancholy Privilege of contradicting itſelf, at leaſt, appearing to contradict itſelf with Impunity: Or, if this is not altogether the Caſe, it comes very near it, and it is ſtill with

ſome Degree of Impunity. It is by virtue of this Weakneſs and this miſerable Privilege, that thoſe who have but a confuſed and imperfect View of things, imagine that they may juſtly demand the kind Aſſiſtance of better Eyes. ---- Theſe were almoſt the very Words in which I expreſſed myſelf in my ſmall Company of Friends, and this open'd the way to a Converſation, of which I think myſelf under an Obligation to ſend you a ſhort Account.

THE Language of Men is crouded with equivocal Words, and with Terms imperfectly defined, which have no clear or diſtinct Ideas annexed to them. It is full even of Forms of Speech that expreſs Ideas deſtructive of each other, but of which we do not apply ourſelves to obſerve the Contrariety. On this Point we all agreed, and no-body gave himſelf the trouble to produce Inſtances, which he knew would be ſuperfluous to the whole Company.

IT is therefore not at all ſurpriſing, if in the Converſation of thoſe who content themſelves with ſpeaking like other Men, and make uſe of common Terms as of current Money, we meet with ſo many ill-coupled and inconſiſtent Expreſſions, more particularly when they give themſelves leave to riſe above their ordinary Sphere of Thought. There are few that endeavour to make their Ideas clear, to diſentangle them from Obſcurity, and afterwards to ſelect Words that may

expreſs them properly, and preſent them clearly and diſtinctly ſuch as they conceive them in their own Minds.

We obſerved that the greateſt part of the Schools have been ſo far from producing Remedies for this Evil, that they have contributed to increaſe it. A ſet of Maxims, there called *Axioms* or *Canons*, muſt be looked on with Reverence. The Expreſſion in theſe is equivocal, but conſidered as ſacred, and appeal'd to as deciſive; in this reſpect each Party is in poſſeſſion of its own *Codex*, diſtinct from all others. In favour of a Syſtem new Rules are contrived, which are commanded to be reverenced as the Maxims of right Reaſon. New Bounds are ſet to the Underſtanding, or, according to the preſent exigence, thoſe that confin'd it before are overthrown. Terms ſtamp'd with the Mark of the Syſtem are the only current Coin, a Man muſt be either content with them or be hooted at; to demand any Explanation of Words authoriſed by the Author of the Syſtem, is to make an open Declaration of Ignorance. He diſtinguiſhes himſelf moſt eminently by his Abilities, who beſt knows how to perplex the Queſtion in debate, and his only Equal in Reputation is he who underſtands how to evade his Purſuit, by involving himſelf, in his turn, in Darkneſs; as the Gods of *Homer* wrapt their Favourite Heroes in a Cloud to withdraw them from the War, when the

Danger was too great for human Strength. On this Head of the Converſation we allow'd ourſelves to allege a number of Inſtances, which I ſhall not repeat, ſince your Eyes and Ears will ſupply you with too many. We then came back to the Principal Subject, the Inconſiſtencies into which Men fall without perceiving them, and the Obſtinacy with which they rather chuſe to adhere to Error, than quit it for the Enjoyment of pure and ſimple Truth, with which they have imprudently confounded it. He to whoſe turn it came to ſpeak, from the Place which he had by accident in the Company, began his Reflections in theſe very Words:

TAKE a Child of eight or nine Years old, or if you pleaſe ſomewhat more, of whoſe Education at leaſt common Care has been taken, and whoſe Memory has been particularly cultivated, If this Child be of a bold and reſolute Temper, and practiſed in his Leſſons, he will anſwer all your Queſtions without Miſtakes, and without Confuſion; but ſtill the more Periods he ſhall repeat, the leſs clear Ideas ſhall he have of all that he has ſaid. Would you have a clear and inconteſtable Evidence of this, go to ſome great City where every Communion of Chriſtians has the Liberty of educating their Children in their own Opinions. Ask any Number among them, if there is not beyond compariſon a greater Reverence due to the Voice of God than to that of human

man Reaſon, every one will anſwer without the leaſt Heſitation that undoubtedly there *is*.

EXAMINE then every one of theſe Children ſeparately upon each of the Opinions that are Subjects of Diſpute, and when you have heard his Anſwer, ask him farther --- But is this Anſwer of yours agreeable to that profound Reſpect, and that entire Preference which is due to the Voice of God *above the Voice of Reaſon?* Undoubtedly, ſays one of them, for when God ſpeaks, I oblige my Reaſon to ſilence. But another will ſay, I ſhould evidently fall ſhort of the infinite Reſpect which is due to God, if I ſhould aſcribe to the Words of his Revelation a Senſe contrary to Reaſon. Here is then, according to one, a plain Oppoſition between the Reſpect due to God, and the Interpretation given by the other to his Words. But, ſays the other, You muſt pardon me, if I affirm that the Oppoſition is on your Side. Here is now a real Contrariety on one ſide or the other, which neither is ſenſible of, for each denies the Conſequence that infers that Contrariety. The Number of Contradictions will increaſe with the Number of Queſtions propoſed, and of Opinions by which the different Communions of Chriſtians are diſtinguiſhed one from another. Want of Ability to examine, Reverence to Parents, Deference to the Maſters to whoſe Care we have been committed by thoſe to whom we owe our Birth, and

Pre-

Prepoſſeſſion in favour of their Inſtructions, are the Reaſons which make us adhere to particular Modes of Speech, and flatter ourſelves that we ſee with ſufficient Clearneſs what is entirely out of our Sight. The ſame Principles of Prejudice and Error follow our Youth to the Univerſities, where according to the Opinions then prevailing every Man forms his Notions, and continues to maintain them all his Life.

In our early Years we are incapable of examining, and afterwards *Indolence*, which takes away the Courage neceſſary for ſuch an Attempt, repreſents the Labour of it greater than it is, and makes us turn our Thoughts from the harraſſing Deſign of ſurmounting it. You are now left, or going to be left, ſays a Father to his Son, to your own Conduct, 'tis your buſineſs now to turn your Thoughts and your Endeavours to the Attainment of Glory, and the Improvement of your Fortune. I have put you into the Hands of a great Man, who is among the Learned what your Sovereign will be among Kings. You will be heard and applauded proportionably to the Care you take to repeat his Notions. I have recommended you to *His Excellency*, and have obtained for you a Promiſe of his Protection. Remember to deſerve his Notice, deviate not from his Meaſures to the right or to the left, his Steps are the Path of Honour, and it is by being commended by him

him that you are to riſe. Upon ſuch Principles as theſe the World has been ſucceſſively devoted to *Ariſtotle*, to *Deſcartes*, &c.

THERE was a Time, when to eſtabliſh a Reputation, and raiſe a Fortune, it was neceſſary to ſpeak in the ſame manner with *Ariſtotle*, and the moſt approved of his Commentators, and Complaints have been made that ſome Terms, very little underſtood, were borrowed from Philoſophy by Divinity, and having been treated with Reſpect in the lower Schools, became likewiſe formidable in the higheſt. The Followers of *Deſcartes* did not oblige themſelves to purſue with exactneſs the Paths which he had open'd, and ſo ſtrongly recommended. One part of his Scholars contented themſelves with repeating his Words, and applying them at random. The *Materia Subtilis* was the Engine of War, which was made uſe of to explain ſeveral Phænomena, in which it had not the principal Part, and they gave each other Authority, by mutual Examples, to talk much without learning the Subject of Diſcourſe. When Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Philoſophy became the Faſhion, we ſaw young Gentlemen look down upon all others with Contempt, becauſe they carried in their Hands the Principles of that Great Man, which they underſtood very imperfectly, and were very unſucceſsful in their Attempts to apply them. The Philoſophy of Mr *Leibnitz* has made a Noiſe in the Schools,

Schools, and his Party has exerted itſelf with great Warmth and Zeal to bring it into Credit. They have fixed *Definitions* in their Memories, without being much concerned whether they have any Foundation in Reaſon, or are merely arbitrary. They have filled their Minds with *Aphoriſms*, *Diſtinctions*, *Propoſitions*, and *Demonſtrations* real or pretended. With all this, his Scholars have raiſed, on their own Imaginations, a Throne, from which they look with Pity upon all who do not own the Authority of their Maſter. But after having rang'd the Syſtem in their Memories, there was a neceſſity of fortifying it againſt Objections. The Conſequences that neceſſarily ariſe from that Philoſophy with a Force of Evidence that compels Aſſent (if any ſuch Evidence can be) are ſuch as would be ſufficient to over-turn the beſt-concerted Syſtem. Againſt theſe violent Attacks his Defenders furniſh their Scholars with an Entrenchment, made invincible, like the enchanted Caſtles of old, by a Charm of Words, NEGO CONSEQUENTIAM: Spare not to repeat thoſe two Words, and they will bring you off victorious from every Diſpute. This Defence appears abſurd, and in reality is ſo: But one muſt have had very little Acquaintance with Mankind, and made very few Reflections upon their Converſation, and their Obſtinacy, not to know that there are Men (and in greater Numbers than would be eaſily imagined) that

are

are ſtupid enough to ſatisfy themſelves with theſe Words, and applaud themſelves for their pretended Victories which they gain by their Aſſiſtance: It is entirely vain to tell them that, *Plus negaret Aſinus in Hora*, &c. 'An Aſs may deny more 'Propoſitions in an Hour, than a Philoſopher 'can prove in his whole Life.'. This Maxim 'was not made for them, but for other People.

THE dulleſt Genius's are generally the moſt obſtinate; their Dulneſs makes them ſlothful, and a Man muſt be far from ſuch Diſpoſitions, to re-examine a Syſtem which he has once adopted, on account of ſome Difficulties that perplex it. A young Man has been bred up from his Childhood in ſome Principles of Virtue: He has heard a thouſand times that Virtue will be rewarded, and Vice puniſhed, and puniſhed with the utmoſt Juſtice. Theſe Truths are ſo ſtrongly ſupported by Conſcience, that is by certain Sentiments which the divine Providence has adapted the Heart of Man to the reception of, that many good People never ſuffer them to be effaced. When he is grown up, he enters the School, where he hears a Doctrine, that ſtrikes him with aſtoniſhment, boldly advanced from Men of great Reputation. *Don't be frighted* (ſay they to theſe Young Men who are to be initiated) *Contract the happy Cuſtom of denying Conſequences, keep the Precepts that were dictated to you for the Direction of your Childhood,*

hood, and add to them thoſe which we now recommend; by theſe means you will enrich your Mind with Knowledge, without impoveriſhing it in Virtue. But theſe ſecond Leſſons are directly contrary to the firſt. *Never perplex yourſelf about that Appearanee of Contrariety, deny that there is any ſuch, and act as if there were none.* This is the Manner (ſays he, whoſe Diſcourſe I am now epitomiſing) in which I conceive that heavy Souls, that have been early tinctured with Principles of Probity, which they ſtill continue to preſerve and eſteem, may live at Peace in themſelves, notwithſtanding the Oppoſition between a ſpeculative Syſtem, which they value themſelves upon maintaining, and Rules of Practice, of which they do not deny the Obligation. There are others of a more ſprightly Genius, who might be perplexed with Ideas ſo oppoſite to each other, but that they reſolve to take their Choice among them, to adhere to ſome and refuſe others.

WERE Men to determine themſelves only by Evidence (adds a third of my Friends) it would be impoſſible that any one ſhould be perſuaded of the Truth of a Propoſition to-day, and to-morrow admit one directly contradictory, without revoking his Aſſent to the former. But it falls out that Men make Reſolutions to affirm or to deny; in a word, they agree to Propoſitions, and adopt them upon Principles very

very different from Demonſtration. A Man yields to an Aſſertion becauſe it pleaſes him, and it pleaſes him becauſe it favours ſome private lurking Inclination, or ſome Paſſion which he is determined not to part with. He denies the Truth of another, becauſe he has conceived a Diſlike of the Author of it.

THERE are ſome diſorder'd Brains adapted to wild Opinions. There are Families to be met with, diſtinguiſhed by their Taſte for Abſurdities. I have known a Man who maintain'd that the Hour of Death was inevitably fix'd, that all Precautions againſt it were entirely fruitleſs, and that if the laſt fatal Moment were not yet arriv'd, a Man might expoſe himſelf to Deſtruction without hazard. *This*, ſaid we, *is affirming that if you had this Morning been thrown from a Tower, you would have received no Hurt, ſince we have you here ſafe and well; come take a leap from the Window, the Danger is nothing, for if your laſt Hour be come, you muſt die immediately of an Apoplexy.* "I am not, *anſwer'd he*, in any apprehenſion of "ſhortening my Life by ſuch an Experiment, "but the Reaſon that hinders me from trying it "is, that I am not inclin'd". Needs there any other Proof that there are many Kinds and Degrees of Madneſs?

GREAT Numbers would reject, in the ſtrongeſt Terms, a Propoſal of declaring in favour of an Opinion, if they had not ſome Intereſt to

ſerve

ſerve by appearing in its Defence. They permit themſelves to appear to the Publick what their Hearts diſapprove. It is for their preſent Advantage to think theſe Appearances allowed them, and then they ſoon determine to allow them in themſelves. Such Illuſions as theſe are common; ſuch was that of the Biſhop of *St Papeul*. Few Men have, like him, the Courage to examine their Principles anew, and to come back to Sincerity and plain Truth.

A MAN, whoſe Mind is filled with Proſpects of Intereſt and Ambition, imagines that, by declaring for *Fatality*, he falls into a Path that will lead him to the End in view. The Hypotheſis on this account gains his Heart, he fixes his Attention upon the Arguments that tend to eſtabliſh it, to theſe he confines his Ideas, and familiariſes them to his Imagination. But his Reaſon and his Conſcience remonſtrate to him, that he is going by this Doctrine to overthrow all the Principles of Morality in his Auditors. For this Inconvenience, ſays he, I ſhall find a good Remedy. The Morality of my Adherents will be in no Danger, when I have taught them to perſiſt in denying Conſequences, and to intrench themſelves impregnably in Negatives. This Conduct I will be always inculcating, and enforce it by ſhewing that their Honour, their Reputation, and even their Honeſty, depend upon

on it. Having made this Reſolution, he adopts this Syſtem without farther Scruple.

THERE was only one in our little Company who had hitherto been ſilent: He then took his turn to ſpeak. I can, ſays he, give you a clearer Account, than will frequently be met with, of the Struggles between Practice and Speculation, which a Man feels, when an Opinion in Theory has not yet ſuppreſs'd thoſe Fears which are excited by Religion, nor ſtifled the Reproaches with which our Conſciences torment us upon every Deviation from our Duty. Theſe Struggles I once experienced, when I ſuffered myſelf to be dazzled with the Syſtem of Fatality. I could not ſuſpect it of any latent ill Conſequences in the Mouth of a ſevere Divine. He did not carry his Notion ſo far as to a Fatality, diſtant from the divine Nature, and to which his Will was ſubject. He was himſelf the Original of it, and thus all that came to paſs was conceiv'd to come to paſs by inevitable Neceſſity, as well within my Breaſt, as in any external Events.

But when this Poſition was laid down, what need was there of Prayer, or of Confeſſion? To aſk what, without being aſked, muſt certainly come to paſs, was uſeleſs; to aſk what could never poſſibly be obtained was ſtill worſe. Why ſhould Pardon be intreated, when a Man has done nothing but what he was inevitably determined to do?

How

How can Reſolutions be formed, or Promiſes made? A Man has no Power to execute them, if all Events are the Production of Deſtiny.

To free myſelf from theſe Perplexities, I forbore all thoughts of my Hypotheſis, and enjoyn'd myſelf a Courſe of Conduct, as if I never had entertain'd any Notion of theſe Principles, as if there were no Fatality, and as if I were Maſter of my own Actions.

This is in effect the Method by which the Fataliſts regulate themſelves in the ordinary Courſe of their Lives. Their erroneous Notions do not extinguiſh their Faculties, they continue free, and they act freely. Only ſome of them apply to their Syſtem for relief againſt any Inquietudes of Conſcience, or Fears of Futurity, and I have known more than one of this Stamp.

God was always ſo favourable to me, as not to permit me to give the Syſtem with which I was infatuated, ſo abſolute an Empire over me; but, it is true, it diſordered my Devotions; my Meditations and my Prayers were interrupted by troubleſome Diſtractions, and I was far from finding in myſelf thoſe Diſpoſitions of Mind, which St *James* ſo expreſsly recommends, *viz. Let him who wanteth Wiſdom ask it of God, and it ſhall be given him; but let him ask it in full Aſſurance; if he doubt, let him not expect to receive any thing of the Lord. The double-hearted Man is inconſtant in all his Ways.* James i. 5, &c.

St *James* compares his Thoughts to the *Waves of the Sea*, and ſuch is the State of all the *Fataliſts*, who are not deſperately harden'd in their deſtructive Syſtem.

As for thoſe who have proceeded ſo far, they only deny thoſe Conſequences with their Mouths which they admit in their Hearts, and they recur to this Negative for no other Reaſon than that they may not have their Syſtem to defend againſt the whole Body of Mankind, by which it is oppoſed.

They are likewiſe deficient in Sincerity, when they ſupport their Notions by the Authority of Divines, who are ſo far from admitting the Conſequences imputed to them, that they hold them in Deteſtation.

It is Temerity, ſay theſe Divines, to deduce the Conſequences of an Opinion that tranſcends the Capacity of Man, and which, if we comprehended it fully, would appear more diſtant from thoſe Deductions than Heaven from Earth.

But the Principle of our Modern Philoſophers, from which we ſee theſe Conſequences evidently ariſe, is, if we take their Word, a clear Principle, which fully explains the Union of the Soul with the Body, and which, upon the Subject of Providence, has enlightned the World with Informations, which it has wanted till now.

Divines acknowledge in Man ſuch Freedom,

as muſt be admitted to ſubject him to juſt Puniſhment for any Faults he is guilty of, and that Freedom as full and complete as if there were no Preſcience. This they believe, though, as they confeſs, they know not how to reconcile it with a Poſition which Man is not capable of underſtanding. But our Fataliſts maintain, that Freedom, as we underſtand it, is incompatible with Preſcience; and ſo much are they Enemies to it, that, rather than not ſet themſelves free from all Fear of Puniſhment, and all Apprehenſion of giving an Account, they deny Free-will in the Deity himſelf, and are ſo prejudiced againſt any ſuch Notion, that they ſpeak of it as implying a Contradiction.

THE Divines own, that Morality and Duty are founded in Free-will; but this Foundation is entirely demoliſhed by the Fataliſts. They indeed own ſuch a Liberty in Words, but their Definitions reduce it to nothing. No Man determines his own Actions; to think that he determines them is all Illuſion and Fancy, and even this Fancy is the Effect of an external Cauſe, diſtinct from the Will, which imagines that it determines itſelf, becauſe it is not ſenſible of the Cauſe that directs it, and directs it, according to them, by a Phyſical Efficacy.

WHATEVER Extravagancies a Man happens to utter, or to do, in the Paroxyſms of a Phrenzy,

Phrenzy, he is not accountable for, being then without Liberty or Choice, and rather a *paſſive* than an *active* Being: His Condition of *Moral Agent* is for that time ſuſpended. Now if Man paſſes his whole Life without Liberty, if that Power be never granted him by his Creator from the Hour of his Birth to that of his Death, he is to be conſidered as a *phyſical Being*, which has only the Appearance of a *moral* one, and every one of his Determinations, however weak, is the reſult of a neceſſary and phyſical Cauſe, no leſs than the moſt impetuous Tranſports of a violent Phrenzy. A Degree of Speed which carries a Body the Space of an Inch in a Minute, is as much the neceſſary and phyſical Effect of its weak Cauſe, as a Degree of Speed, that carries a Body a hundred Feet in the ſame Time, is of a Cauſe twelve hundred times ſtronger.

THIS, Sir, is a Sketch of a Converſation with which I thought it neceſſary to make you acquainted. I have ſince ſeen ſome *Leibnitzians* not ſatisfied with Mr *Pope*, who has, ſay they, let fall many things, that diſcover a very imperfect Knowledge of the Syſtem: And ſome of theſe Gentlemen ſeem ſo far diſguſted (for he that admits any part of their Syſtem is expected to ſwallow the whole) that they incline rather to ſuſpect him of *Spinoſiſm*. But this is

ſo

ſo horrid an Accuſation, that a Man ought not to ſuſpect it juſt, without being forced to it, and I find you are not the only Perſon that has undertaken to clear him from it.

GIVE me leave, Sir, to inform you, in one Word, what I have done ſince I read your *Examen*: I have laid aſide, as far as I could, all Prepoſſeſſion, and every Idea of a Syſtem, and, endeavouring to abſtract my Mind from Notions I had already conceiv'd, I have confin'd myſelf to read Mr *Pope*'s *Eſſay upon Man*, as a mere Treatiſe of Morality, of a new Form; and, in that View, have applied myſelf to learn from it how to know and conduct myſelf.

You, Sir, have never denied me any Requeſt. I know that you abſtract your Thoughts from any Object without difficulty, and that you have form'd a Habit of employing your Attention as you pleaſe. I intreat you to favour me ſo far as to read once again the Eſſays of Mr *Pope*, with the ſame Frame of Mind that I have done, and communicate your Objections to me: I ſhall be extremely pleaſed to compare them with mine; I do not tell you for what End, that I may avoid filling your Mind with any Prepoſſeſſion.

THE

Mr CROUSAZ's ANSWER *to the* LETTER; BEING A COMMENTARY On Mr POPE's *Ethic Epiſtles*, or ESSAY on MAN.

On EPISTLE I.

I FIND in myſelf an Inclination to comply punctually with your Requeſt, as far as it is in my Power. From the earlieſt Years of my Youth I found in myſelf a ſtrong Tendency to the Study of LOGIC, and employ'd my Time upon it, without yet repenting it. I have made advantage of Maxims which I met with in Books not written with an Intention to teach them. I have peruſed all the Writings that have fallen into my Hands with that Title, or a Title of any affinity to it: I have not even neglected ſuch as are entirely out of Faſhion. But to what purpoſe does a Man learn to think juſtly, if his Attainments do not enable him to regulate his Conduct? Truth is of no Value, if it does not lead

us into the Paths of Wiſdom, or fix us in them. For this Reaſon, in whatever Form, and in whatever Manner any Author has treated *Morality*, I have thought myſelf under an Obligation to profit by his Inſtructions, and it is with this only View that I am about to read over again the Eſſay of Mr *Pope*, and to enter myſelf among his Scholars; but as a Scholar deſirous of Improvement, I ſhall hear him with Attention, and, that I may be the more improv'd, ſhall examine his Precepts.

WITH this Deſign I have made choice of the Poetical Tranſlation; this Way of writing is agreeable to my Taſte, and will much add to my Docility. I am indeed not eaſy to be pleaſed in my Judgment of Poetry, and not finding myſelf born a Poet, for fear of making bad Verſes, never allow'd myſelf to make any. But I muſt aſſure you that I am nevertheleſs very well pleaſed with the Verſion of the *Abbe de Sept Fontaines*.

Sors de l'enchantement, milord, laiſſe au vulgaire
Break from th' enchantment, my lord, leave to the vulgar
Le ſeduiſant eſpoir d'un bien imaginaire.
The ſeducing hope of a good imaginary.
Fui le faſte des cours, les honneurs, les plaiſirs;
Shun the pride of courts, the honours, the pleaſures;
Ils ne meritent point de fixer tes deſirs.
They not merit at all to fix thy deſires.
Eſt-ce a toi de groſſir cette foule importune,
Is it for thee to increaſe that crowd importunate,
Qui court aupres des rois, encenſer la fortune?
Which runs after kings, to offer incenſe to fortune?
Viens, un plus grand objet, des ſoins plus importans
Come, a more grand object, cares more important
Doivent de notre vie occuper les inſtans. 8
Should of our life employ the moments.

I DO

I DO not underſtand *Engliſh*, and how loudly ſoever I might declare my Approbation of the judicious Compariſon of the Poetry of the two Nations made by Mr DU RESNEL *, my Suffrage ought to be made no account of, being given upon a Subject I do not underſtand.

I CANNOT however help obſerving an evident Difference between the Openings of the two ‡ Poems; the Expreſſions of Mr *Pope* are more harſh, and thoſe of Mr *du Reſnel* more ſoften'd.

* MR *Crouſaz*, who, as he ſays, underſtands not *Engliſh*, diſcovers *du Reſnel*'s Variation from Mr *Pope*, by comparing his Verſion with another in Proſe, on which he writ his Examen, lately tranſlated by an ingenious Hand.

‡ THE Addreſs of one is the Exclamation of a Freeman, that of the other the Murmur of a Slave. —— It is unneceſſary here to remind the Reader of *Roſcommon*'s Obſervation upon the *Engliſh* Poetry compared with the *French*,

——— ——— *One Sterling Line*
Drawn to French *Wire will thro' whole Pages ſhine.*

This Tranſlator cannot but recall it to his Memory, by giving us 8 Lines of 12 or 13 Syllables for 2 Lines of no; as for the ſecond Couplet,

Let us, ſince Life can little more ſupply,
Than juſt to look about us, and to die,

he has totally omitted it; but it may be proper to obſerve, that *du Reſnel*'s Verſion is entitled *Les* PRINCIPES *de la Morale*; *Traduits de l'* ANGLOIS *de Mr* POPE, *Par Mr* DU RESNEL *Abbe de* Sept-Fontaines, *de l'Academie des Inſcriptions & Belles-Lettres*: That is, The PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY; a Poem *tranſlated from the* Engliſh *of Mr* POPE, *by Mr* DU RESNEL, *Abbe de* Sept-Fontaines, *and Member of the Academy of Inſcriptions and Belles-Lettres.*

THE Author (Mr *Pope*) ſhews a Diſſatisfaction that amounts to Ill Humour, or indeed goes ſomewhat farther:

(--- --- *Leave all meaner Things*
To low Ambition, and the Pride of Kings)

The Tranſlator (M. *du Reſnel*) is content with remarking, that ſolid Happineſs is not to be found in a Court-Life.

A SPIRIT of Moderation in an Author, who is about to teach *Morality*, prejudices the Reader in favour of his Work. A magiſterial Accent only makes Inſtruction more burthenſome. Some Reſtraint and Modeſty of Style are decent, eſpecially when Great Perſons are mention'd, whoſe Virtue ſuch Numbers conſpire to aſſault, that they are more to be admired when they perſevere in the right Way, and more to be lamented when they wander from it*.

HE that follows the Court from Motives of Ambition, that he may enjoy the Pleaſure of tyranniſing over others, and of receiving Homage in any exalted Station, inſtead of meeting with Happineſs at Court, will find there a thouſand Diſappointments, and be a Prey to innumerable Vexations. But the Man that has no other View than of truly ſerving his Country and his Prince, who diligently takes every Opportunity that occurs of proſecuting that Deſign without regard

* MAY it not be oppoſed to this ſoft Language, that the Vices of the Great ought to be more ſeverely cenſured, becauſe they are committed in open Day, becauſe they ſet Faſhion on the Side of Wickedneſs, corrupt whole Nations by their Influence, and are out of the Reach of any other Puniſhment?

regard to Recompence or Applauſe, who does his Duty with the ſame Zeal, on Occaſions which never can be known, as in Affairs of which the whole World will be informed: Such a Man enjoys the Happineſs of a perpetual Serenity in the Poſſeſſion of Virtue, which nothing can diſpirit, and which, however neglected, can ſupport itſelf.

BUT if the Tranquillity of Solitude has more powerful Charms than a Life, which muſt expoſe a Man to be every Day the Witneſs of a thouſand deteſtable Actions, and in which Virtue muſt ſtruggle with continued Attacks, I conceive that it may be natural to grow weary of ſuch Embarraſſments, and think of retiring.

SUCH I ſuppoſe to be the Temper of a *fine Genius*, celebrated for his Writings, and of a *Lord*, whoſe Abilities have enabled him to ſhine in the Adminiſtration.

TO this Retreat I reſolve to follow them, and that I may attend more tractably to the new Inſtructions which are to be received, I ſuppoſe myſelf to be one of their Attendants. Here my Felicity will equal theirs, however inferiour it would have been at Court.

Ce grand objet, c'eſt l'homme, etonnant labirinte,
This grand object, 'tis man, aſtoniſhing maze,

Ou d'un plan regulier l'œil reconnoit l'empreinte;
Where of a plan regular th' eye diſcerns the mark;

Champ fecond, mais ſauvage, ou par de ſages loix
A field fertile, but wild, where by wiſe laws

La roſe & le chardon fleuriſſent a la fois.
The roſe and the thiſtle flouriſh at the ſame time.

HERE are Mixtures, and even Contrarieties, which I cannot but acknowledge: With theſe

Contrarieties I am much perplexed, and promiſe myſelf the moſt agreeable Peace of Mind from ſeeing them laid open to the View.

Voyons a quel deſſein le ciel nous a fait naitre;
Let us ſee for what intent heaven us has cauſed to be born;
Que l'homme dans mes vers apprenne a ſe connoitre;
Let man in my verſes learn to know himſelf;

For this Information I wait with Impatience, and which I foreſee is likely to continue, for my Difficulties and Fears are increaſed upon me by new Antitheſes. What am I to hear now?

De ſon cœur tenebreux ſondons la profondeur;
Of his darkſome heart let us ſound the depth;
Juſques dans ſa baſſeſſe admirons ſa grandeur.
Even in his lowneſs let us admire his grandeur.
L'un fier de ſes talens, enfle de ſa ſcience,
One proud of his talents, puffed up with his knowledge,
Ne croit rien d'impoſſible a ſon intelligence.
Believes nothing impoſſible to his underſtanding.
Pour ces dons precieux l'autre plein de mepris,
For theſe gifts precious another full of contempt,
De ſa propre raiſon ſemble ignorer le prix.
Of his own reaſon ſeems not to know the value.
Rappellons-les tous deux a ſa pure lumiere,
Let us recall them both to its pure light,
Et cherchons les ſentiers ou marche la nature.
*And let us ſeek out the paths where marches nature.**

Here

---

* *Eye Nature's Walks* ——— v. 13.

The Reader will obſerve with Indignation the dull Introduction, and common Remarks which are interwoven with Mr *Pope*'s animated Sentiments. The Tranſlator is very injudicious in preſuming to add any thing of his own, but may perhaps be more eaſily juſtified in his Omiſſion of theſe Words.

——— ——— *Shoot Folly as it flies,*
And catch the Manners living as they riſe.

HERE is a Scheme of Diſcoveries that awakens my Impatience, I am all Attention to every Syllable, and find in the Concluſion that, to attain the Knowledge I deſire ſo much, I muſt *eye* the *Walks of Nature*, and follow them. Grandeur is the Delight of Poetry, but my Heart is ſet upon Clearneſs and Simplicity. What Idea am I to conceive from the Term *Nature*? NATURE is, it ſeems, the Guide I am to follow. Is *Nature* then that Aſſemblage of Bodies with which I am ſurrounded? This Senſe, though very frequent, is not proper here. Is *Nature* the Bulk of Mankind, whoſe Example carries me along, and often draws me from the right Way? Am I to give that Appellation to any ſecret Deſires, which are ſometimes good, and very often bad? Or to violent Paſſions, which ſeldom benefit, and often hurt me? Or ſhall I reſerve that Title for the Light of Reaſon? But nobody has yet ſettled a Method for diſtinguiſhing its deceitful Glimmers from its true Light. Am I to follow Nature, by walking in the Way which all conſent to approve? Where then am I to look for that Conſent, and what is it that meets with ſuch general Approbation?

BY *Nature* am I to underſtand the *Univerſal Cauſe* of all Spirits, and of all Bodies? Let me then be taught how I may aſſuredly know his *Walks*, and diſtinguiſh his undoubted Attributes from falſe Imputations.

*I HAVE hopes given me, that the Preſumptuous, who think themſelves capable of every thing, and the Indolent, who, to free themſelves

* THIS Paragraph relates only to *Du Reſnel*'s Addition, v. 17, 18, *&c. L'un fier de ſes talens*, &c.

from the Neceſſity of Labour, determines to deſpiſe all that can be attained by it, will be now reconciled, and brought back to the pure Light of Truth. I expect a great deal, and hitherto attain nothing.

YET far from loſing Courage I feel it revive at the following Lines.

Que par nous eclaire ſur ſes vrais interets,
Let, by us enlightened in his true intereſt,
L'homme rougiſſe enfin de ſes vœux indiſcrets;
Man bluſh at laſt for his wiſhes indiſcreet;
Qu'il reconnoiſſe ici ſes virtus & ſes vices,
Let him acknowledge here his virtues and his vices,
Et bravant de l'erreur les dangereux caprices,
And defying of error the dangerous caprices,
Contre les vains diſcours de l'aveugle mortel
Againſt the vain reaſoning of a blind mortal
Eſſayons de venger les loix de l'eternel. 28
26 *Let us try to vindicate the laws of th' eternal.* †

HERE are Promiſes yet more liberal. I ſhall be taught to live, and, above all, to have juſt Notions of my Creator, his Will, and his Laws. This is of infinitely greater Value than barely to know him without going any farther.

Si tu veux eviter les ecueils ordinaires,
If thou will avoid the rocks common,
Ou ſe briſe l'orgueil des eſprits temeraires,
Where ſplits the pride of raſh wits,
Sur des mondes ſans nombre, eloignes de tes yeux,
On worlds without number, remote from thy eyes,
Garde-toi de porter des regards curieux. 32
28 *Beware of carrying views curious.* *

---

† OF theſe Lines I need not ſay how diſtant they are from Mr *Pope*'s Senſe, and how much inferiour to it.

* DU *Reſnel*'s Introduction would be dull in Proſe, and is very far from giving an Idea of Mr *Pope*'s Fire and Precipitation.

I AM disingaged from an endless Toil, and congratulate myself upon finding that I may dispense with a Labour which, in all appearance, would have been without effect.

Cherchez Dieu dans ce monde, ou sa vive lumiere
Search God in this world, where his vivid light
S'offre de toutes parts a ta foible paupiere.
Itself offers from all parts to thy feeble eyes.

THIS Task I embrace, with the utmost Satisfaction, to find how my Searches are to be confin'd.

Tu ne peux d'un regard voir les divers ressorts,
Thou canst not with a look view the different springs,
Dont le parfait concert entretient l'univers;
Of which the perfect concert maintains th' universe;
Penetrer par quel art la puissance supreme
Penetrate by what art the power supreme
Des tourbillons errans a regle le sisteme
Of vortexes wandering hath regulated the system;
Parcourir les soleils, les globes radieux,
Run over the suns, the globes radiant,
Et les etres divers qui rempliſſent les cieux;
And the different beings which fill the heavens;
Et tu veux des decrets, qui formerent le monde,
And thou wilt of decrees, which have formed the world,
Comprendre clairement la sagesse profonde,
28 *Comprehend clearly the wisdom profound.* 42

I AM more and more encouraged, by observing what Limits my Conductors set to their Excursions, and am no longer in fear lest Men of Genius, each in his Sphere so much superior to mine, should attempt to raise themselves to a Height, whither I should be unable to follow

them; they inſpire me as they go on with new Courage.

Dans les liens du corps ton eſprit arrete,
Within the bands of body thy ſpirit detained,
Au celeſte conſeil a-t-il donc aſſiſte?
At the heavenly council hath it then aſſiſted?
Eſt-ce une main divine, ou toi, foibleſſe humaine,
Is it a hand divine, or thou, human weakneſs,
Qui formas, qui ſoutiens cette inviſible chaine,
Who haſt formed, who ſuſtaineſt that inviſible chain,
Dont effort inſenſible attire tous les corps,
Whoſe force inſenſible attracts all bodies,
Et qui les attirant dirige leurs reſſorts? 48
34 *And which attracting them directs their ſprings?* †

THESE laſt Ideas are borrow'd from Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Syſtem, to which ſeveral Alluſions have been made, not all equally juſt; but too cloſe an Application to a Syſtem might have frozen the Vein of Poetry.

THE Effects of Attraction muſt be very reſtrained, or the World would at once become a Maſs of compact and ſolid Matter.----- But this is an Epiſode which I, who am only their Diſciple in *Morality*, may paſs over without obſtructing my Deſign.

Preſomptueux mortel! ta raiſon inquiete
Preſumptuous mortal! thy reaſon reſtleſs
Voudroit approfondir quelle cauſe ſecrete
Would fathom what ſecret cauſe
T'a forme ſi petit, ſi foible, & ſi borne. 51
35 *Thee hath formed ſo weak, ſo feeble, and ſo bounded.*

Mais,

† HERE Verſes 33, 34 are tranſlated into ſix, and perhaps, when the numerous Omiſſions are taken into the Account, the whole *French* Verſion will be found to preſerve very near the ſame Proportion.

Mais, d'abord, apprens-moi pourquoi tu n'es pas ne
But, first, inform me wherefore thou art not born
Plus foible, plus petit, plus borne, dans tes vues.
More weak, more little, more bounded, in thy views.
Fais-moi ſentir pourquoi juſques au ſein des nues
Make me perceive why even to the boſom of the clouds
Les chenes elevant leurs ſuperbes rameaux
The oaks raiſing their proud branches
Laiſſent ramper ſous eux les foibles arbriſſeaux;
Leave to creep under them the feeble ſhrubs.
Tu vois de *Jupiter* les brillans ſatellites,
Thou ſeeſt of Jupiter *the ſhining ſatellites,*
Dis par quelle raiſon fixes dans leurs limites
Tell for what reaſon fixed within their limits
De l'aſtre qui les guide n'ont pas la grandeur. 59
42 *Of the ſtar which them guides they have not the bigneſs.*

I AM yet at a great diſtance from what I was in Expectation of. I looked for ſome Information upon the End of my Being. But before any Light is afforded me I am overwhelmed with Interrogatories, and condemn'd to languiſh in Ignorance, till I have given an Anſwer to theſe Problems of Natural Philoſophy: After having ſaid

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own,

they compel me to gaze upon the Skies, in ſpite of my Unwillingneſs to diſobey ſo agreeable a Precept.

Si des decrets divins la ſage profondeur,
If of decrees divine the wiſe depth,
Au plan le plus parfait donnant la preference,
To a plan the moſt perfect giving the preference,
Doit enfanter un monde ou brille ſa puiſſance;
Muſt produce a world wherein ſhines its power;
Ou, quoique ſepare, rien ne ſoit diſuni; 63
Where, however ſeparate, nothing is diſunited;

Mr.

Mr *du Reſnel* had reaſon to remark in his Preliminary Diſcourſe, that *The Engliſh, even in their moſt inconſiderable Writings, love to leave ſomething to the Reader's Thoughts, and think they oblige him, by giving him an Opportunity of making Conjectures.*

This is Mr *Pope*'s Conduct in the Paſſage before us, for he compliments his Readers ſo far, as to conceive, after barely having heard *that we are to trace God in our own World*, they are capable of expanding that Sentiment into its whole Extent, of aſcending to its firſt Principles, and carrying it forward to its Conſequences.

If this Earth, and the Objects upon it, preſented nothing to the View, which the Mind of Man was not capable of immediately comprehending, the Work would not carry ſufficient Marks of its infinite Author. If every thing were incomprehenſible, its Author would be totally conceal'd, inſtead of being made known, as his Perfections now are, to the human Mind, even in its imperfect State. It appears mere Madneſs, and a perfect Deviation from Reaſon, to aſcribe ſuch Order, Connexion, and Symmetry to unintelligent Cauſes, which had no Intention in their Operations, nor were conſcious of their own Effects.

If any Notion can imply an Abſurdity, it is evidently abſurd to ſuppoſe that the First Cause *may* in reality *exiſt*, but that at the ſame time it might poſſibly *not exiſt*. For, in that Caſe, ſome Cauſe muſt have determined the *firſt Cauſe* to exiſt, rather than not exiſt. The *firſt Cauſe* could not then be the *firſt*, ſince it muſt owe its Exiſtence to ſome *antecedent Cauſe*. It is therefore only in itſelf that we muſt

muſt enquire for the Grounds of its Exiſtence. Should it be demanded, why the *firſt Cauſe* exiſts, we muſt anſwer, Becauſe, that it ſhould not exiſt, implies an Abſurdity. It is Reality itſelf, perfect Reality; it is that perfect eternal Being, in which no real Perfection is wanting. We are forced, irreſiſtibly forced, to acknowledge that it exiſts, and thence it is that we call its Exiſtence *neceſſary*: An Expreſſion and Sentiment, which in one Senſe is true, juſt, and proper, but is capable of being perverted to a bad Meaning, and in reality is perverted, when it is uſed to countenance a Suppoſition that God is ſubject to any Neceſſity. He is ſubject to nothing, nor is he dependent on any thing, being perfectly and infinitely ſelf-ſufficient. As his Power is infinite, he can do whatever he wills: As his Wiſdom is infinite, he is conſcious of his own infinite Perfection. He has Ideas of every thing, to which his Omnipotence can give Exiſtence. And when he ſees thoſe Beings which he hath choſen to create, he receives no new Impreſſion; all Operations of the Creature being only the reſult of his divine Power. He contemplated in himſelf the whole Creature and all its Powers, while it was yet non-exiſtent.

As being ſelf-ſufficient, he ſtands in need of nothing, his Perfections did not of neceſſity determine him to exert rather than not exert any Act leaſt ai on. No created Being can make the Addition to his Felicity, for in that caſe he muſt, if he had not created it, have wanted ſomething eſſential to his Happineſs.

IT is by Choice, a Choice infinitely free, that he was determined of his unbounded Goodneſs to call other Beings into Exiſtence. When it

it was his Pleaſure to form the Univerſe, he ſaw that a more perfect Work was more worthy of himſelf, than one leſs compleat: But we muſt not raſhly conclude that, among all the Ideas that his
6 Wiſdom might form of many Syſtems of Creation, there muſt of neceſſity ariſe *one* ſo perfect, that infinite Knowledge could not form another of equal Excellence: It is therefore ſtill by a free Choice that he has produced that Univerſe of which *we* are a Part.

IT has pleaſed his infinite Wiſdom to give Being to Creatures anſwerable to the infinite Diverſity of his Ideas. He has created Beings inſenſible, and unconſcious of their own Exiſtence; on others he has confer'd the Power of Senſation; to a third Order he has given Intelligence, Freedom of Will, and Power of Action; and proportion'd the different Degrees of Perfection in their intellectual and active Powers, and in their Liberty of Choice, to the different Claſſes in which they are ranged.

IT was put in the Power of the intelligent Part of the Univerſe to make a good or bad Uſe of Freewill. Men have made a bad Uſe of it. The Knowledge of this Truth diſcovers the Original of that aſtoniſhing Mixture of Perfections and Imperfections, Light and Darkneſs, Virtue and Vice, which we find in the World.

SO that theſe Words,

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt,
That Wiſdom infinite muſt *chuſe the beſt,*

may be underſtood in too great a Latitude; which muſt be avoided; *firſt*, by rejecting any Suppoſition, that the Perfections of the eternal Being were neceſſarily determined to exert rather

ther than not exert any Act of Creation, or to form the Univerſe ſuch as we find it, rather than another different from this, which yet, upon the whole, that is, compared in every reſpect, might have been equally perfect.

IT is impoſſible that what was formed from *nothing*, and owes its Exiſtence to ſome ſuperior Agent, ſhould equal the Perfection of the ETERNAL CAUSE that never had a Beginning. *The Perfection of the Univerſe is therefore limited*, and where an Aſſemblage of Beings conſider'd in general is perfect only to a certain Degree, another Aſſemblage may poſſibly be perfect in the ſame Degree.

WE are, *in the ſecond Place*, not to conceive that every Portion of the Univerſe is ſo eſſential to it, that the Want of it would be any Reproach to the infinite Wiſdom of the Creator, or any Diſadvantage to his Work. Would a Worm, a Horſe, or a Mountain, more or leſs, deſtroy the Beauty of the World? The Iſlands are repreſented as *ſcatter'd over the Sea by the Hand of the Almighty*. Was it not at his Choice to ſcatter more or fewer? The Truth of this Aſſertion will reach to the Planets, and all the habitable inhabited Globes. Nothing is more agreeable to the Nature of the Firſt Cauſe, ſupreme and ſelf-ſufficient, than a perfect Freedom; ſince whatever Choice is made by him, his Holineſs, Power, Happineſs, and Wiſdom, continue always infinite, always the ſame.

A PRINCE thinks it proper to ſtamp Gold Coins of thirty, fifteen, ten, and five Shillings: His Neighbour coins Pieces of forty, twenty, ten, and five; another furniſhes his Subjects with Gold Money of ſix, twelve, twenty-four, and

thirty

thirty Shillings. Now, as each of these was wholly at liberty in this Affair, would it not be Madness for a Man to disturb his Brain with long Calculations, to demonstrate which of these three discover'd most Wisdom, and the greatest Compass of Thought. It is a Matter of mere Choice, and by no means a Subject of Argument.

A MAN ought likewise to think himself indispensably oblig'd to distinguish between those Effects which flow immediately from the supreme Cause, and those which are produced by created Intelligences that make an ill Use of their Liberty.

MR *Pope*'s Expressions are indeterminate, and therefore are capable of a Sense agreeable to Truth; and his excellent Translator, to shew likewise what our Language could perform in Poetry, has borrow'd the vague and indeterminate Ideas of his Original, and express'd them in the same Manner, so that the Reader is under no Necessity of taking them in a bad Sense.

HE goes on to speak of the Gradations of the World;

Ou croissant par degres jusques a l'infini,
Where increasing by degrees even to infinity,
Les etres differens, sans laisser d'intervale,
The beings different, without leaving an interval,
Gardent dans leur progres une justesse egale:
Keep in their progress an exactness equal:
*Si pour remplir ce tout que Dieu forme a son gre,
If to fill up that whole which God forms after his will,
Parmi

---

*Mr *RESNEL* varies here from his Author's Reasoning, by assuming as one of his Premises, what in the Original is inferr'd as a Conclusion, *viz.*

Then

Parmi les animaux l'homme occupe un degre,
Among animals man poſſeſſes a degree,
Le ſeul point eſt de voir, ſi le ciel equitable
The only point is to ſee, if equitable heaven
L'a place dans un rang qui lui ſoit convenable.
Him has placed in a rank which to him is ſuitable.

HERE then the Queſtion is ſtated, and brought down from general Terms to a particular Point. God, as Sovereign, and unreſtrain'd, has regulated, according to his own Pleaſure, the Gradations of the ſeveral Parts that compoſe the Univerſe. Our only Buſineſs is to convince ourſelves that Man is in Poſſeſſion of that Place, in this regular Gradation, which he is beſt adapted to, and which is moſt agreeable to the Juſtice as well as Liberty of his Creator. To this Queſtion Mr *Reſnel* anſwers after his Author *.

Dans l'homme, tel qu'il eſt, ce qui paroit un mal
In man, ſuch as he is, that which appears an evil
Eſt la ſource d'un bien dans l'ordre general.
Is the ſource of a good in the order general.
L'œil, qui ne voit d'un tout qu'une ſeule partie,
The eye, which ſees not of a whole but one only part,
Pourra-t-il la juger bien ou mal aſſortie?
Will it be able to judge it well or ill diſpoſed?

I MUST

Then *in the ſcale of life and ſenſe 'tis plain,*
There muſt *be ſomewhere ſuch a rank as Man.*
Perhaps it might be not improperly alter'd thus,
Il faut que dans ce tout ——

* Mr *RESNEL* is very far from giving his Author's Anſwer. The firſt of theſe Couplets is indeed as good a Tranſlation of the *Engliſh* as perhaps his Language will admit, but nothing can excuſe his total

I MUST own that, in my Opinion, the Man, whom this Anſwer can ſend away ſatisfied, is very cheaply contented. There are in Man both Phyſical and Moral Evils or Imperfections. Theſe Evils make us intereſted in the preſent Queſtion, and are indeed the Subject of Aſtoniſhment. Let us begin with thoſe of a Phycal Nature, which the more we obſerve, the more improbable it will appear, that the Headach, Gravel, Stone, Gout, and Palſy, the Weakneſs of Infancy, the Infirmities of Old Age, the Dulneſs of ſome, the Diſtractions of others, and the Chimeras of the Inhabitants of the Madhouſe, ſhould be Circumſtances that turn to the Advantage of the whole Syſtem of Things, and extend their beneficial Influences through all the Univerſe.

AT the View of *Moral Evil* our Difficulties redouble; for what Advantage can the moſt inventive Imagination conceive ariſing to the Univerſe in general from Cheats, Poyſoners, Calumniators and Aſſaſſins, from Rapes, Perjuries and unnatural Luſts? Were all theſe Gradations neceſſary to prevent a *Void*, and obviate the ill Effects of too wide a Step?

MR *Pope* ſeems ſtrongly inclined to conſider the Univerſe as a *Whole* conſiſting of many Parts, ſo exactly link'd one to another, that no ſingle Part can be diſplaced without leaving the reſt

---

total Omiſſion of the ſeven following Lines, which, if not eſſential to the Argument, contain an Hypotheſis, that, if admitted, will contribute very much to illuſtrate it, and muſt at leaſt be allow'd one of the Ornaments, if not one of the Pillars of this Philoſophical Structure.

reſt unſupported, and endangering the Overthrow of the Creation. This is carrying the Notion of a Syſtem too far, nor would it be eaſy to conceive a Scheme of Natural Philoſophy, from which this univerſal Concatenation would reſult. A very complicated Piece of Machinery, of which all the Parts depended reciprocally upon each other, would be the Effect of great Art, and long Conſideration; but could we, amidſt our Applauſe, forbear regretting the Time ſpent in forming a Work that however excellent might ſo eaſily be deſtroy'd?

WHEN any one propoſes to ſtudy *Man*, and penetrate into the Receſſes of his Breaſt, it is not improper to retire to Solitude, becauſe we can then more eaſily attend to the Inclinations of our own Minds, and conſider them without Diſtraction: But the Knowledge of a Man that has only obſerved himſelf, is commonly very much confin'd, and leaves many things uncomprifed. Matters of Fact are only known by Experience, and they who are not inclined to uſe that Method of Information muſt apply to thoſe that have uſed it, and make advantage of their Diſcoveries. As for paſt Events, whoever would know them muſt conſult Hiſtory. If our illuſtrious Travellers, whom I conceive to be mere Philoſophers, confin'd to the Conjectures which Reaſon is capable of ſtriking out, after having left the Court for the ſake of ſtudying the Nature, Duties, and End of Man, had followed this reaſonable Maxim, they would have conſulted an ancient Hiſtory, which many Men of the firſt Claſs have ſhewn to be highly credible, for an Account of the FALL.

BEFORE they entertain'd a Suppoſition that God

God at first form'd Man, such as he appears at present, they ought to have enquired *for what reason the primitive Man, the Original of Humankind, was not form'd, at his first Production, without the unhappy Power of abusing his Liberty?*

To this Question it may easily be answered, That the Creator is the supreme Arbiter of his own Gifts, and may limit them in his Distributions as he pleases. It was enough that Man had it in his Power to use his Liberty and the Gifts of his Creator to good Purposes, and his Sovereign Lord conferr'd upon him a great and infinite Honour, in chusing to be obey'd by him freely and voluntarily.

BUT why are Infants born with Minds distorted from their just Rectitude, and disposed to chuse Evil rather than Good? Why do they fall into Hands so far from rectifying these Inclinations, that they suffer them to strengthen by their Negligence, and increase them by their own Examples, and all the Consequences of a bad Education?

A WHOLE Order of Intelligences, of great Abilities, and active Powers, have withdrawn themselves from the Submission due to their Creator, and chosen to conduct themselves wholly by their own Will. Perhaps their Creation and Rise from nothing appeared to them an Event beyond Credibility, perhaps they imagined it the Effect of Destiny. But, however it came to pass that they deserted their Station, the supreme Being thought it not proper to divest them of Existence, but chose rather to display his Wisdom, his Power, and, in the conclusion, his Justice, by defeating all their Measures; which will produce Events quite contrary to

their

their Intention, and end only in their own Confuſion.

THE Diſobedience of Man has not been unpuniſh'd, for it was reaſonable that Sin ſhould deprive Man of that Felicity which was decreed as a Reward for his Perſeverance in Innocence. But as Man was ſeduced and tempted from his Innocence, he is become in his fallen State an Object of Compaſſion, and the Deſign of the Tempter was diſappointed. The Life of Man was prolong'd, that he might by Repentance obtain a better State, and perpetuate among his Poſterity the Memory of the Event of which he had been Witneſs.

THE infinite Knowledge, and perfect Juſtice of God diſtinguiſh with the utmoſt Exactneſs, in all the Miſbehaviour of Children and older Perſons, between what is to be imputed to them as a Crime, and what is to be lamented as their Misfortune; and the Balance in this Diſtinction inclines always to the Side of Mercy. It would be impious to imagine that God is the Author of Moral Evil, and cauſes Vice that he may draw Good from it. Moral Evil is not produced by him, though it give Occaſion to a new Exertion of his Attributes.

THE Bleſſed Spirits have ſeen, from that time, Birth given to a new Order of Creatures, which enter upon their Exiſtence amidſt the Darkneſs of Ignorance, and live in the midſt of a thouſand Infirmities and Imperfections, which ſufficiently evidence that a great Part of their Behaviour is culpable and irregular. But they are born with the wonderful Ability of enlightening their Minds, correcting their Manners, and advancing in Knowledge and

Virtue;

Virtue; in a word, of ſupplying their natural Defects, and promoting, by their Endeavours, their own Perfection. They enquire after the Original of their Exiſtence; they enquire indeed as it were in the dark, but yet diſcover it, and though they *trace* it *only in their own World*, they find ſufficient Evidence of it there. They are inſtructed in the Will of their Creator by the Motions of their own Minds. Theſe are Arguments, that God calls them to pleaſe him, and offers them his Grace; and the Aſſiſtances which he grants them upon their Petitions, are a full Conviction that he accepts their Service.

I NOW reſume my firſt Suppoſition, and imagine myſelf enter'd into the Service of theſe two exalted Philoſophers, and expect that in recompence of my Affection and Fidelity, they will favour me with the Knowledge of their Diſcoveries. May I not take the Liberty to remind them of their Propoſal? You promiſed to lay open to the View of Man his Virtues, his Vices, and the Folly of his Deſires; but have been tranſported by your Heat of Genius to a very great Diſtance from that important Plan. I intreat you to keep your Word, and to admit me as your firſt Scholar; inform me what are the Rules from which I muſt not deviate: Shew me for what I ought to wiſh, at what End I am to aim, and what Fate I have to expect.

WHAT Anſwer do I receive? One that fills me with Surprize, and almoſt extinguiſhes my Hopes.

Lorſque le fier courſier ſaura pour quel deſſein
When the proud courſer ſhall know for what deſign

L'homme

L'homme l'aſſujettit a recevoir un frein,
Man him ſubjects to receive a bridle,
Precipite ſa courſe au travers de la plaine,
Precipitates his courſe across the plain,
Le modere a ſon gre quand la fougue l'entraine;
Him curbs at his will when the mettle him hurries;
Lorſque le bœuf tardif, preſſe par l'aiguillon,
When the ſlow ox, pricked by the goad,
Saura pour quel uſage il ouvre un dur ſillon,
Shall know for what uſe he opens a hard furrow,
Par quel noble deſtin, couronne de guirlandes,
By what noble deſtiny, crowned with garlands,
Du peuple de *Memphis* il reçoit les offrandes;
Of the people of Memphis *he receives the offerings;*
Nos eſprits affranchis de folles viſions
Our minds freed from fooliſh viſions
Ne verront plus en nous de contradictions; 84
Shall not ſee more in us of contradictions;

I AM now ſent far enough away. I have the Horſe for my Preceptor, and am to purſue my Enquiries under the Tuition of the Ox, being doom'd to remain in utter Ignorance of my Condition, till thoſe two learned Doctors have acquainted themſelves with the Reaſons of their Maſter's Proceedings. The Madneſs of that Emperor who choſe his Horſe Conſul, was much more deſpicable than the Brutality of that Animal; and the Ox ſurrounded by his *Egyptian* Worſhippers, was leſs ſtupid than thoſe Kings who have aſſumed divine Honours.

WILL not thoſe Abſurdities, which are the Reproach of Man, find an end till the Horſe and the Ox ſhall ceaſe to be Brutes? And is Man to be ſo long without knowing whether he contradicts himſelf? Have Poets ſo extenſive a Privilege as that they may boldly aſſert the wildeſt Paradoxes, provided they utter them in ſounding Language?

I NEED

L'orgueil humain alors aura droit de connoitre
Human pride then ſhall have a right to know
Pourquoi, de ſes panchans & l'eſclave & le maitre,
Wherefore, of his inclinations both the ſlave and the maſter,
Avec tant de foibleſſe il joint tant de grandeur;
With ſo much of weakneſs he joins ſo much of greatneſs;
Pourquoi, toujours en guerre avec ſon propre coeur,
Why, always in war with his own heart,
Tantot il ſe rabaiſſe au deſſous de lui-meme,
Sometimes he himſelf debaſes below himſelf,
Et ſ'eleve tantot juſqu'a l'etre ſupreme. 68
And himſelf exalts ſometimes even to the being ſupreme.

I NEED not wait till the Horſe and Ox make a Diſcovery of their reaſoning Abilities, to know what paſſes within myſelf. I am conſcious, that it is in my power to make a good Uſe of my Liberty, and that I may likewiſe abuſe it to bad Purpoſes. I act one way or the other, according as I apply myſelf with greater or leſs Diligence, or obſerve with more or leſs Care, the Precepts of the Wiſe, and Examples of the Good. From what paſſes in myſelf, I can gueſs what paſſes in the Breaſts of others. When a Man gives himſelf up to Senſuality, or abandons himſelf to Pride, he forgets his Nature, and his Duty, and degrades himſelf to the Life of a Brute; he ſets himſelf free from all Reſtraint, and acknowledges no ſuperior Direction. Proceeding from one Exceſs to another, he carries his Senſuality beyond the Brutes, or demands the Reſpect and Honours due to a Divinity. The Chriſtian Religion has enlarged our Knowledge on this Point, by informing us, that when a Man has diſobey'd God to a certain Degree, he is forſaken by him, and deliver'd into the Hands of the curſed Spirits, whoſe

whoſe whole Endeavour is to drive Virtue and Order out of the World.

Ne ſoutenez donc plus que l'homme eſt imparfait ;
Don't maintain then more that man is imperfect ;
Le ciel l'a forme tel qu'il doit etre en effect,
Heaven him hath formed ſuch as he ought to be in effect,
Tout annonce dans lui la ſageſſe profonde
All declares in him the wiſdom profound
Du Dieu qui l'a cree pour habiter ce monde.
Of God who him hath created to inhabit this world.
Un etat plus parfait ne lui conviendroit point ;
A ſtate more perfect to him would not agree at all ;
Son tems n'eſt qu'un moment, ſon eſpace qu'un point. 96
72 *His time is but as a moment his ſpace but a point.*

THIS is a very haſty Concluſion. The Horſe and the Ox are entirely ignorant of the Reaſons for which they are made to act in the Manner they do. We therefore cannot arrive at knowing whether we are perfect or imperfect, or what are our Degrees of Perfection. I know not the Sentiments of the Horſe, or the Ox ; I therefore am unacquainted with my own Sentiments, and all Endeavours to enlighten my Mind will be to no purpoſe.

UPON what is this Deciſion founded ? *Man*, ſays Mr *Pope*, *is perfect as he ought.* Whence ariſes this profound Knowledge ? Has he forgot the *Weakneſs*, *Littleneſs*, and *Blindneſs of Man ? Can a Part contain the Whole ? Has his Soul pervaded and look'd through the Univerſal Syſtem ?* His Expreſſions are indeterminate and equivocal. Man was created ſuch as he ought to be ; he has degraded himſelf, not by the Will of God, but by his own Fault. Thoſe Impreſſions that are ſtill diſcoverable of the Wiſdom of

his Creator are the Remains of his primitive State.

------*Man's as perfect as he ought.*

CAN a bolder Aſſertion be eaſily met with? Or one more expoſed to the frequent Cenſures thrown, by Mr *Pope*, upon raſh Concluſions? Are all Men equally perfect, either in a phyſical or a moral Senſe? Can it be ſaid of a lame or a blind Man, of a Drunkard, a Cheat, or a perjur'd Villain, that *he is as perfect as he ought?* Very ſtrong Proofs were neceſſary for the Support of ſuch a Poſition, ſo new and unexpected as this. But Mr *Pope* puts us off with crying out,

His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

Is ſo exaggerated an Aſſertion to be made good by figurative Terms, and Expreſſions yet more hyperbolical, and in a literal Senſe evidently falſe? If offering ſuch Arguments to the Reader is not throwing Duſt into his Eyes, I know not what kind of Writing falls properly under that Cenſure.

WAS it not worth while to

----- *leave all meaner Things*
To low Ambition,

for ſo noble a Diſcovery? Life is but a Moment, and we are too blind to know if what is tranſacted about us be good or bad. Let us then make uſe of the Moment while it laſts, and ſince we cannot attain any ſolid Knowledge of Truth, let us give up our Lives to Diverſions and Inattention; and for ſuch a Scheme what Place more proper than a Court?

I ſurvey in my Imagination a Circle of theſe pretended Philoſophers, who being engaged in the

the Study of Man, and having toil'd a long Time at the Subject, conclude that he is an Aſſemblage of Contradictions; that if he muſt not be owned imperfect, it is becauſe *he is as perfect as he ought*, and he would in a State of greater Perfection have been ill-adapted to his Place; his Life is to be accounted only a Moment, ſince it fleets away with ſuch Rapidity. If in the Moment in which they determine upon this Concluſion, from which the Heart can receive ſo little Satisfaction, a Servant comes to tell them that Dinner is upon the Table, up riſe all the Philoſophers, and run in haſte to another Entertainment. There will they lay aſide all their Speculations, for Mirth and Gaiety, without feeling any Interruption from perplexing Scruples, for ſuch are unknown to this Philoſophy.

Au milieu des tranſports que ton orgueil t'inſpire,
In the midſt of the tranſports which thy pride thee inſpires,
Dans le ſombre avenir tu voudrois pouvoir lire.
In dark futurity thou would'ſt be able to read.
De nuages epais pour toi toujours couvert
With thick clouds to thee always covered
Le livre du deſtin pour Dieu ſeul eſt ouvert.
The book of fate to God alone is open.
Ce qu'il cache a la brute, a l'homme il le revele;
That which he hides from the brute, to man he it reveals;
Et ce qu'il cache a l'homme, a l'ange il le decele.
And that which he hides from man, to an angel he it diſcloſes.
Quel etre ici pourroit, ſans cette obſcurite,
What being here could, without this obſcurity,
Couler ſes triſtes jours avec tranquillite? 103
76 *Spend his ſad days with tranquillity?*

THESE laſt Verſes are only a Heap of equivocal Words.

A CURIOSITY to pry into Futurity, and inform ourſelves beforehand of diſtant Events, is

a Temper that does not become us, nor shall those who term it Pride meet with any Opposition from me. But an ardent Desire to know clearly whether our Creator has sent us into the World to live in Submission to certain Laws, and what those Laws are that we are bound to observe, is neither Pride nor Rashness, but Humility, Duty and Submission.

* *The Book of Fate is open only to God.*

This is not the Style of Philosophy, but the Language of *Homer*, who makes even the Divinity subject to Destiny.

WHAT is hid from Brutes is reveal'd to Man.

It is plain then, that this Book is not altogether shut from our Eyes, and the Knowledge of what God thinks fit to reveal ought to be the Object of our Desires.

But without this happy Ignorance

* ---- *Who could suffer being here below?*

Why might we not, if we relied upon God, and resigned ourselves wholly to his Will? It was well known to Saints and Martyrs, that they exposed themselves to a Death painful and ignominious in the Eyes of the World, but they nevertheless applied themselves to their Duty with Calmness and Content.

Cet innocent agneau que ta *faim* meurtriere
That innocent lamb which thy murdering hunger
Condamnera ce soir a perdre la lumiere,
Shall condemn this evening to lose the light,
S'il

* Mr *Pope* only says,
Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate.

S'il avoit ta raiſon, ſ'il prevoyoit ſon ſort,
If he had thy reaſon, if he foreſaw his lot,
Dans une paix tranquille attendroit-il la mort?
In a quiet peace would he wait death?
Juſqu'a inſtant fatal qui termine ſa vie,
Until the fatal inſtant which ends his life,
Il paît en bondiſſant l'herbe tendre & fleurie,
He feeds, in friſking, the graſs tender and flow'ry,
Sans crainte, ſans ſoupçon, au milieu du danger.
Without fear, without ſuſpicion, in the midſt of danger.
Il careſſe la main qui le doit egorger. 112
He careſſes the hand which is to cut his throat.
Heureux aveuglement! heureuſe incertitude!
Happy blindneſs! happy uncertainty!
Qui cache l'avenir a notre inquietude!
Which hides the future from our uneaſineſs!
Miſtere que le ciel renferme dans ſon ſein,
A myſtery which heaven reſerves in its boſom,
Pour conduire tout etre a remplir ſon deſtin!
To conduct every being to fulfil his deſtiny!

BEASTS give very evident Proofs that they are afraid of Blows and of Pain, but it no way appears that they have any Idea of Death, or any Apprehenſions about it.

BUT with regard to Man, a frequent Reflection upon the Certainty of Death will very much aſſiſt him to conduct his Life wiſely, and conclude it happily. In this Religion and common Senſe agree; and as Man muſt equally diveſt himſelf of both to cry out,

O blindneſs to the future, wiſely giv'n!

when he adds that it is giv'n us,

That each might fill the Circle mark'd by Heaven,

he ſuppoſes that, if Men were inform'd of their End, and of *the Circle mark'd out for them*, they might avoid it or deviate from it, ſince it is by Means of this Ignorance that Heav'n conducts

every

every Being to the End propoſed. But if Man cannot employ his Powers, and direct his Actions according to his own Will, this Conſequence is evidently ill-grounded. But the Doctrine of Fatality is productive of Contradictions; and if once we loſe Sight of it, plain Reaſon carries us away into Notions very remote from it. Every Page of the Writings of the Stoicks is a Confirmation of this; the Beauty of their Morality is founded upon Principles that interfere one with another.*

God has favour'd Man with Abilities ſufficient for making, upon Things not altogether beyond their Power, or wholly ſeparated from the Circumſtances that encompaſs them, ſuch Conjectures, as capacitate them to conduct themſelves with Prudence and Succeſs, and to give good Advice to ſuch as want it.

But

* Mr *Crouſaz*, in this Reflection, ſeems to have forgotten either the Candour of a Moraliſt, or the Sagacity of a Commentator; for he either evidently perverts, or miſtakes his Author's Expreſſions, and animadverts upon that miſtaken Senſe. Every Man perceives how much it contributes to his Quiet in the preſent State, to be ignorant of the Time and Manner of his Death. Every Man will find, upon the leaſt Reflection, that the Knowledge of Futurity would make ſuch a Change in the Face of human Affairs, that we might be accounted almoſt another Order of Beings: Nor could he, if he had attended to his Author, have imagined, that he meant to inſinuate that a Knowledge of its End would enable any Being to avoid it, ſince both the Original and the Tranſlation include all other Animals as well as Man in the Aſſertion.

BUT God, whoſe Views of Futurity are infinitely more clear than Man's, and who has the ſovereign Diſpoſal of all Events, very often mercifully diſappoints human Deſigns, becauſe the Diſappointment is more to our Advantage than Succeſs. He often brings to nothing the Pride and Raſhneſs of their Undertakings, and ſuffers them to fall into the Calamities they deſerve. Men, with regard to Futurity, make an ill Uſe of their Freewill, ſometimes perſuading themſelves, without juſt Grounds, of the Certainty of what they wiſh for; and ſometimes, when they are inform'd of the Approach of Misfortunes, diſregarding Advice becauſe they do not like it: Of this we have an affecting Inſtance in the Conduct of the *Iſraelites* a little before the Captivity.

THERE is yet another Kind of Teſtimony, concerning which it is of infinite Conſequence that they ſhould attain the cleareſt Knowledge, which God will not fail to grant them, if they aſk it with ardent Zeal and true Sincerity.

BY the Confeſſion of Mr. *Pope* himſelf, Evidences of Goodneſs and Wiſdom ſhine in all his Works, and particularly in Man: This Truth he proclaims in his Poetical Strain, that is, in a Style to the utmoſt Degree pompous and magnificent.

WISDOM always tends to ſome End. As our Maker has beſtow'd Feet upon us, he evidently intends that we ſhould walk upon them, and convey ourſelves by the Help of them to any Place where our Preſence is required: The Eye was given us to ſee with, and the Organs of Voice invite us to Converſation. We need only obſerve ourſelves and the Objects about us, and

we may may make infinite Additions to the Knowledge of our End *.

If Self-Love were not implanted in our Natures, the infinite and almighty Goodneſs of God would have heap'd his Gifts upon us in vain, ſince we ſhould be inſenſible of his Benefits. He would have us love ourſelves; that is, according to the ſtricteſt Senſe of the Word, he would have us eſteem ourſelves, and employ our utmoſt Diligence to improve our Condition. But what can we find eſtimable in ourſelves? thoſe Gifts which God hath conferr'd upon us. We ought to reverence and love ourſelves as we are his Work. This is a ſufficient Reaſon why we ſhould be afraid of diſhonouring ourſelves. We perceive ourſelves capable of Gratitude; and what Object is ſo worthy of our Gratitude and Thanks as the ſupreme Being from whom we have receiv'd all that we enjoy? What ought we more ardently to wiſh, than that we may perform our Duty to him? For ſurely we can propoſe to ourſelves no Advantage that can be compared with the true, the glorious and tranſporting Pleaſure of devoting ourſelves to his Service: Such Devotion will be approved and accepted by that infinite Wiſdom, Power

* Mr *Crouſaz* ſeems to impoſe upon his Readers, or at leaſt upon himſelf, by the equivocal and variable Import of the Word *End*, [or *Deſtinee*] which ſignifies either the Period of our Being, or intentional End for which we are ſent into the World. So that his Argument againſt Mr *Pope* ſeems to ſtand thus: *Heaven*, ſays the Author, conceals from all earthly Beings their *End*, or Time of their Diſſolution. *Heaven*, ſays the Commentator, diſcovers clearly to Man his End, or the Intention for which he was created.

Power and Goodneſs that enables us to offer it. Is not this a new Subject of Thankſgiving and Admiration? He had made us capable of attaining Knowledge; and certainly no Knowledge can contribute to the Perfection of our Nature like that of his Will. Nor can it be conceived that his infinite Goodneſs would refuſe to let us ſucceed in our Enquiries after that Obedience which is the proper Expreſſion of our Zeal and Devotion. For this happy Diſcovery we need not ſoar to the Skies, or plunge into the Deeps. His Laws are engraven on our Hearts, and our firſt Duty is to acquaint ourſelves with them: We ſhall thus be brought on to love and adore the Fountain of this ineſtimable Knowledge, and to found our higheſt Satisfaction in a Submiſſion to his holy Commands. We may, indeed, make an Offer to him of ourſelves as we are, but we can give him nothing, nor add any Thing to the Fulneſs of his Felicity, which is incapable of Want. But he gives us an Opportunity of aſſiſting our Fellow-Creatures. Every Man has a Claim to our Love and Eſteem, ſince he, like ourſelves, is the Work of that Being whom we worſhip; a Creature of the ſame Order, and equally favour'd with his Regard. Thus, as we purſue our Enquiry, Morality unfolds itſelf by Degrees, and the heavenly Tranſports which its Author has made attendant on the Knowledge and Practice of his Commands, convince us fully of the End of our Being, and of the Intention with which we were created. Our Condition, therefore, as well as our Knowledge, is infinitely above that of the Horſe and the Ox, and the Bounty of the Creator well deſerv'd to be celebrated by the utmoſt Efforts, and the whole Capacity of the Poet

I am ſtudying; whoſe Verſes, with a very little Inclination in the Reader to take them in a bad Senſe, tend wholly to diſcourage our Endeavours, and to lull us in Indolence.

Ainſi tout obeit a ce pouvoir immenſe,
Thus every Thing ſubmits to that power immenſe,
Qui peſe l'univers en ſa juſte balance;
Who weighs th'univerſe in his juſt balance;
Qui voit d'un œil egal, dans un parfait repos,
Who ſees with an equal eye, in a perfect repoſe,
Un paſſereau tomber, ou perir un heros;
A ſparrow fall, or periſh a hero;
Des nuages *legers* en vapeurs ſe reſoudre,
Thin clouds into vapours themſelves reſolve,
Ou des cieux ebranles a grand bruit diſſoudre;
Or the heavens ſpaken with a great noiſe diſſolve;
De fragiles roſeaux plier au gre du vent,
Frail reeds bend at the will of the wind,
Ou des mondes entiers rentrer dans neant. 124
Or worlds entire fall back into nothing. 86

PERHAPS Mr *Pope* confines himſelf to write to Minds of greater Penetration than mine, and for that Reaſon ſome Things may be obſcure to me, which to his favourite Readers are perfectly clear. By the *juſt Balance* does he mean, in this Place, that by which Vice and Virtue are duly recompenſed? Or, by the *Balance* * does he only intend the *Equilibrium* preſerved by the Creator between the Parts that compoſe this Structure of the World? This would be making the Idea of the ſupreme Being too much like thoſe of a Mechanick. Does, then, *the Death of a Sparrow*, or *the Fall of a Hero*, engage his Attention leſt the Balance ſhould be deſtroy'd? Is

* The two Lines that give Occaſion to theſe Queſtions, are entirely inſerted by the Tranſlator.

Is it Mr *Pope*'s Opinion, that every Thing is the immediate Act of God, and he directs equally the Dagger by which the Hero dies, and the Shot that brings a Sparrow from the Wing? The more Reputation an Author is arriv'd at, the more cautious ought he to be, that nothing drops from his Pen, from which Men of corrupt Inclinations may take Advantages in oppoſing Religion.

IF he affirms nothing more, than that the unchangeable Felicity of the ſupreme Being ſuffers no more Interruption from the Murder of a *Hero*, than the Fall of a *Sparrow*, his Notion ought to be that of all Mankind.

BUT if he intends to inſinuate, that theſe two Events are indifferent in his Sight, he throws a very injurious Imputation on his Juſtice. To kill a Bird is allow'd by the Creator; to attempt the Life of an innocent Man, is criminal in a high Degree; it is ſtill more criminal to attempt a Life, in which the reſt of the World has ſo great an Intereſt.

THE Lines that follow could have been written only for the Sake of filling this Performance with ſtriking Antitheſes. They are not very conſiſtent with Mr. *Pope*'s own Syſtem of the Dependence of each Part of the Univerſe upon the reſt. The Breach of a ſingle Link of that great Chain, would, it ſeems,

Make Nature tremble to the Throne of God;

Would he then behold, with abſolute Indifference, Worlds after Worlds falling into nothing? May we not add, that the Conceit of thoſe ingenious Ladies, that were ſo charm'd with *Des Cartes*'s Falling Worlds, is now wholly out of Faſhion?

* Joignons

* Joignons donc a l'eſpoir une humble defiance ;
Let us join then to hope an humble diſtruſt ;

Et craignons les ecarts ou jette la ſcience,
And let us fear the errors us which knowledge throws,

Attendons que la mort, ce maitre univerſel,
Let us wait till death, that maſter univerſal,

Decouvre a nos eſprits les loix de l'eternel. 128
Diſcover to our minds the laws of th'eternal. 94

LET us be cautious of waiting ſo long: Such Indolence is far from Innocence. As God, when he created us, impreſs'd Self-Love upon our Minds, let us not be ungrateful for his Gifts, by an obſtinate Unconcern about our own Intereſts; nor let us any more apply to the Stupidity and Extravagance of the *Indian* for Example and Inſtruction, than to the Ignorance of the Ox or of the Horſe.

Regarde l'*Indien*, dont l'eſprit ſans culture
*Behold th'*Indian, *whoſe mind without culture*
N'a point l'art d'alterer les dons de la nature ;
Hath not th'art of altering the gifts of nature ;
Il voit Dieu dans les airs, il l'entend dans les vents ;
He ſees God in the air, he hears him in the winds ;
Son ſavoir ne va point au dela de ſes ſens.
His knowledge goes not beyond his ſenſes.
Il s'arrete avec eux aux ſeules apparences.
It ſtops with them at bare appearances.
Sa raiſon n'etend point ſes foibles connoiſſances
His reaſon extends not his weak notions
Au de la du ſoleil, & des corps radieux
Beyond the ſun, and the bodies ſhining
Que ſon œil apperçoit dans la voute des cieux. 136
98 *Which his eye diſcerns in the vault of heaven.*
Cependant ſecouru par la ſimple nature
Nevertheleſs aſſiſted by ſimple nature

Pour

* In this Place ſix whole Lines are omitted.

Pour tromper ſes ennuis, il croit, il ſe figure
To cheat his ſorrows, he believes, he imagines
Un ſejour plus heureux, conforme a ſes deſirs,
An abode more happy, conformable to his deſires,
Ou ſans aucune melange il attend plaiſirs.
Where without any alloy he expects pleaſures,
Au dela de ces monts que terminent ſa vue
Beyond theſe mountains which terminate his ſight
Il imagine un monde, une terre inconnu,
He imagines a world, a land unknown,
Que de vaſtes forets mettront en ſurete
Which vaſt foreſts ſhall place in ſafety
Contre les attentats d'un vainqueur redoute.
Againſt the attempts of a conqueror formidable.
Il ſe peint dans les mers une iſle fortunee,
He fancies in the ſea an iſland fortunate,
Ou maitre de lui-meme & de ſa deſtinee,
Where maſter of himſelf and of his deſtiny,
Quelque Dieu bienfaiſant enfin rompra ſes fers,
Some God beneficent at laſt ſhall break his fetters,
Et le conſolera des maux qu'il a ſoufferts.
And him ſhall comfort for the evils which he hath ſuffered.
Les eſprits infernaux, dans l'horreur des tenebres,
The ſpirits infernal, in th'horror of darkneſs,
Ne l'y troubleront plus ſous formes funebres;
Shall there trouble him no more under forms diſmal;
Dans ces paiſibles lieux les armes des chretiens
In theſe peaceful regions the arms of chriſtians
N'iront plus lui ravir ſon repos ni ſes biens. 152
104 *Shall come no more to rob him of his reſt nor his goods.*

I FOUND at Verſe 23, a great Difficulty in annexing a reaſonable Meaning to the Term *Nature*. Has Mr *Pope* given, in this Place, a clearer Explication of it? * This Nature, whoſe Voice

---

* Mr *Pope*, in the Original, has not made uſe of the Word *Nature* in the Paſſage here referr'd to; his Expreſſion being only

Lo! the poor Indian, *whoſe untutor'd Mind*

But

Voice is to be reverenced, and whoſe Steps are to be followed, and whoſe Gifts are not to be changed, is, it ſeems, that State of the *Mind* in which it lies, unimproved, tho' formed with a Capacity of Improvement, of endeavouring after Perfection, and of acquiring true Notions. Are the Inſtructions of Nature never to extend beyond the groſs Informations of Senſe? Is this bliſsful State of Nature the Condition of a Man who, without condeſcending to call in the Aſſiſtance of Reaſon, alleviates the Troubles of Life, by giving up himſelf to the wildeſt Chimeras? And tho' we ſhould ſuppoſe that God looks down with Pity upon the poor *Indian*'s Darkneſs, muſt we judge with equal Favour of their obſtinate and voluntary Blindneſs, whom Senſuality and Pride, and Averſion from Reſtraint perſuade to ſhut their Eyes againſt that Light, which cannot guide them without their own Conſent?

OUR Lives are given us by God, and are therefore not to be enjoy'd with Indifference. Are they not to be valued as his Gifts? If we eſteem and love them as we ought, ſhall we not deſire the Continuance of the Favour? Does he that deſires the Continuance of a Good, turn his Knowledge of it to an ill Uſe? Can a Deſire of preſerving our Exiſtence, that we may advance in the Knowledge of his Will, and ſubmit to it with juſt Reſpect, be unbecoming the Nature of Man, or diſpleaſing to the Goodneſs of

---

BUT he has, indeed, us'd the Word a few Lines after,

Yet ſimple Nature to his Hope has given, &c.

to which, perhaps, all that Mr *Crouſaz* has written may be apply'd with Propriety.

of God? He has created us with Abilities to improve our Underſtanding; ſhall we be raviſh'd with Gratitude for this ineſtimable Gift, and loſt in Admiration of it, and at the ſame time ſcruple to make Uſe of it? And will God be diſpleas'd with Prayers offer'd up with equal Fervor and Humility for a fuller Knowledge of him, that we may admire him with more Purity? Can any Man prohibit us to indulge ſuch Ideas, and ſet them on a Level with the Dreams of the Blind *Indian*? Every Man that ſhall give his Heart up to Deſires ſo reaſonable, and ſo worthy of the Nature with which God has endued us, will find, by happy and never-failing Experience, that his Deſires are ſuch as he was created to entertain.

MR *Pope* continues to ſay, in praiſe of his *Indian* Favourite,

Que content d'exiſter, il attend l'heureux jour,
But content to exiſt, he waits the happy day,
Ou porte tout a coup dans un autre ſejour
When carry'd on a ſudden into another abode
Il ira, jouiſſant d'une plus douce vie,
He ſhall go, rejoicing in a ſweeter life,
Habiter des humains la commune patrie. 156
106 *To inhabit of mankind the common country.* *

IF

* Mr *Pope* only ſays,

TO BE *contents his Natural Deſire,*
He asks no Angel's Wing, no Seraph's Fire.

THREE of theſe Lines, and the latter of the next Couplet, ſo juſtly animadverted on by the Commentator, are Mr *Du Reſnel*'s; who, as he has read *Roſcommon*, ought to have remembred

That 'tis much ſafer to leave out than add.

BY omitting a juſt Sentiment, we only ſuppreſs Part

of

If Mr *Pope* had intended, by aſſiſting the *Indian* with his own Notions and his Poetry, to raiſe his Chimeras to an Equality with the Perſuaſions of a *Chriſtian*, could he have ſpoken in any other Terms? Two Lines higher he ſeems to give him the Preference.

Il ne deſire point cette celeſte flamme,
He deſires nothing of that celeſtial flame,
Qui des purs Seraphins devore & nourrit l'ame.
Which of pure Seraphim conſumes and nouriſhes the ſoul.

Mr *Pope*, fir'd by an Antitheſis, has, by the way, thrown Ridicule upon the happy Spirits. The *Indian*, wiſer than they, is content to want a Flame which conſumes at the ſame Time that it ſupports*.

Va

---

of an Author's Virtues; by adding an improper Thought, we charge him with Faults of which he is not guilty.

* Mr *Crouſaz* is ſo watchful againſt Impiety, that he lets Nonſenſe paſs without Cenſure: Can any Thing conſume and nouriſh at the ſame Time? I take this Opportunity of obſerving, once for all, that he is not ſufficiently candid in charging all the Errors of this miſerable Verſion upon the original Author. If he had no Way of diſtinguiſhing between Mr *Pope* and his Tranſlator, to throw the Odium of Impiety, and the Ridicule of Nonſenſe entirely upon the former, is at leaſt *ſtabbing in the Dark*, and wounding, for ought he knows, an innocent Character. But this ſeems not to be, in reality, the Caſe. He had a Proſe Tranſlation in his Hand, which he might have compared with *Du Reſnel*'s: He has, therefore, done a voluntary Wrong to the *Engliſh* Poet. What can be the Reaſon of this Conduct? Or what can be ſaid in Juſtification

Va, plus ſage qui lui, dans ta prevention,
Go, wiſer than him, in thy conceit,
Imaginer en tout quelque imperfection. 160
Fancy in all ſome imperfection. 112.

WHO is it that ſearches for Imperfection, and ſuppoſes it where there is none, but he that ſet the moſt enlightned Minds below the Darkneſs of a rude Savage?

IN the Conduct of God, let us neither ſuppoſe nor look for Imperfection; but in the Behaviour of Men, we ſhall find a great deal of Imperfection, and ſomething worſe, when they appear indolent with regard to that which ought to awaken them to the higheſt Ardour, and laviſh the Warmth of the Paſſions upon Things which at beſt can claim nothing more than a careleſs Wiſh, to which we ought very often to be wholly indifferent, and which we ought yet more often to deteſt. Theſe Diſorders and Irregularities we behold with Regret: the Tranquillity of our Lives is interrupted by them; and if we endeavour after any Comfort, we muſt expect it from our Care not to imitate them, from our Sollicitude to extricate thoſe who are involved in them, and to hinder others from falling into them whenever we have an Opportunity. Will any one pretend to maintain, that ſuch Conduct, as this, is leſs wiſe than that of a mere Animal, that is wholly engroſs'd by the preſent Moment, and only

---

fication of it? Could it be Fear of Mr *Du Reſnel*? Mr *Pope* ſeems much the more formidable Enemy. Could it be Friendſhip for him? The Friends of a Philoſopher and Chriſtian ought to be Juſtice, Charity, and Truth.

only poſſeſs'd with idle Notions, that ſerve to divert him from the Troubles of Life.

I MUST, by the way, ſay one Word of thoſe peaceful Habitations, where

——— *No Chriſtians thirſt for Gold.*

Can Mr *Pope* find any Fault with thoſe who look with Horror upon Perſecution and Inhumanity, which diſhonour the Chriſtian Religion by a Conduct entirely oppoſite to all its Precepts? *

Prends follement en main ton injuſte balance;
Take fooliſhly in hand thy unjuſt balance;
Parle, eleve ta voix contre la providence.
Speak, raiſe thy voice againſt providence.
Dis que le createur, en ſes dons inegal,
Say that the creator, in his gifts partial,
La te paroit avare, ici trop liberal.
There ſeems to thee ſparing, here too liberal.
Renverſe pour toi ſeul les loix de la nature,
Reverſe for thy ſelf alone the laws of nature,
Fais divers changemens en chaque creature;
Make various alterations in every creature;
Arbitre ſouverain des biens & des plaiſirs,
Arbitrary ſovereign of wealth and of pleaſures,
Reforme l'univers au gre de tes deſirs;
Reform th'univerſe to the pleaſure of thy deſires;
Oſe accuſer du ciel l'eternelle ſageſſe,
Dare to accuſe of heaven th'eternal wiſdom,
S'il n'epuiſe pour toi ſes ſoins & ſes tendreſſe. 170
If it exhauſts not for thee its cares and its tenderneſs. 173

To whom does Mr *Pope* ſpeak in this long Period? To thoſe preſumptuous Diſputers, who are

* This Remark I cannot underſtand; this Perſecution and Inhumanity are evidently condemn'd in the *Engliſh*, and no leſs evidently in the *French*.

are putting themſelves continually to the Stretch, and exhauſting their fruitful Imaginations, to perplex Chriſtians with Objections againſt Providence; their Haſtineſs and Impatience of Rules well deſerve all thoſe Cenſures which Mr *Pope* throws out upon them. But when he adds,

S'il ne joint aux faveurs que te fait ſa bonte
If it adds not to the favours which its goodneſs does thee
L'irrevocable ſceau de l'immortalite,
Th'irrevocable ſeal of immortality,

he ſeems to go too great a Length, or, at leaſt, his Expreſſions appear to imply more than he deſigns: With thoſe who accuſe and deny the Wiſdom and Juſtice of Providence, he joins, in the ſame Period, thoſe who acknowledge and adore its Goodneſs; thoſe who confeſs, that if God had many Years ago taken their Lives from them, he had only treated them according to their Deſerts; but conclude, that ſince he continues to preſerve them, and to give them new Proofs of his Regard, they are not irreverſibly condemned, or deteſted by him, but regarded with Kindneſs and Compaſſion. Their ſupreme Maſter ſeems to them to prolong their Lives, that their Repentance may be continued, and their Virtues improved. Their former Wanderings of Thought are ſucceeded by a fervent Love of God, and Admiration of his Goodneſs. Then looking upon theſe Sentiments which they feel now predominant within them, as Evidences of his Favour and Reconciliation, they make, with equal Ardor and Humility, ſuch Requeſts as are permitted, and even commanded by him.

Is any Alluſion made here to the Faith of Chriſtians, declared by St *Paul to be* ſealed *by the* HOLY SPIRIT to the Day of Redemption? And does not he that aſcribes to a Spirit of Pride the ineſtimable Effects of divine Grace, approach to Blaſphemy of the higheſt Kind? * Has Mr *Pope* never read the Scripture? Or has he read it like a Libertine, with a Spirit of Cavil and Oppoſition? Has he read it for the Sake of extracting Paſſages to be ridiculed by profane Alluſions? The ſacred Writings never mention our Expectations without comparing them with our Unworthineſs; nor do they found them upon any other Grounds than the free Mercy of God, and the Certainty of his Promiſes, which cannot be ſufficiently admired. Even under the Old Teſtament, theſe were the Sentiments of Believers, who always accompanied their Hopes and Prayers with Acts of Humility. *O my God*, ſaid *Nehemiah*, imploring a Bleſſing upon himſelf, and upon the Good he had done, *remember me and pardon me, according to the Multitude of thy Mercies.*

MR *Pope* is introduced by his Tranſlator under the Character of a *good Catholick*, perhaps with the ſame Notions with which ſome Men endeavour

* The *Engliſh* Reader, whom we deſire to compare, on all Occaſions, this *Commentary* with the Original, will not need to be inform'd, that this Word, which gives Mr *Crauſax* ſo much Offence, is not Mr *Pope*'s. Nor, indeed, does it ſeem in the *French* liable to ſuch a dreadful Conſtruction as this Writer, whoſe Expreſſion we have ſoften'd in this Tranſlation, endeavours to fix upon it.

vour to make Converts, by ſuch Applications as theſe: *Do but ſtick faſt to the Trunk of the Tree, enliſt yourſelf but under the ſame Denomination with us, and for the reſt act and think as you are moſt inclined.* There is nothing that a Chriſtian ought to be more apprehenſive of than of contributing to the Fall of thoſe whoſe Faith is yet weak. Why ſhould they be expoſed by Flights of Poetry and magnificent Expreſſions, to grow familiar with prophane Ideas? There are in many that call themſelves Chriſtians latent Seeds of Infidelity. A corrupt Mind eaſily embraces any Thing that tends to ſet it free from Reſtraint, and they that would not be the Authors of certain daring Expreſſions feel no Reluctance againſt hearing them from another. The Eagerneſs of Mankind for ſcandalous and infectious Writings, gives a great deal of Pain to thoſe whoſe Concern for the Good of others ought not to ſubject them to ſuch Mortifications.

Sois le Dieu de ton Dieu; ne ſuis que ton caprice,
Be the God of thy God; follow only thy caprice,
Place-toi ſur ſon trone, & juge ſa juſtice. 174
118 *Place thyſelf upon his throne, and judge his juſtice.*

THESE are horrible Expreſſions, which can only be aſcribed to Libertines, who have declared open War againſt Providence.

Aveugle en ſes deſirs, l'orgueil ambitieux
Blind in its deſires, ambitious pride
Veut ſortir de ſa ſphere, & ſ'elever aux cieux;
Would go out of its ſphere, and exalt itſelf to the heavens;
L'orgueil de tout erreur fut la cauſe premiere;
Pride of every error was the firſt cauſe;
Les Anges, eblouis par ſa fauſſe lumiere,
The Angels, dazzled with its falſe light,

Aux

Au Dieu qui les crea voulurent s'egaler ;
To God who them created would equal themselves ;
Aux Anges, a son tour, l'homme veut ressembler,
To Angels, in his turn, man would be like,
Changer l'ordre etabli par la cause suprême ;
Change the order established by the supreme cause ;
C'est pretendre comme eux s'egaler a Dieu même. 182.
126 *That is to pretend like them to be equal to God himself.*

THOSE arrogant Spirits, which we call *Devils*, being uneasy under a Submission which they thought too burdensome, chose rather to govern themselves by their own Inclinations, and to admit no Laws but their own. God looks with Compassion upon the miserable State of Man whom their Subtilty and Malice have reduced, and determines to do him infinitely more Good than they have attempted to do him Injury ; and to place him out of all Danger of being seduced, and falling a second Time, decrees to exalt him to a Nature and Perfection far superior to his original Rank. Standing out against so just a Submission, and following the Call of God with the utmost Admiration and Devotion, in hopes of living to all Eternity in Obedience and Submission to his Laws, are such different States of the Heart, that no Man can help looking with equal Pity and Indignation upon the Disorder of that Mind, which can think of setting such Contrarieties in parallel with each other.

Pourquoi se presentant a nos vœux tour a tour
Wherefore presenting themselves to our wishes by turns
Les Astres dans les cieux brillent-ils nuit & jour ?
The Stars in the heavens shine they night and day ?
Pourquoi sur ses pivots la terre inebranlable
Wherefore on its axis the earth immoveable
Offre-t-elle par tout l'utile & l'agreable ?
Offers it throughout the useful and the agreeable ?

Je suis

Je ſuis, repond l'orgueil, l'objet de tous ces dons;
I am, anſwers pride, th'object of all theſe gifts;
La nature pour moi, dans ſes efforts ſeconds
Nature for me, in its fruitful endeavours
Sans jamais l'epuiſer veille, conçoit, enfante;
Without ever exhauſting itſelf labours, conceives, brings forth;
C'eſt pour mes ſeuls beſoins que ſa main bienfaiſante
It is for my alone occaſions that her bounteous hand
Fertiliſe les champs, embellit les jardins,
Fertiliſes the fields, embelliſhes the gardens,
Fait eclore la roſe, & meurir les raiſins;
Makes the roſe to bud, *and the Grapes to ripen;*
Les mines, les metaux, les treſors de la terre,
The mines, the metals, the treaſures of the earth,
Sont des biens que pour moi dans ſon ſein elle enſerre;
Are goods which for me in her boſom ſhe locks up;
Les vents impetueux qui ſoulevent les mers,
The boiſterous winds *which raiſe the ſeas,*
Sont faits pour me porter en des climats divers;
Are made to carry me into different climates;
Ce ſoleil, qui fournit ſa brillante carriere,
This ſun, which deſcribes its ſhining courſe,
Ne repand que pour moi ſes feux & ſa lumiere;
Diſplays only for me his fires and his light;
Et ce vaſte univers, mon ſuperbe palais,
And this vaſt univerſe, my proud palace,
M'offre un trone eclatant, dont les cieux ſont le dais. 200
136 *Affords me a glittering throne, of which the heavens are the canopy.*

THIS is the Language of *Pride*, carried to the moſt exceſſive Extravagancies, and can hardly be ſuppoſed to have been ever utter'd unleſs it were in Jeſt.

THAT we may form ſome Idea of the Immenſity and exalted Nature of God, we ſay, in figurative Terms, that *the Heaven is his Throne, and the Earth his Footſtool*; Images, which, taken together, repreſent the whole Univerſe as the Temple of his Glory.

UPON

UPON that Part of the Univerſe, which is called the Earth, we are placed by our Creator, ſurrounded with external Good, and enriched with internal Gifts. Weak as we are, we ſee ourſelves encompaſſed with a thouſand Aſſiſtances, and are in poſſeſſion of ſuch an *Induſtry* as may ſecure us from every thing that can hurt us, and produce every thing that can conduce to our Advantage. A reaſonable Man remarks theſe Mercies with a Heart fill'd with Gratitude, he feels himſelf unworthy of them, and his Gratitude is doubled; he then bows down with Thankſgivings under the Hand of that Almighty Power, to whom he is indebted for his Exiſtence, and in this Temper of Mind is convinced that to know his Laws and obey them is the utmoſt heighth of Felicity.

WITH this Condition, ſo ſuited to the Nature of Man, but pretended to be the Aim only of Pride, let us compare the Modeſty and Humility of thoſe who, to ſet themſelves free from ſuch a Number of Obligations as hinders them from being entirely at eaſe, debaſe themſelves to the Level of Brutes, confine themſelves to the Pleaſures of animal Life, and, that they may enjoy the preſent Moment without Diſturbance from any Apprehenſions of Futurity, admit chimerical Notions unſupported by Argument, and lull themſelves in a Tranquillity without foundation. Such modeſt Philoſophers ſuffer themſelves to be carried along by their Appetites, and are only reſtrained in their Conduct by the Dread of Tranſportation, a Gaol, or a Gibbet, and (if that be not too ſevere a Check) by ſome Concern for continuing their Lives, and preſerving their Health.

Mais

Mais lorſqu'un vent, porte ſur des ailes rapides,
But when a wind, carry'd on rapid wings,
Souffle de toutes parts des vapeurs homicides;
Blows up from all parts deadly vapours;
Lorſque la terre ouvrant ſes gouffres redoutes,
When the earth, opening its dreadful caverns,
Avec leurs habitans engloutit les cites;
With their inhabitants ſwallows up the cities;
Lorſque pour ſubmerger des nations entieres,
When, to drown whole nations,
La mer s'enfle, mugit, & force ſes barrieres;
The ſea ſwells, roars, and forces its barriers;
Lorſque tout eſt en bute a de ſi rudes coups,
When all is expoſed to ſuch rude attacks,
Repondez, la nature agit-elle pour vous? 208
Anſwer, doth nature act for you? 140
Oui ſans doute, & toujours la cauſe univerſelle,
Yes doubtleſs, and always the univerſal cauſe,
A ſes premieres loix attentive & fidelle,
To its firſt laws attentive and faithful,
De l'ordre general maintenant le lien,
Of the general order preſerving the connexion,
Permet un mal leger pour produire un grand bien. 212
Permits a ſlight evil to produce a great good. 142
Si des exceptions rares & paſſageres
If exceptions rare and tranſient
Derangent de ſon cours les regles ordinaires,
Diſturb of its courſe the ordinary rules,
Ce deſordre apparent l'entretient en effet.
That ſeeming diſorder maintains it in effect.

SUPPOSING any Connection in Mr. *Pope*'s Periods, or any continued Chain of Thought, one would imagine the Lines now quoted to be a Satire ſtill carried on againſt thoſe Men who conceive themſelves to be diſtinguiſhed from Brutes by the more particular Care of Providence; but there is not the leaſt Force in any thing alleg'd by him to prove it.

THE Puniſhments which God inflicts upon Men are not ſuch Events as contribute to keep up

Order and Connexion between the different Parts of the Univerſe while they appear to throw them into Confuſion, they are not phyſical Goods neceſſary for the Preſervation of the Whole. The Intent of them is the Chaſtiſement and Correction of Mankind.

Eſt-il rien ici bas qui puiſſe etre parfait?

INTO what Difficulties is a Man thrown by a Syſtem haſtily taken up, and an Hypotheſis deſtitute of any ſolid Foundation! God, ſays the Syſtem, was inevitably determined to create an Univerſe, and to create it ſuch as it now is. And for what Reaſon? Becauſe it muſt neceſſarily be created in conformity with the moſt perfect Idea that could be formed by divine Wiſdom. But muſt an Univerſe of ſuch conſummate Perfection as made it neceſſarily prefer'd to any other Syſtem, be expoſed to Plagues, Deluges, and Famines? Why ſhould it not, ſays the Poet,

For what created perfect?

HAD God been able to have formed a perfect Syſtem of Creation, he would have done it; but Omnipotence with its utmoſt Efforts could perform no more. Would then the Void, the original Nothing, or the Matter produced from it admit no greater Perfection? But *ſlight Evils were neceſſary for the Production of great Good.* The moſt agreeable and beneficial Parts of the World, the Light of the Sun, the Order of the Sky, the moſt delicious Fruits, and the moſt ſalutary Medicines, owe their Beauty, and their Con-

Continuance to theſe Plagues, Famines, and Deſolations; by ſuch Evils as theſe are the greateſt Bleſſings neceſſarily preſerved, the Order of Things could not be conſtituted otherwiſe, an eternal Dependence muſt always ſubſiſt between one Part and another, nor could a *Headach*, or a *Cold* be left out of the Syſtem without breaking the Chain, and confounding the Univerſe.

Eſt-il rien ici bas qui puiſſe etre parfait?
Is there nothing here below which can be perfect?
Pour tout etre cree cette regle eſt egale;
For every being created that rule is equal;
L'homme doit-il ſortir de la loi generale? 217
Man, ought he to go free from the general law? 144
Si tout dans l'univers, ſujet au changement,
If every thing in the univerſe, ſubject to change,
Se combat, ſe detruit, & change inceſſamment; 220
Claſhes, decays, and alters continually;
Si de l'etre eternel la ſageſſe infinie
Since of the eternal being the infinite wiſdom
Du monde, par le trouble, entretient l'harmonie,
Of the world, by confuſion, preſerves the harmony,
Pourquoi pretendez-vous qu'exempt de paſſions
Why do you pretend that exempt from paſſions
L'homme ſoit inſenſible a leurs impreſſions?
Man ſhould be inſenſible to their impreſſions?

Mr. *Pope* lets drop, ever and anon, ſuch paradoxical Principles, ſo widely different from what would be expected, not only from a Chriſtian but from a reaſonable Man, accuſtomed to live in ſubjection to Laws, and to regulate his Conduct by the Rules of Morality, that no Man can help refuſing his Aſſent to the Notions he ſeems deſirous of eſtabliſhing. I ſhould gladly find ſome Reaſon for thinking that he does not give us his own Sentiments. But the Syſtem appears here too plainly.

——All ſubſiſts by elemental Strife,
And Paſſions are the Elements of Life.

The Strife between the different Elements of the World has always beneficial Conſequences. The Paſſions are at variance among themſelves, and, if ever they unite, it is in oppoſition to Reaſon. But ſince it is ſo, it evidently ought to be ſo, the Conſtruction of the Univerſe requires; that whatever *is*, *ſhould be*.

The different Nature of the Particles diſperſed through the Air, the Earth, and the Waters, produces Fermentations, and thoſe Fermentations contribute to the Support of Plants and Animals. Theſe are the Means ordain'd for this End by the Creation. But how would the World ſuffer, if Men were conſtantly to follow the Light of their Reaſon, without being diſconcerted by their Paſſions? But by being thus diſconcerted, they bring no *phyſical* Confuſion into the World, nor do they in the leaſt contribute to the Harmony or Union of its Parts: Such Irregularities are only *moral* Evils, which might and ought to be prevented by Acts of the Will, and for which therefore Man deſerves to be puniſhed.

Si l'ordre ſoit affermi par d'affreuſes tempetes,
If order be eſtabliſhed by horrible tempeſts,
Pourquoi donc croirez-vous que de coupable tetes,
Why then will they believe that guilty heads,
Qu'un Neron, qu'un Cromwel, puiſſent le renverſer?
As a Nero, a Cromwell, can ſubvert it?
C'eſt un ſecret orgueil qui vous le fait penſer. 228
154 *It is a ſecret pride which makes you think ſo.*

Storms and Tempeſts neither break nor preſerve the Order of the Univerſe, which is kept up without any Dependence on theſe Irregularities, nor do they contribute to maintain the Courſe

Courſe of natural Motions, but to raiſe our Admiration of that unvaried Regularity which ſubſiſts without ſuffering any Interruption from thoſe rare and inconſiderable Diſorders.

Criminals (for Criminals Mr. *Pope* is at length willing to allow, though how a Man can be criminal, who had it not in his Power to keep the Laws he has broken, or to reſiſt the Motions that impelled him to Meaſures contrary to his Duty, is hard to tell) may be the Occaſion of great Diſturbances to Society, and of great Prejudice to the Members of it. But God, who permits, not cauſes them, ſuffers them to happen for the Puniſhment of the Wicked, and the Tryal of the Good, and reſtrains them within ſuch Bounds as he pleaſes. Mr. *Pope* introduces Pride here without any neceſſity.

Mais Dieu ne peut-il pas aſſujettir le vice
But God can be not ſubject vice
A ſervir aux deſſeins formés par ſa juſtice? *
To ſerve deſigns formed by his juſtice? *

Mr. *Pope* thought theſe Verſes too fine to be left out of his Poem.

What follows ſeems not very conſiſtent with what we have juſt been reading.

La raiſon doit porter un jugement egal
Reaſon ought to paſs an impartial judgment
Sur l'ordre naturel, & ſur l'ordre moral.
Upon the order natural, and upon the order moral.

THIS would be very bad Reaſoning. God is either ultimately or immediately the Author of natural Order. A ſecond Motion is the Conſequence

* This Couplet is an Addition by the Tranſlator.

ſequence of a Firſt, and a Third of a Second. But of Moral Evil there is no Neceſſity, nor is God either immediately or by conſequence the Author of it.

Le ciel dans le premier vous paroit equitable ;
Heaven in the firſt to you appears juſt ;

Without doubt, for Heaven is the Author of it.

Pourquoi dans le ſecond ſeroit-il condamnable ?
Why in the ſecond ſhould it be blameable ?

Heav'n cannot be juſtly charged in this Caſe, for Heav'n has no ſhare in thoſe Diſorders, nor can they be imputed to it without Impiety.

Sur ces points, au deſſus de notre entendement,
On theſe points, above our underſtanding,
L'eſprit ne peut former qu'un vain raiſonment. 236
156 *The mind can frame but a vain argument.*

WHY then does Mr. *Pope* aſpire ſo high, reaſon ſo freely, and decide ſo boldly upon the greateſt of all Subjects? If we take his Word, the ſupreme Being was inevitably determined to create *this* Univerſe becauſe the moſt perfect that he could conceive, yet there is nothing perfect in that Part which is aſſigned for our Habitation; it is full of Imperfections, which God is the Author of, and could not avoid. He takes care not to proceed to the ill Uſe made by Man of his Liberty, the Original of all the Evil that ſurrounds us, ſuitably enough to that ſtate of Diſorder in which Men live by their own Fault.

A ſuivre nos projets, tout ſeroit en ce monde
To follow our ſchemes, every thing ſhould be in this world
Dans un concert parfait, dans une paix profound;
In a perfect harmony, in a profound peace;
Nous voudrions que l'homme, ami de la vertu,
We would that Man, the friend of virtue,
De deſirs vicieux ne ſut point combattu.
With vicious deſires might never be encounter'd.

AND what is there blameable in ſuch Deſires as theſe? Deſires and Ideas! which we ought, inſtead of extinguiſhing and ſuppreſſing, to raiſe, encourage and entertain. Every Man ought to labour with vigorous and conſtant Endeavours after ſo deſirable a State, without ſuffering himſelf to be divided from his Proſpects by a Madrigal, that tends only to ſink the Ardour of his moſt lawful Wiſhes into Indolence and Indifference.

Que l'air ne ſut jamais obſcurci de nuages,
That the air might never be darkened with clouds,
Ni le calme des mers trouble des orages;
Nor the calm of the ſeas diſturbed by ſtorms;
Et que le cœur, conduit par la loi du devoir,
And that the heart, guided by the law of duty,
Jamais des paſſions n'eprouvat le pouvoir.
Might never of the paſſions experience the power.

To draw a Parallel between Things of a Nature entirely different, is mere Sophiſtry, and Sophiſtry ſo much the more deluſive and contemptible, as there is greater Difference between thoſe things which are ſuppoſed in a State of Purity.

RAINS are neceſſary, and conſequently Clouds, which we are often much pleaſed to ſee gathering in the Sky. Of Winds, Natural Philoſophy demonſtrates the Benefit. Storms are Objects of Terror, and Man in his fallen State deſerves to be terrified.

A reaſonable Man would not deſire the utter Extinction of his Paſſions, which are of uſe under the Government of Reaſon, and which he raiſes and regulates with this View.

Mais des fiers elemens l'eternal diſcorde
But of fierce elements the eternal diſcord
Fait que le monde entier ſe conſerve & s'accorde.
Cauſes that the world keeps itſelf entire, and in harmony.

THESE Ideas, invented by *Ovid* in his Deſcription of the Chaos, and borrow'd by *Scarron*, are extremely poetical; but Natural Philoſophy is not my Buſineſs.

Et ſans les paſſions qui viennent l'agiter,
And without the paſſions which riſe to ſhake him,
L'homme inſenſible a tout pourroit-il ſubſiſter?
Man, inſenſible to every thing, could he ſubſiſt?

WHAT would become of an intelligent Being that ſhould not love itſelf, and ſhould look upon every thing with mere Indifference? But though ſtrong and conſtant Inclinations are neceſſary Parts of our Conſtitution, can it be concluded from thence, that tumultuous and impetuous Deſires are equally neceſſary, by which we are ſometimes animated to Compaſſion and Juſtice, but ſometimes tranſported to Cruelty and Oppreſſion?

Mais quel eſt ſon objet? Que ſes vœux ſont etranges!
But what is his object? How ſtrange are his wiſhes!
Quelquefois, affligé d'etre au-deſſous des anges,
Sometimes, grieved to be below angels,
Il aſpire a leur ſort; Que dis-je? Ses ſouhaits,
He aſpires to their condition; What do I ſay? His deſires,
S'il n'eſt au-deſſus d'eux, ne ſont point ſatisfaits.
If he is not above them, are by no means ſatisfied.

THAT

THAT Man who thinks the State of a Sinner a melancholy State, who is affrighted at the Remembrance of his paſt Faults, at the Remains of them which he is ſtill ſenſible of, and at the Apprehenſion of falling into them as before, thinks nothing but what he ought to think; and his Thoughts, afflicting as they are, lead him back to the right Way. But he neither envies the Happineſs of more exalted Natures, nor the extenſive Powers of holier Beings. He aſpires not to the ſame Rank of Exiſtence, but would account himſelf happy at a great Diſtance below it, were but his Obedience perfect.

Quelquefois, peu content des dons de la nature,
Sometimes, little contented with the gifts of nature,
Il ſe plaint que de l'ours il n'a pas la fourrure,
He laments that of the bear he hath not the fur,
La viteſſe du cerf, la force du taureau.
The ſwiftneſs of the ſtag, the ſtrength of the bull.
Homme trop aveugle! toi qui des le berceau
O Man too blind! for thee, who from the cradle
Crois que les animaux ſont faits pour ton uſage,
Believeſt that the animals were made for thy uſe,
Quand tous leurs attributs deviendroient ton partage,
Since all their qualities might become thy ſhare,
Par les dons que le ciel a repandu ſur eux,
Through the gifts which heaven hath beſtowed upon them,
Serois-tu plus parfait, ſerois-tu plus heureux?
Wouldſt thou be more perfect, wouldſt thou be more happy?

Mr. *Pope* in theſe Lines diverts himſelf with drawing the Picture of a Fool, that he may remark upon him, and extend theſe Remarks to Mankind in general. But ſuch Fools are rarely to be met with, and I queſtion whether one can be found infatuated to a Degree like this.

De leurs corps differens l'admirable ſtructure
Of their different bodies the admirable ſtructure
Annonce la bonte de la ſage nature.
Declares the goodneſs of wiſe nature.

In this Line, by the Word *Nature*, is evidently imply'd the *Author of Nature*, by a Figure much in uſe. All the Metaphyſicks of *Spinoza* are employed in confounding theſe two Terms.

Liberale pour tous, mais ſans profuſion,
Bountiful towards all, but without profuſion,
Elle a pour chacun d'eux la meme attention.
She hath for each of them the ſame care.
Dans l'un l'agilite compenſe la foibleſſe;
In one agility compenſates weakneſs;
L'autre a reçu la force au defaut de l'adreſſe;
Another hath received ſtrength for the want of ſubtilty;
Et meſurant en eux les ſecours aux beſoins,
And diſpenſing among them helps to neceſſities,
Le createur fait voir ſa ſageſſe & ſes ſoins.
The creator diſplays his wiſdom and his care.
Il forma leurs reſſorts, il regla leur figure.
He made their ſprings, he proportion'd their ſhape,
Sur les diverſes fins qu'ils ont dans le nature.
For the different ends that they ſerve in nature.

Here the Word *Nature* can mean nothing more than the Aſſemblage of Beings that compoſe the Univerſe, and particularly thoſe that are placed on the Earth.

L'inſecte le plus vil le plus lourd animal,
The inſect the moſt vile, the moſt ſluggiſh animal,
Ont pour y parvenir un avantage egale;
Have to arrive thereat an equal advantage;
Chacun d'eux eſt heureux & jouit dela vie,
Each of them is happy, and enjoys life,
Sans que l'etat d'un autre attire ſon envie.
Nor the condition of another draws his envy.
Pour oſer accuſer le ciel de durete,
To dare accuſe heaven of rigour,

De

De la commune loi l'homme eſt-il excepte ?
From the common law is man excepted ?
Quoi l'homme qui ſe dit ſage & raiſonable
How ſhall man, who is called wiſe and rationa',
Mecontent de ſon ſort vivra ſeul miſerable ?
Diſcontented with his condition live alone miſerable ?
S'il ne poſſede tout, il croira n'avoir rien. 279
180 *If he poſſeſſes not all, he will believe he has nothing.*

HERE is another Picture of a Man bewildered in Extravagance ; he is undoubtedly to be blamed, but all are not like him.

Homme ! pour etre heureux tu n'as que un ſeul moyen,
Man ! for to be happy thou haſt but one only means,
C'eſt de vivre content des dons de la nature.
It is to ive content with the gifts of nature.

IN this Place Mr. *Pope* ſeems to expreſs a great deal in a few Words, but upon Reflection, we learn nothing from him. He tells us that to be *happy* we muſt be *content* ; this is amuſing us with a Repetition of Words that have the ſame Meaning, for it might be ſaid, with equal Truth, that to be *content* a Man muſt be *happy*. But Mr. *Pope* will ſhew us the Way to this Happineſs and Content. Every Man will attain to them, that ſhall reſt ſatisfied with the Gifts that *Nature* has beſtowed, without deſiring any thing beyond them. But who is this *Nature* to whom ſuch Deference is to be paid, and who is to ſet Limits to our Wiſhes ? Is it the Author of our Exiſtence ? The Precept is then indiſputable, but very extenſive, and ought to be very accurately explained.

THE Abilities which our Maker has given us, and the internal and external Advantages with which he has inveſted us, are of two very different Kinds. Thoſe of one Kind are be-

ſtow'd

ſtow'd in common upon us and the brute Creation, but the other exalt us far above other Animals. To diſregard any of theſe Gifts would be Ingratitude; but to neglect thoſe of greateſt Excellence, to go no farther than the groſs Satisfactions of Senſe, and the Functions of mere animal Life, would be a far greater Crime. We are formed by our Creator capable of acquiring Knowledge, and regulating our Conduct by reaſonable Rules; it is therefore our Duty to cultivate our Underſtandings, and exalt our Virtues. We need but make the Experiment to find, that the greateſt Pleaſures will ariſe from ſuch Endeavours.

It is trifling to allege, in oppoſition to this Truth, that Knowledge cannot be acquired, nor Virtue purſued without Toil and Efforts, and that all Efforts produce Fatigue. God requires nothing diſproportion'd to the Powers he has given, and in the Exerciſe of thoſe Powers conſiſts the higheſt Satisfaction.

Toil and Wearineſs are the Effects of Vanity; when a Man has formed a Deſign of excelling others in Merit, he is diſquieted by their Advances, and leaves nothing unattempted, that he may ſtep before them; this occaſions a thouſand unreaſonable Emotions, which juſtly bring their Puniſhment along with them.

But let a Man ſtudy and labour to cultivate and improve his Abilities, in the Eye of his Maker, and with the Proſpect of his Approbation; let him attentively reflect on the infinite Value of that Approbation, and the higheſt Encomiums that Men can beſtow will vaniſh into nothing at the Compariſon. When we live in this Manner, we find that we live for a great and glorious End.

To

To live in this Manner, is the Way to uſe our Senſes in a Manner perfectly agreeable to the Precepts of Religion. We open our Eyes, and behold with Extaſy and Admiration the Beauties which Divine Providence has diſplayed before them; we wiſh we could communicate to them our Ideas and Senſations, that they might join their Adorations and Thankſgivings with ours.

WHEN this is our Frame of Mind, we find it no longer difficult to reſtrain ourſelves in the Gratifications of Eating and Drinking, the moſt groſs Enjoyments of Senſe. We take what is neceſſary to preſerve Health and Vigour, but are not to give ourſelves up to Pleaſures that weaken the Attention, and dull the Underſtanding.

THIS Temper will ſet us beyond the reach of Envy and Malice, and thoſe Vexations that flow naturally from them. Whatever be our Rank in the Univerſe, and our Station in Society, we are content with it, and endeavour to perform the Duties of it in the Sight of God, with a full Aſſurance that he ſhall obtain the Approbation of the Sovereign of the World, who ſhall perform what his Condition makes his Duty.

I have already given my Sentiments upon the Uſe that we ought to make of our Ability to obtain true Notions of our future State.

I am willing to believe, that we ſhould wrong Mr. *Pope*, (and certainly we ſhould wrong ourſelves) if by the Gifts of Nature, which we are adviſed to content ourſelves with the Enjoyment of, we ſhould underſtand only the Gift conferred upon *us* in common with other Animals, though what he has juſt now been ſaying ſeems to tend that Way, and the Picture he has drawn

drawn of the *Indian* is no improper Introduction to ſuch a Sentiment. *

C'eſt de vivre content des dons de la nature,
It is to live content with the gifts of nature,
Et de te conformer a leur juſte meaſure.
And to conform thyſelf to their juſt meaſure.

If this Advice be confin'd to the Senſes and the groſs Pleaſures which they afford, the Precept is plainly given; but the Practice is almoſt impoſſible, unleſs Foreign Aſſiſtance be called in. Give up yourſelf to Luxury, you impair your Health; reſiſt the Temptations of that Vice, you feel the Inconveniences of Reſtraint. No Man falls into Exceſs without endeavouring to gratify his Taſte, and for that End, Nature muſt be aſſiſted by Art, in a thouſand different Ways. Theſe Pleaſures produce Expences, theſe Expences require an Eſtate, and that Eſtate makes Rank and Power neceſſary to ſecure the Owner in the Poſſeſſion of it.

Mr. *Pope* has drawn, according to his own Imagination, the Picture of an *Indian* temperate and contented. Mr. *Bayle*, in the ſame Manner, has given us Pictures of Men without any Religion, fill'd with Touches that raiſe Eſteem, but copied only from his own Fancy, and, that he might more eaſily attain his End, has placed in contraſt with them the Portrait of a bad Chriſtian.

---

* Mr. *Pope*'s Words are

The Bliſs of Man (could Pride that Bleſſing find)
Is not to act, or think, beyond Mankind.
No Pow'r of Body or of Soul to ſhare,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.

THE Savage lies under a Neceſſity of maintaining himſelf, and of ſecuring his Fields and his Poſſeſſions, he muſt be a skilful Huntſman, he muſt run the Hazard of falling into the Hands of his Neighbours, and being devoured by them, when he is obliged to make Incurſions into their Diſtrict to procure Slaves by Rapine and Violence, whom he afterwards obliges to ſerve * him by force.

DOES not Mr. *Pope* think thoſe *Indians* to be pitied, when their *Gold* and their Quiet are invaded by the *Thirſt* of mercileſs and cruel Chriſtians? Would not a Society well compacted and regulated have ſecured them from ſuch Ravages? But can Society be form'd and continued without Inequality, Dependance and Care?

---

* Though Mr. POPE's Picture of the *Indian* be undoubtedly liable to very juſt Objections, both with regard to the Juſtneſs of the Draught, and the Light in which he has placed it, yet perhaps Mr. CROUSAZ's Contraſt may be no leſs unjuſtifiable. *India* in its moſt extenſive Signification comprehends a great part of the Globe, and includes a Multitude of Nations, ſome barbarous and ſavage to a Degree that almoſt degrades them from the Rank of Men; ſome ſuch as the Commentator deſcribes, crafty, malicious, provident, and rapacious; ſome human and civilized almoſt to Politeneſs, or perhaps to a Generoſity and Good Nature far preferable. But I recollect no authentick Relation from which it does not appear, that Civility and Religion promote each other. No regulated Polity can, I believe, be produced, which does not include or preſuppoſe a religious Inſtitution; nor is there any People much ſuperior to their Dogs in this World, that imagine they ſhall be placed on a Level with them in the next.

Care? A Heart enlighten'd with Religion and resign'd to Providence is the surest Foundation of Tranquillity in all Perplexities.

Si l'oeil, du microscope imitant les effets,
If the eye, of the microscope imitating the effects,
Dans le meme degre grossissoit objets,
In the same degree did enlarge objects,
De quoi nous serviroit une semblable vue?
For what would serve us such a view?
Sur de petits objets bornant son etendue,
On small objects bounding its extent,
L'oeil verroit d'un ciron les ressorts curieux,
The eye would see of a maggot the curious springs,
Et ne jouiroit plus du spectacle des cieux. 288
288 *And would no more enjoy the sight of the heavens.*
Donnez a tous les sens plus de delicatesse,
Give to all the senses more of delicacy,
Du toucher par degres augmentez la finesse,
Of feeling by degrees increase the fineness,
Sensible au moindre choc, tremblant au moindre effort,
Sensible to the least shock, shaking at the least impulse,
L'homme craindroit toujours la douleur ou la mort.
Man would fear always pain or death.
Que des corps odorans les fleches invisibles
Let of odorous bodies the invisible darts
Fissent sur le cerveau des effets plus sensibles,
Make on the brain effects more sensible,
Des parfums les plus doux la violente odeur
Of perfumes the sweetest the violent smell
Deviendroit le tourment de la tete & du coeur.
Would become the torment of the head and of the heart.
D'un sentiment plus vif si l'oreille munie
With a sensation more quick if the ear endowed
Des spheres dans leurs cours entendoit l'harmonie,
Of the spheres in their courses did hear the harmony,
Comment parmi ce bruit trouver quelques plaisirs
How amidst that noise could it find any pleasure
Au murmure des eaux, au souffle des zephirs?
In the murmur of waters, in the whisper of zephyrs?
Reconnoissez enfin la sagesse eternelle
Acknowledge finally the eternal wisdom

Dans

Dans les dons qu'en naiſſant chaque etre reçoit d'elle,
In the gifts which at birth each being receives of it,
Dans ceux qu'elle refuſe adorez ſa bonte. 303
198 *In thoſe which it refuſes adore its goodneſs.*

THESE Lines diſcover at once the Imagination of a Poet and the Accuracy of a Philoſopher, if we take away *the Muſick of the Spheres*, which is not conſiſtent with the Knowledge we have at preſent of the Nature and Cauſes of Sound.

THE *Muſick of the Spheres* was one of the wildeſt Notions of Antiquity, and ſtill finds a Place in Poetry, where the Mind is to be ſtrongly moved by grand Images; but all the Harmony of this Poetry conſiſts in the Cadence.

Parmi les animaux quelle diverſite!
Among animals what variety!
Quelle gradation trouvons-nous etablie,
What gradation ſhall we find eſtabliſhed,
Depuis les vermiſſeaux, dont la terre eſt remplie,
From worms, whereof the earth is full,
Juſqu'a l'homme, ce chef, ce roi de l'univers! 307
202 *Even to man, that head, that king of the univerſe!*

HERE *Man's imperial Race* are allowed that Honour and Precedence which have been denied them in other Paſſages, becauſe it ſerves to heighten and embelliſh the Gradation. Mr. *Pope* forgets, almoſt in every Line, one of the chief Rules laid down by Mr. *Des-Cartes*, in his Philoſophy, that a Reaſoner ſhould upon every new Propoſition take an accurate Review of the whole Argument, to be certain that he has not admitted Suppoſitions without Foundation, and that his Syſtem is conſiſtent with itſelf. There are ſeveral Inſtances of a bad Memory in the Parts already conſidered, and in the following

Parts

Parts more will be remarked by the Reader, without being pointed out.

Entre leurs facultes que degres divers!
Among their faculties what different degrees!
Sous les voiles obſcurs qui couvrent ſa paupiere
Under the dark veils which cover his eyelid
La taupe ne peut voir l'eclat de la lumiere;
The mole cannot ſee the glare of the light;
Mais rien n'echape au linx; a ſes yeux penetrans
But nothing eſcapeth the lynx; to his piercing eyes
Les corps les plus epais deviennent tranſparens.
Bodies the moſt denſe become tranſparent.
Dans l'ombre de la nuit, par le ſeul bruit guidee,
In the ſhade of night, by the noiſe alone directed,
La lionne pourſuit la biche intimidee.
The lioneſs purſues the fearful kind.
L'odorat dans le chien, par un prompt judgment,
Smelling in the dog, by a quick determination,
Sur d'inviſibles pas le conduit ſurement. 116
On inviſible ſteps him conducts ſurely.
Des oiſeaux aux poiſſons, pour la voix, pour la ouie,
From birds to fiſhes, as to voice, as to hearing,
Raprochez, s'il ſe peut, la diſtance infinie,
Bring near, if poſſible, the infinite diſtance.
Contemplez l'araignee, en ſon reduit obſcur;
Contemplate the ſpider in her obſcure retreat:
Que ſon toucher eſt vif, qu'il eſt prompt, qu'il eſt ſur!
How lively is her feeling, how quick is it, how ſure is it!
Sur ſes pieges tendus ſans ceſſe vigilante,
On her ſnares laid continually watching,
Dans chacun de ſes fils elle paroit vivante.
In each of her threads ſhe ſeems alive.
Par quel art marveilleux l'abeille dans nos champs
With what wonderful art the bee in our fields
Va-t-elle s'enrichir des treſors du printems!
Goes on to enrich herſelf with the treaſures of the ſpring!
Par quel diſcernment ſait-elle nous extraire
With what diſcretion knows ſhe to extract for us
Des ſucs les plus mortels un preſent ſalutaire.
From juices the moſt deadly a wholeſome preſent.
Dans ce qu'on nomme inſtinct que de variete!
In that which we call inſtinct what variety!

Elephant I

Elephant! ſi connu par ta docilite,
Elephant! ſo noted for thy docility,
Toi qui de la raiſon parois avoir l'uſage,
Thou who of reaſon ſeemeſt to have the uſe,
Combien ſur le porceau n'as-tu pas d'avantage! 330
213 *How much above the ſwine haſt thou not the advantage!* *

Mr. *Pope* opens a vaſt Field for Reflections without end, to which a Man may and ought to return every Day of his Life; the Habit of indulging them neither makes them leſs efficacious nor agreeable. They feaſt and exalt the Soul, they fill it with ſolid Satisfaction, and with ardent Gratitude. To be moſt affected by them is the Character of the moſt amiable Mind: By them the Deſire of Superfluities may be totally extinguiſh'd. It depends only upon Men to make a happy Experiment of this Truth, and there are few Subjects ſo worthy of the exuberant Imagination of Mr. *Pope* and his Tranſlator.

Comment par l'homme meme un inſtinct admire,
How by man himſelf an inſtinct admired,
Si pres de la raiſon, en eſt-il ſepare?
So near to reaſon, from it is it ſeparated?
O! qu'entre l'un & l'autre on voit peu de diſtance!
O! how little between the one and the other ſee we of diſtance!
Pouvez vous concevoir la ſecrette alliance,
Can you conceive the ſecret alliance,
Qui joint le ſouvenir a la reflexion?
Which joins memory to reflection?

Qui

* On this Paſſage where ſixteen Lines are tranſlated into thirty three, it is not neceſſary to make any other Remark than may be made in general on the whole Work, that it is extremely below the Original in Spirit, Propriety, and notwithſtanding the Diffuſeneſs of his Expreſſion, in Perſpicuity.

Ou commence, ou finit la ſeparation,
Where begins, where ends the ſeparation,
Qu'entre les ſens groſſiers & la pure penſée
Which between the groſs ſenſes and ſimple thought
La main du createur a pour jamais placée ? 338
220 *The hand of the creator hath for ever placed ?*
Donnez un meme inſtinct a tous les animaux,
Give a like inſtinct to all animals,
Si par les facultez vous les rendez egaux,
If by the faculties you them render equal,
Vous rompez les liens de cette dependance,
You break the tyes of that dependence,
Qui fait regner entr'eux l'ordre & l'intelligence ;
Which makes to reign among them order and intelligence ;
Ils ne pourront alors s'accorder & s'unir,
They will not be able then to agree and unite,
Et vous verrez ſur eux votre empire finir.
And you will ſee your empire over them to end.

In theſe latter Verſes, I meet with ſome Obſcurity, which I am not ſurprized at, as the Subject is little underſtood. I have treated it in my *Examen du Pyrrhoniſm*, and ſhall return to it in another Work.

Que peuvent contre vous leur force & leur addreſſe ?
What avail againſt you their ſtrength and their ſubtilty ?
Le ciel de la raiſon arme votre foibleſſe,
Heaven with reaſon arms your weakneſs ;
Il met dans ce preſent qu'il reſerve pour vous,
He beſtows in that preſent which he reſerves for you,
L'infallible moyen les ſubjuguer tous. 348
224 *The infallible means of ſubjecting them all.* *

These are very diſtinguiſhable Privileges, and this Sovereignty is very evident, which it would

* In theſe Lines, which it is not our Province to reconcile with the other Parts of the Poem, Man is evidently acknowledged the Maſter of the other Creatures.

would be a horrid Degree of Ingratitude not to be ſenſible of, and which argues that Man guilty of a very criminal Meanneſs of Spirit, that places himſelf upon the Level with Creatures to which his Creator has made him far ſuperior. We are therefore indiſpenſably obliged to act as becomes reaſonable Beings.

Dans le vague des airs, ſur la terre, dans l'onde,
In the open ſpace of air, on the earth, in the water,
Voyez en mouvement la nature feconde
You ſee in motion fruitful nature
Travailler ſans relache a peupler l'univers.
To work without remiſſneſs in peopling the univerſe.
Commencez par le Dieu, qui leur donne la vie;
Begin with God, who gives them life;
Quel ſpectacle etonnant! quelle chaine infinie!
What aſtoniſhing object! what infinite chain!
Eſprits purs dans les cieux, hommes, poiſſons, oiſeaux,
Pure ſpirits in the heavens, men, fiſhes, birds,
Habitans de la terre, & des airs, & des eaux,
Inhabitants of the earth, and of the air, and of the waters,
Inſectes differens, que l'œil decouvre a peine!
Inſects various, which the eye with difficulty diſcovers!

Mr. *Pope* returns to his magnificent Gradations, and ſhews that this inexhauſtible Subject enlarges upon us, and diſcovers new Wonders, in proportion as we dwell upon it: But when he adds;

Briſez un des anneaux qui forment cette chaine,
Break one of the links which make that chain,
De l'aſſemblage entier l'equilibre eſt perdu,
Of the whole compoſition the equilibrium is deſtroy'd,
Et tout dans le cahos ſe trouve confondu.
238 *And all in a chaos lies confounded.*
Si chaque tourbillon, ou nagent les planettes,
So each vortex, where ſwim the planets,
Se meut differemment ſelon des loix ſecrettes;
Moves differently according to ſecret laws;

Si conſervant toujours un ordre merveilleux,
So preſerving always a wonderful order,
Il forme, il affermit l'aſſemblage des cieux.
It conſtitutes, it confirms the ſyſtem of the heavens.
Qu'une ſeule planette en rompe l'harmonie,
Let one only planet of it break the harmony,
Des autres tourbillons tout a coup deſunies,
From the other vortexes inſtantly diſjoined,
Elle entraine en tombant tous les globes divers,
It draws in falling all the other globes,
Qui par leur union forment cet univers.
Which by their union form this univerſe.
De ſon centre ebranle la terre derangee
From its ſhaken center the earth diſorder'd
Sera dans le cahos au meme inſtant plongee.
Will be in the chaos at the ſame inſtant plunged.
Les aſtres, les ſoleils, l'un ſur l'autre entaſſes.
The ſtars, the ſuns, one on another heaped,
Par les globes voiſins ne ſont plus balances;
By neighbouring globes are no longer balanced;
Dans le trouble & l'horreur la nature expirante
In the confuſion and horror nature expiring
Juſqu'au trone de Dieu porteroit l'epouvante.
Even to the throne of God would carry the fright.
Pour repondre aux deſirs de l'homme ambitieux,
To anſwer the deſires of ambitious man,
Faudra-t-il renverſer & la terre & les cieux? 377
Muſt the earth and the heavens be overturned?

Mr. *Pope*'s Natural Philoſophy ſeems ſomewhat infected by his Poetry. The moſt compleat Piece of Workmanſhip is not ſuch as by its Weakneſs, and its Duration notwithſtanding that Weakneſs, diſplays the great Dexterity of the Maker. Suppoſing equal Beauty and equal Uſefulneſs, Solidity is alway preferable to Slightneſs, and Simplicity to Compoſition.

Besides the fancied Chain of Dependencies this endleſs Connection, is not agreeable to Experience. We meet with no Appearances of a Concatenation in which the leaſt Link cannot be broken

broken without endangering the Whole. Ramparts are blown up by the Force of Mines; Earthquakes overthrow a City, and deſtroy the adjacent Country; Lightning may by ſetting Fire to a Magazine of Gunpower ſhake the Ground to a certain Extent, and throw down the Walls built upon it; but a few Miles off every thing will go on as uſual. We change the Courſe of Rivers, join Seas together by new Canals, dig Mines, and level Mountains; we root up Foreſts, and plant new ones; yet the Earth moves round juſt as it has always done, nor have any Alterations in its Surface affected its Motion.

HAVE the Comets that traverſe part of our Solar Vortex, and enter more or leſs into it, haſtened or retarded the Revolution of a ſingle Year? Some Alterations are obſerved in the Satellites of the Planets after the near Approach of ſome other, but every Thing recovers of itſelf, and theſe Alterations and Re-eſtabliſhments are explained by the ſettled Laws of Preſſure and Attraction, or by the Centripetal and Centrifugal Powers. A Relapſe into Nothing, *Nature trembling to the Throne of God, ruling Angels hurl'd from their Spheres, Being wreck'd upon Being, and World upon World*, are Expreſſions exaggerated and hyperbolical to the laſt Degree, which the Poet makes uſe of to ſhew his own Force by frighting his Readers.

Si dans le corps humain chaque membre rebelle
If, in the human body, each member rebellious
A ce que lui preſcrit une loi naturelle,
Againſt that which to it preſcribes a law of nature,
A d'autres fonctions ſe vouloit attacher;
To other functions itſelf would apply;
Si le pied vouloit voir, ſi l'œil vouloit marcher,
If the foot would ſee, if the eye would walk,

Si

Si la main au travail uniquement bornee,
If the hand, to work only confined,
Pretendoit de la tete avoir la deſtinee,
Did pretend of the head to have the diſpoſal;
Enfin ſi chacun d'eux ſe faiſoit un tourment
In ſhort, if each of them makes it a torment
D'obeir a l'eſprit, dont ils ſont l'inſtrument.
To obey the mind, whereof they are the inſtrument,
Quelle confuſion! N'en eſt-il pas de meme,
What confuſion! Is it not the ſame thing,
Quand l'homme revolte contre l'etre ſupreme.
When Man rebelling againſt the ſupreme being
De tout etre cree le mobile & l'eſprit,
Of every being created the firſt mover and the ſoul,
Veut ſortir de la regle & de l'ordre preſcrit? 388
258 *Would break from the rule and from the order eſtabliſhed?*

THIS Reaſoning is inconcluſive, and founded on the vulgar Notions of a certain Degree of Power given to the Soul for regulating the Motions of the Body.

IF the Sun, Moon, and other Parts of the Univerſe were intelligent and free Agents, and the Sun ſhould ſhorten the Night, or prolong it according to his preſent Inclination; if the Moon in her turn ſhould think it proper to direct the Courſe of the Sun, if the Clouds ſhould only afford Rain in a good Humour, and Winds only blew as Fancy and Caprice ſhould incite them, without any regard to the Advantage or Concern for the Sufferings of the Earth, univerſal Confuſion would ſoon follow inſtead of the wonderful Order that we now behold.

OF this Truth the Heathens were convinced, and took occaſion from it to invent the Fable of the Farmer, to whom *Jupiter* gave the Privilege of calling Rain or Sunſhine upon his own Land at Pleaſure.

NOR

NOR was King *Alphonſo* leſs miſtaken, if that be true which is imputed to him: That he thought himſelf able to place the Orbs of Heaven in a better Order, conceiving theſe Orbs to be very different from what they are in reality.

So in Society, if every Man, inſtead of applying himſelf to the Duties of his own Station, and contenting himſelf with performing them, ſhould amuſe himſelf with animadverting upon the Conduct of the Government, and employ his Time in directing his Superiors, Confuſion would encreaſe with ſuch Preſumption, and Society would be immediately embroil'd.

De ce vaſte univers les diverſes parties
Of this vaſt univerſe the different parts
Sont, pour former un tout, ſagement aſſorties;
Are, to conſtitute one whole, wiſely diſpoſed;
De ce tout etonnant la nature eſt le corps,
Of this amazing whole nature is the body,
L'eternel en eſt l'ame, en conduit les reſſorts.
The Eternal of it is the ſoul, of it he regulates the ſprings.

THESE Expreſſions are very metaphorical, and taken literally would imply a very odious Meaning productive of deteſtable Conſequences.

Et s'il ſe cache aux yeux, les traits de ſa puiſſance
And if he conceal himſelf from the eyes, the traces of his power
Annoncent a l'eſprit ſon auguſte preſence;
Declare to the mind his awful preſence;
En fabriquant la terre, en conſtruiſant les cieux,
In framing the earth, in forming the heavens,
Il eſt egalement puiſſant & glorieux;
He is equally powerful and glorious;
En tous lieux il s'etend, ſans avoir d'etendue;
In all places he is extended, without having extenſion;

That is, his Immenſity is very different from the Extenſion of Bodies, having neither the ſame groſs Nature nor Imperfections.

Sans etre diviſe, par tout il s'infinue;
Without being divided, into all he infinuates;

Of this we have ſome Repreſentation in that Space which contains, and by turns receives and forſakes them, without ſuffering any Change in its Place or Nature, and which full or not full is for ever the ſame.

Des eſprits & des corps c'eſt l'inviſible appui,
Of ſpirits and of bodies he is the inviſible ſupport,
Et tout etre vivant reſpire, agit en lui.
And every living being breaths, acts in him.

We ſhould pervert theſe pompous Expreſſions to a very bad Purpoſe, if we ſhould allow ourſelves with *Spinoſa* to confound our own Subſtance with that of the Deity, and to imagine that the Subſtance of created Beings is the ſame with that of him who created them. Men have thought fit, ſay thoſe idle Reaſoners, to call particular Modifications of the one eternal Subſtance by the Name of *Creatures*; whereas they ought to ſay, that Men have been guilty of a very unhappy and wicked Sentiment, in calling created Beings Modifications of the Eternal Subſtance.

It is not ſufficient to believe that the Subſtance of created Beings is wholly diſtinct from that of God; we muſt add, that intelligent Beings have received from him a real Power of Action diſtinct from his. By repreſenting them to ourſelves as Theatrical Machines that appear to act upon

upon the Stage, when they are only put in Motion by a foreign Impulſe, what Employments do we not aſſign to the moſt holy, happy and perfect Being? Was it beyond the Limits of Omnipotence to produce Beings endued with ſome Power of Action? They are not leſs indebted to the almighty and benevolent Being for permanent Strength and Exiſtence, than if they were renewed by him at every Inſtant; nay, their Obligations are greater, for the more they have received, the more they owe.

THIS Aſſertion once laid down, we read the following Verſes with more Pleaſure, and the Senſe is more clear and beautiful.

Il donne, & ne perd rien, il produit, il opere,
He gives, and loſes nothing, he produces, he operates,
Sans que jamais ſa force ou ſe laſſe, ou s'altere;
Nor does ever his ſtrength either tire, or change;
Il ſe montre a nos yeux, auſſi ſage, auſſi grand,
He ſhews himſelf to our eyes, as wiſe, as great,
Dans le moindre ciron, que dans un elephant;
In the leaſt worm, as in an elephant;

PARTICULAR Relations, demonſtrative of this great Truth, may be found in the Memoirs of Mr. *De Reaumur*, in which he inſpires his Readers with the ſame Admiration which he feels himſelf, from his great and accurate Acquaintance with Operations that juſtly produce it.

Dans un homme ignore ſous une humble chaumiere,
In an ignorant Man under a low thatch'd roof,
Que dans le ſeraphin rayonnant de lumiere.
As in the ſeraph radiating with light.

IN Perſons of the loweſt Rank may be ſometimes found a high Degree of Piety and Reſig-

nation, that demands our Reſpect. Their Knowledge reaches but a little Way, yet is ſufficient to guide their Actions: Steady to their Views, and not ſubject to any Doubts, they have the full Sovereignty over their own Minds, and by governing themſelves are under the Government of God.

SPIRITS exalted to Degrees of Knowledge and Perfection, even above our Comprehenſion, will rejoice to ſee what appeared ſo contemptible on Earth approaching, by the infinite Goodneſs of God, to their own Splendour and Elevation. God has given Proofs of his Omnipotence in this Reſpect in the ſudden Illumination of the Apoſtles, who were ſo ignorant till they were viſited by him on the Day of Pentecoſt.

La foible & le puiſſant, le grand & le petit,
The weak and the ſtrong, the great and the ſmall,
Tout, devant ſes regards, tombe, s'evanouit.
All, before his ſight, falls, vaniſhes.
Sa ſubſtance penetre & le ciel & la terre,
His ſubſtance penetrates both heaven and earth,
Les remplit, les ſoutient, les joint, & les reſſerre.
Them fills, them ſuſtains, them unites, and them binds faſt.

THESE Ideas are magnificent, but not all equally clear; they are expreſs'd in Terms proper to give Verſe an Air of Sublimity, and which occur of themſelves to a Poet. He is pleaſed with them, and makes uſe of them. A Philoſopher does not admit them ſo eaſily, nor can comprehend any Neceſſity of a continual Exertion of divine Power to keep up the Union of the Parts of the Univerſe. They have no natural Tendency to a Separation, for they have no Properties but what they have received from the Creator; and if he by one Act of his Power determines them

to

to ſeparate and recede one from the other, why does he by a ſecond Act oppoſe and deſtroy the Effects of the firſt?

Rougis donc, O mortel, de ta preſomption,
Bluſh then, O mortal, for thy preſumption,
Et ne nomme plus l'ordre une imperfection.
And no more call order an imperfection.
Ce qui paroit un mal a notre foible vue,
That which appears an evil to our weak view,
Eſt de notre bonheur une ſource inconnue. 414
274 *Is of our happineſs an unknown ſource.*

THIS is true in natural Events brought to paſs by Providence, and of this Truth, whatever our *Degrees of Blindneſs* may be, we are often convinced by Experience. The Order of the World makes ſuch Events neceſſary for puniſhing or reforming Sinners, or trying the Patience of the Good, and giving new Luſtre to their Virtues.

BUT let us beware of reckoning among thoſe Events, which the Order of the World requires, the bad Actions, or wicked Cuſtoms of Men. God indeed may ſometimes diſplay his Power by producing Good from them. He that could call Beings out of *Nothing* into Exiſtence, can make the moſt beautiful Regularity ariſe from Confuſion, but he does not cauſe that Confuſion that he may have an Opportunity of reforming it. It is the Conſequence of human Blindneſs and Depravity, and the Malice of the Devil by whom Men are ſeduced: But he makes it conducive to his own Deſigns, and to the Diſappointment of thoſe wicked Spirits that oppoſe them.

God does not infect the Heart of Man with Ambition or Envy, or that Rage with which they mutually labour to undo one another; but being left by him to themſelves and their own criminal Paſſions, they are puniſhed by the Hands of one another, and are the Inſtruments of God, to execute his juſt Decrees, without having themſelves any ſuch Intention.

Rentre enfin dans toi-meme, & d'un eſprit ſoumis
Re-enter at length into thyſelf, and with a mind ſubmiſſive
Contente-toi du rang ou l'eternel t'a mis.
Be contented with the rank where th' eternal hath placed thee.
Sois ſur que dans ce monde, ou dans quelqu' autre ſphere,
Be ſure that in this world, or in ſome other ſphere,
Dans les bras de ton Dieu tu trouveras un pere;
In the arms of thy God thou ſhalt find a father:
Et qu'en lui ſoumettant ton eſprit & ton coeur,
And that in ſubmitting to him thy ſpirit and thy heart,
Chaque pas que tu fais te conduit au bonheur. 420
Every ſtep that thou makeſt conducts thee to happineſs.
Dans le moment fatal qui finit ta carriere,
In the fatal moment which finiſheth thy courſe,
Ainſi que dans l'inſtant ou tu vois la lumiere,
As well as in the inſtant when thou feeſt the light,
Toujours cher a ſes yeux, ne crains rien pour ton ſort,
Always dear to his eyes, fear nothing for thy lot,
S'il preſide a ta vie, il preſide a ta mort. 424
If he preſides over thy life, he preſides over thy death. *

* The ſame Juſtice that has obliged me ſo often to cenſure, obliges me in this Place to commend the *French* Poet, whoſe Paraphraſe is here exceedingly beautiful, and his Additions to the Original not Superfluities but Ornaments; the laſt Couplet of this Quotation is particularly elegant. In his Verſion of the four next Verſes he has fallen below his Author, but what Tranſlator could have been more ſucceſsful?

THE Mind gives itſelf up captive to the Pomp of theſe Lines, and to the exalted Hopes excited by the Peruſal of them, which we are directed by the Poet to entertain without the leaſt Uncertainty or Doubt.

BY this Frame of Mind we not only enter upon thoſe mere Hopes which Men may perſuade us to form, but thoſe aſſured and confident Expectations to which our Supreme and Almighty Maſter incites us. But we muſt not delude ourſelves, or think of taking what we like, and refuſing what we are leſs pleaſed with; we muſt neceſſarily ſubject our Hearts to God, and conſequently our Conduct.

THESE pleaſing and conſolatory Ideas give me occaſion to aſk Mr *Pope*, Whether he formed them by mere Reaſoning without the Aſſiſtance of Religion? If the Light of Nature diſcovered them to him, why may not the *Indian* attain them by the ſame Light? And if he declines the Labour of ſearching for them, will his Negligence be a full Excuſe for all the Abſurdities of his Notions, and the Faults of his Conduct?

THIS Paſſage is of great Importance. Mr *Pope* and his elegant Tranſlator would be grieved to throw their Readers into any dangerous Illuſion. Men eaſily admit them; they love to flatter themſelves. As a zealous Commentator, therefore, I propoſe to clear up all Ambiguities.

IF the Submiſſion required by Mr *Pope* be Obedience, a Submiſſion to Laws, implying the Study of them, and a Deſire of conforming to them; in a word, if the Submiſſion mentioned by Mr *Pope* be a careful and circumſpect Conduct, it is a juſt Foundation of comfortable Hope.

But if the Submiſſion, ſo ſtrongly recommended as the ſure Way to everlaſting Happineſs, conſiſts in looking undiſturb'd and careleſs upon every Thing that paſſes, in an indolent and ſupine Unconcern about our Actions and thoſe of others, it is a fatal Calm, an ill-grounded Security that tends to the total Overthrow of Morality and Religion.

Yet this is the moſt rational Conduct, upon the Suppoſition that every Thing is the Act of God operating as well on the Bad as the Good. But Diſcontent and Submiſſion would in that Caſe go together, nor would he that acquieſces and approves be more innocent than he that murmurs and complains.

If Men do not determine their own Actions; if they have only the Appearance of Liberty, and receive Impreſſions from ſome other Cauſe, which impells them without being perceiv'd, while they imagine themſelves acting by their own Powers, nothing is more ſuperfluous than to give them Advice; ſince whatever they do, they act rightly, nor can be cenſured without imputing Evil to the ſupreme Cauſe.

The Lines therefore upon which I have been remarking, are inſtructive in the Mouth of a good Man, but impious, offenſive, and profane in that of a Libertine.

Should Mr. *Pope* be aſk'd, Why the Deſire of Immortality, which in Verſe 170, (116 *of the Original*) was pronounced the Effect of human Pride and Impatience, is here celebrated and encouraged; would he ſay that only to ſhew the Fruitfulneſs of his Genius he praiſes and condemns the ſame Thing, or that ſince he wrote the former Lines he has received new Information?

La

La Nature n'eſt pas une aveugle puiſſance,
Nature is not a blind power,
C'eſt un art, qui ſe cache a l'humaine ignorance;
It is an art, which is hidden from human ignorance;

THE Meaning is, that the Univerſe is not governed by a Cauſe which acts without Conſciouſneſs of its own Operations, but that the Mind of Man is not ſufficiently enlarged to comprehend how all the Motions are performed.

Ce qui paroit hazard eſt l'effet d'un deſſein,
What appears chance is the effect of deſign,
Qui derobe a tes yeux ſon principe & ſa fin.
Which conceals from thy eyes its principle and its end.

AN Effect not above the ordinary Powers of the Cauſe that produces it, and which was intended and foreſeen by that Cauſe, is not attributed to Chance.

WHEN, for Example, a Man puts his Hand before or behind him, to the Right or Left, he acts with Knowledge and Choice; but when his Fingers take hold of a white or yellow Ball, the Event is not the Effect of Choice, but may be contrary to what he intended; we then attribute it to Chance, that is, to a Cauſe that acted without any View of the Conſequence.

BUT nothing of this kind can be imputed to the ſupreme Being, who has always diſtinct Ideas of what he propoſes to do, and whoſe Operation is exactly conformable to his Ideas. The Reaſons for which he chooſes to produce one Effect rather than another, or at a particular Time rather than ſooner or later, or in this or that Form rather than another; the Reaſon likewiſe for which he permits, or retards, or

wholly fruſtrates the Execution of Deſigns not in themſelves above the common Strength of Man, are often out of the Reach of our Penetration, and where we attempt to gueſs at them our Conjectures are at leaſt uncertain, if not too daring.

Ce qui dans l'univers te revolte & te bleſſe,
What in the univerſe rebells againſt thee and offends thee,
Forme un parfait accord qui paſſe ta ſageſſe.
Makes a perfect harmony which ſurpaſſes thy underſtanding.
Tout deſordre apparent eſt un ordre reel;
Every ſeeming diſorder is a real order;
Tout mal particulier un bien univerſel; 432
284 *Every particular evil an univerſal good;*

When the *Diſcord* or *Diſorder* is a moral Breach of Order, an Irregularity by which Men infringe the Laws of God, and the Rules which their own Conſciences preſcribe, it is real *Diſcord*, though God by his Wiſdom and Power may make Order and Harmony ſucceed it, by which the proper Courſe of Things may be re-eſtabliſhed. But that Harmony is the Effect of God's Wiſdom and Power, not of Diſcord and Confuſion, which of itſelf did not at all contribute to it.

Vice is therefore neither a particular Good to the Man that is guilty of it, nor a general Good extending its Influence to the reſt of the World.

Mr *Pope* has already given us a Repreſentation of the Confuſion that would ariſe in the human Body, if the different Members, inſtead of applying themſelves to their proper Functions, ſhould each of them invade the Province of another: Such is the Diſorder of Society when Men, inſtead of minding their own Buſineſs, interrupt that of others.

I know that a certain Order of Men, ranked by their own Suffrages among Wits of a higher Claſs, have thought it proper to diſplay the Advantages ariſing to Society from the Vices of Mankind. Theſe are the Sophiſtries which the ingenious Author of *Alciphron* has expoſed, this is the Juſtification of Vice in which Mr *Baile* intrenches himſelf. I ſhall not repeat here the Remarks which I have made in my *Examen du Pyrrhoniſm.*

IF we ſhould imagine any Imperfections in the World around us, it is not wholly our Fault; Mr *Pope* has himſelf reminded us of them, by his Queſtion,

And what created perfect?

EVEN among phyſical Events, produced either conſequentially or immediately by God himſelf, there are ſome that deviate from the original Order of Things: But they are to be imputed to the Faults of Men, who deſerved to be put in mind by ſome Diſorders in Nature that they are Criminals, and who are by Objects of Terror to be awaken'd to a Reformation.

Et bravant de tes ſens l'orgueilleuſe impoſture,
Then defying of thy ſenſes the proud impoſture,
Conclus que *tout eſt bien* dans toute la nature.
Conclude that all is right *in all nature.*

Mr. POPE *thus concludes his firſt* EPISTLE.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canſt not ſee:
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood:
All partial evil, univerſal good:
And ſpight of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpight,
One truth is clear; Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT.

I ſhould rather ſay, *In ſpight of Self-love, and thy Inclination to a falſe Tranquillity, this Truth is clear, That Men have many Vices to reform.*

We may ſay however in one Senſe, that

——————*Whatever is is right.*

A ſacred and adorable Order is eſtabliſhed in the Government of Mankind. Theſe are certain and unvaried Truths: He that ſeeks God, and makes it his Happineſs to live in Obedience to him, ſhall obtain what he endeavours after, in a Degree far above his preſent Comprehenſion. He that turns his Back upon his Creator, neglects to obey him, and perſeveres in his Diſobedience, ſhall obtain no other Happineſs than he can receive from Enjoyments of his own procuring; void of Satisfaction, weary of Life, waſted by empty Cares, and Remorſes equally hatraſſing and juſt, he will experience the certain Conſequences of his own Choice. Thus will *Juſtice* and *Goodneſs* reſume their Empire, and that Order be reſtored which Men have broken. That State to which each Man has devoted himſelf, ſhall be allotted to him: *Affliction and Deſpair to every one that has given himſelf to Evil, but to every one that does well, Glory and Peace.* So will Order be eſtabliſhed, and ſuch are the irrevocable Decrees of ETERNAL JUSTICE, WISDOM and GOODNESS.

COM-

COMMENTARY

ON THE

SECOND EPISTLE.

NE ſonde point de Dieu l'immenſe profondeur;
Sound not of God the immenſe depth;
Travaille ſur toi-meme, & rentre dans ton cœur.
Work upon thyſelf, and enter into thy heart,
L'etude la plus propre a l'homme eſt l'homme meme.
The ſtudy the moſt proper for man is man himſelf.

Mr. *Pope* in the firſt of theſe Verſes expreſly warns us againſt the Temerity of building our Theology, Philoſophy, or Morality, upon the Suppoſition that God has inevitably determined by his infinite Perfection to create, furniſh, and govern the Univerſe in the Manner we behold, and that the Deſign and the Work were the neceſſary Conſequences of his own Attributes.

INSTEAD of ſoaring ſo high, and tow'ring after incomprehenſible Objects, we are exhorted to deſcend into ourſelves. The Sentiment is entirely juſt, and the Advice the beſt that can be given. To view and to know ourſelves, the Mind needs not be diſtracted with a Multiplicity of outward Objects, nor is it neceſſary that a

Man

Man ſhould be conſider'd in his own Mind as an Object different from himſelf. How do we know that we exiſt? By Perception. How do we know that we are free? By Perception. How do we know that we are created with a Capacity to attain Knowledge, and to improve in Virtue? How are we certain of Truth, and how do we learn what is Virtue, and what are the Paſſions, which ſometimes aſſiſt, and ſometimes oppoſe it, but by the ſame Means, a continual Attention to ourſelves?

Mr *Pope*, after having invited his Reader to a Study capable of informing him of every Thing that it is of moſt Conſequence to him to know in this Life, warns him at firſt, that this Study is not extremely eaſy, but muſt be followed with great Circumſpection. Then proceeding to a particular Account of the Difficulties, he recounts ſo many, and paints them ſo formidable, that the Reader is terrified, and conſcious of his own Inability, is diſpoſed to attend with Docility and Gratitude to any one that will be ſo charitable as to aſſiſt him.

Quel melange etonnant! quel etrange probleme!
What an aſtoniſhing medley! How ſtrange a problem!
En lui que de lumiere, & que d'obſcurite;
In him what light, and what obſcurity!
En lui quelle baſſeſſe, & quelle majeſte!
In him what meanneſs, and what majeſty!
Il eſt trop eclaire pour douter en ſceptique,
He is too enlighten'd to doubt as a ſceptic,
Trop foible pour s'armer de la virtu ſtoique.
Too weak to arm himſelf with a ſtoical virtue.
Seroit-il en naiſſant au travail condamne?
Could he be at his birth condemn'd to labour?
Au douceurs du repos ſeroit-il deſtine?
To the ſweets of repoſe could he be deſtin'd?
Tantot de ſon eſprit admirant l'excellence,
Sometimes of his mind admiring the excellence,

Il penſe

Il penſe qu'il eſt Dieu, qu'il en a la puiſſance;
He thinks that he is God, that he hath his power;
Et tantot gemiſſant des beſoins de ſon corps,
And ſometimes lamenting the neceſſities of his body,
Il croit que de la brute il n'a que les reſſorts.
He imagines that of a brute he has no more than the ſprings.
Ce n'eſt que pour mourir, qu'il eſt ne, qu'il reſpire;
It is only to die, that he is born, that he breathes;
Et toute ſa raiſon n'eſt preſque qu'un delire.
And all his reaſon is little more than raving.
S'il ne l'ecoute point, tout lui devient obſcur;
If he hearkens not to it, all to him becomes obſcure;
S'il la conſulte trop, rien ne lui paroit ſur.
If he conſults it too much, nothing to him appears certain.
Cahos de paſſions, & de vaines penſees,
A chaos of paſſions, and of vain thoughts,
Admiſes tour a tour, tour a tour repouſſees;
Admitted by turns, by turns repulſed;
Dans ſes vagues deſirs incertain, inconſtant,
In his wandering deſires uncertain, unconſtant,
Tantot fou, tantot ſage, il change a chaque inſtant;
Sometimes a fool, ſometimes wiſe, he changes every moment;
Egalement rempli de force & de foibleſſe,
Equally filled with ſtrength and with weakneſs,
Il tombe, il ſe releve, & retombe ſans ceſſe.
He falls, he riſes, and falls again without ceaſing.
Seul il peut decouvrir l'obſcure verite,
Only he can diſcover obſcure truth,
Et d'erreur en erreur il eſt precipite;
And from error into error he is precipitated;
Cree maitre de tout, de tout il eſt la proie;
Created maſter of all, of all he is the prey;
Sans ſujet il s'afflige, ou ſe livre a la joie;
Without occaſion he grieves, or gives a looſe to mirth;
Et toujours en diſcorde avec ſon propre cœur,
And always at variance with his own heart,
Il eſt de la nature & la honte & l'honneur.
He is of nature both the ſhame and the honour.

I AM inclined to believe, that the Abbe *Du Reſnel* would not have engag'd in ſo long a Courſe of Antitheſes, but that he obliged himſelf to ren-

der

der every Thought of his Original, that his Poem might correſpond exactly with the *Engliſh*, and be more readily compared with it. Antitheſes have been formerly in greater Credit among the *French* than they are at preſent, nor have they been degraded from that Eſteem by meer Caprice or Change of Faſhion, but by rational Motives; for though they ſtrike the Imagination, and ſtrongly affect the Paſſions, they do not enlighten the Reaſon in the ſame Degree. Beſides, by heaping them together, an Author falls into Contradictions, and overthrows in the ſecond Part of his Sentence, what he had been eſtabliſhing in the firſt. Mr *Pope*'s Figures are ſo much the more ſurpriſing, and leſs comprehenſible, as by ſpeaking of Man in the ſingular Number, he inclines his Reader to look for all theſe Defects in a ſingle Perſon, which are diſtributed among Numbers, and which, for that Reaſon, Men allow themſelves to aſcribe in general to Human Nature.

I CONFESS, that having neglected this Diſtinction, I was once of Opinion, that Mr *Pope* contradicted himſelf. *Man* has, according to him, *too much Knowledge* to be quite a *Sceptick*; yet he has ſtrange Doubts, and chimerical Apprehenſions about his own Nature, for he is ſometimes

In doubt to deem himſelf a God or Beaſt.

Of what can that Man be certain, who lives in doubt whether to rank himſelf among Deities or Brutes? But theſe are two oppoſite Follies, which do not happen to one and the ſame Man. A Diſciple of *Spinoſa* entertains a Notion, that his Nature is Part of the Divinity; a Materialiſt fancies that *his* is of the ſame kind with that of a Brute.

THESE Antitheſes rather raiſe Emotions than convey

convey Knowledge; and for this Reaſon, becauſe they are carried beyond Nature. *Was Man at his Birth ſentenced to perpetual Fatigue, or may he allow himſelf to ſlumber in Softneſs and Indolence* *? What an afflicting and diſcouraging Proſpect ſhould we have before us, if there were no Choice between theſe two oppoſite Extremes: But we are happily neither deſign'd for ſluggiſh Inactivity, nor ſentenced to inſupportable or over-burthenſome Fatigues.

IT would be an irrational and ungrateful Notion, to conceive that Life was only given us, that we might breathe a ſhort Time, and ſee our Breath ſtopped for ever. We are born for Immortality, and Mr *Pope* inſinuates our future Exiſtence in the ſtrongeſt Terms, at the End of his firſt Epiſtle. Should we do him any Injury by ſuſpecting that he wrote them only to ſhew that his Imagination is ſo fruitful and exuberant, as to be able to furniſh happy Sentiments upon Subjects of every Kind?

MAN is ſo far from

Reaſoning but to err,

that he only errs in proportion as he departs from Reaſon.

HE that rather chuſes to live in Ignorance than to hearken to Inſtruction, or undergo the Trouble of reading, contemplating, and diſcourſing with Temper, may be juſtly blamed: But he likewiſe may be blamed, who gives up himſelf to

* Mr *Pope* has only theſe Words,

In doubt to act or reſt.

Of which, whether the Tranſlator or any other of his Readers have diſcovered the true Meaning, I cannot determine.

a wild

a wild Ambition of Knowledge, and without conſidering his own Strength, exhauſts himſelf by continual Efforts, and denies himſelf the neceſſary Intervals of Repoſe: Each of theſe Extremes is condemn'd by Reaſon, and he that endeavours it in earneſt, may eaſily avoid both the one and the other.

He that neither deſires to know nor to obſerve Rules, and who, inſtead of obſerving himſelf, and keeping up thoſe Reſolutions, which the Light of Reaſon guides him to, will put no Force upon his own Inclinations, nor make any Efforts to continue in the right Way, riſes and falls alternately, and is nothing but Inequality and Inconſtancy.

But he that reſolves to act as Reaſon directs, will conſider himſelf as living and acting under the Inſpection of God: This Notion determines him to Perſeverance. If he takes care to return him Thanks, as it is doubtleſs reaſonable, and if the happy Effects which he experiences from ſuch a Courſe of Life determine him to beg a Continuation of it, and to implore with Confidence and Humility the Aſſiſtance of infinite Goodneſs, he will ſoon ſee his preſent Weakneſs ſucceeded by new Strength, which will enable him to perſevere in his Conduct.

In the 25th and 26th Lines there is nothing inconſiſtent, if the different Characters there deſcribed are ſuppoſed to relate to different Perſons. There are undoubtedly ſome Men that have obliged the World by diſcovering, illuſtrating, confirming, and extending certain valuable Truths: Of this we have every Day new Demonſtration. But there are likewiſe ambitious Tempers, Men naturally opinionative, who think it neceſſary for their

their Honour to be the Authors of new Notions, to oppoſe the Opinions of others, and never to recede from what they have once aſſerted. Errors as well as Truths are connected with each other, and when a Man has once ſet out in the wrong Way, he goes forward in it, and with greater Expedition than in the right; becauſe in *that* it is neceſſary to be continually upon the Watch, to diſtruſt himſelf, to hear other Men without Prejudice, and never to deſiſt from reviewing his Steps, and examining his Progreſs.

I CANNOT conceive how the ſame Perſon can be at once the Honour and Reproach of Nature. But there are indeed Men, with whom the Wiſe and the Good think it an Honour to be ranked, and at the Sight of whoſe Behaviour they exult and rejoice: There are alſo Men who ſhock and diſguſt all who intereſt themſelves in the Honour of Humanity: And, to conclude, there are Men, who, after having been led aſide from their Duty, return to it, and become the Subjects of Applauſe.

MR *Pope*, after having confounded Good with Bad, in order to preſent his Reader with a Chaos in Mankind, where nothing diſtinct is to be diſcovered, thinks himſelf intitled to inſult theſe Wretches upon Follies and Miſeries.

Va, ſublime mortel, fier de ton excellence,
Go, high-flown mortal, proud of thy excellence,
Ne crois rien d'impoſſible a ton intelligence,
Think nothing impoſſible to thy underſtanding,
Le compas a la main meſure l'univers,
With compaſs in hand meaſure the univerſe,
Regle a ton gre le flux & le reflux des mers;
Regulate at thy will the flux and the reflux of the ſeas;
Fixe le poids de l'air, & commande aux planetes,
Fix the weight of the air, and command the planets,

Determine

Determine le cours de leurs marches ſecretes;
Determine the courſe of their ſecret marches;
Soumets a ton calcul l'obſcurite des tems,
Submit to thy calculation the obſcurity of time,
Et de l'aſtre du jour conduis les mouvemens.
And of the ſtar of the day conduct the motions.
Va, monte avec *Platon* juſques a l'empiree,
Go, mount with Plato *even to the empyreum,*
Cherche la verite dans ſa ſource ſacree;
Search truth in its ſacred ſource;
Et joignant la folie a la temerite,
And adding folly to raſhneſs,
Plonge-toi dans le ſein de la Divinite;
Plunge thyſelf into the boſom of the Godhead;
Dans ton aveugle orgueil inſtruis l'etre ſupreme,
In thy blind pride inſtruct the ſupreme being,
Apprens a gouverner a la ſageſſe meme;
Teach government to wiſdom itſelf;
Et dechu de l'eſpoir qui ſeduiſoit ton coeur,
And fallen from the hope that ſeduced thy heart,
Rentre dans ton neant, rougis de ton erreur.
Return into thy nothingneſs, bluſh for thy error *.

---

* Go, wond'rous Creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure Earth, weigh Air, and ſtate the Tides,
Shew by what Laws the wand'ring Planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.
Go ſoar with *Plato* to th' empyreal Sphere,
To the firſt Good, firſt Perfect, and firſt Fair;
Or tread the mazy Round his Follow'rs trod,
And quitting Senſe call *imitating God*,
As eaſtern Prieſts in giddy Circles run,
And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun*.
Go, teach eternal Wiſdom how to rule----
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a Fool!

THE particular Superfluities and Defects of the *French* Verſion of the Paſſage, as they are obvious to the Reader, need not be mention'd; but it is neceſſary to obſerve, that the laſt and moſt important Line, in which the Aſſertion is contained, which the next Paragraphs are inſerted to prove, is evidently miſinterpreted, in ſuch a manner as to make the whole introductory Part of this Poem much more obſcure to a *French* than it is to an *Engliſh* Reader.

WHO

WHO is it that he thus reproaches and contemns? Is it the whole Body of Mankind? That cannot be without ſuppoſing, that every particular Man is irrational, ſelf-conceited, and a Fool. He muſt be more a Madman than any to whom that Name has been given, that ſhould pretend to meaſure the Univerſe with a Compaſs. Where is the Man ſo blind as not to perceive the wide Difference between making curious Obſervations on the Time and Weight of the Tides, and regiſtering them exactly, which is very poſſible, and regulating at Pleaſure the Flux and Reflux of the Ocean.

WE may ſay of an excellent Clock, in figurative Language, that it rectify'd the Sun; and the Expreſſion is not liable to any Exception, ſince, tho' there be ſome Exaggeration in the Language, no-body can poſſibly be deceived by it. But after having taken, or appeared to take, theſe Expreſſions in a literal Senſe, ſhould we have a Right to cenſure an honeſt Clock-maker, who had invented a Method of aſcertaining the Motions of his Clocks, as if he was mad, and ſet himſelf up as a Rectifier of the Courſe of the Sun?

CAN a Man, who is perſuaded that Ideas offering themſelves to the Mind with reſiſtleſs Evidence diſcover to him the Truth of any Propoſition, and conſequently make it appear to him in the ſame Manner as it appears to God, be cenſured as unreaſonable? Can he who is convinced that God neither denies his Bleſſing nor his Direction to ſuch as aſk it, not with a View of outſhining others, but with a ſincere Deſire to attain a certain and clear Knowledge of thoſe Truths which are to regulate his Conduct, be charged with entertaining an ill-grounded Notion?

tion? Can ſuch Men be ſaid to act like Fools? Or to plunge themſelves enthuſiaſtically into the Boſom of the Divinity?

Let any Man, that pleaſes, inſult thoſe that conceive the Deity inevitably determined to create the Univerſe ſuch as it now is, with Parts that muſt produce, or ſeem to produce, the Effects which we now obſerve: Such Philoſophers as theſe may juſtly be charged with regulating the Deſigns and Operation of the Almighty, and with Reaſon may they be directed to *ſink into their Nothing*, that State of Non-exiſtence from which God call'd them by the free Choice of his infinite Goodneſs.

Des celeſtes eſprits la vive intelligence
Of celeſtial ſpirits the quick intelligence
Regarde avec pitie notre foible ſcience.
Regards with pity our weak ſcience.
Newton, le grand *Newton*, que nous admirons tous,
Newton, *the great* Newton, *whom we all admire,*
Eſt peut-etre pour eux ce qu'un ſinge eſt pour nous.
Is, perhaps, to them what an ape is to us *.

The heavenly Spirits have ſo great and tender a Concern for the Happineſs of Mankind, that, amidſt the inconceivable Felicity which they enjoy, the Converſion of a ſingle Sinner is capable of increaſing their Satisfaction: Nor is our Pride itſelf more deſpiſed than compaſſionated by them. But as to that Part of us which is the Work of God, the more enlighten'd they are, the greater Subject of Admiration do they diſcover

* Mr *Pope* aſſerts, that the celeſtial Intelligences *admired* the Knowledge of *Newton*; and the Tranſlator, that they *pitied* it.

ver there; they are aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo much Greatneſs in ſuch weak Beings, and adore with new Raptures their Creator and their King. This Notion Mr *Pope* has inſinuated in Ep. I. Verſe 404.

THE great Newton, *who unfolded all Nature's Law*, was in reality but an Ape in their Sight, if the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem be true, and which, if it be true, they muſt follow.

NEITHER the Hand nor the Tongue of *Newton* received, according to this Syſtem, any Direction from his Soul. His Machine was formed in ſuch a Manner, that, by the Concurrence of the whole Univerſe, it performed Motions of which the Traces or Impreſſions are ſtill extant in his Books: And the Machines of his Readers receive, without knowing it, Impreſſions, which their *Monads* or Souls imagine that they perceive riſing in themſelves. Thus the Ideas of *Newton* are in in them, as they were in him, the Effects of a Series or Chain of Cauſes, that have acted for an immenſe Number of Ages, and from which thoſe Ideas inevitably reſulted at the Moment in which *Newton* imagined that he had produced them in himſelf by his Study and Enquiries.

Toi, qui juſques aux cieux oſes porter ta vue,
Thou, who even to the heavens dareſt carry thy view,
Qui crois en concevoir & l'ordre & etendue;
Who thinkeſt of them to conceive both the order and extent;
Toi, qui veux dans leur cours leur preſcrire la loi,
Thou, who wouldſt in their courſe preſcribe them law,
Sais-tu regler ton cœur, ſais-tu regner ſur toi?
Knoweſt thou to regulate thy own heart, knoweſt thou to rule thyſelf?
Ton eſprit qui ſur tout vainement ſe fatigue,
Thy ſpirit which about all vainly wearies itſelf,
Avide de ſavoir, ne connoit point de digue.
Greedy of knowing, admits of no reſtraint.

De

De quoi par ses travaux s'est-il rendu certain?
Of what by its labours has it made itself certain?
Peut-il te decouvrir ton principe & ta fin? 68
42 *Can it discover to thee thy beginning and thy end?* *

If we except the Manner in which these Sentiments are expressed, which is too figurative to afford any Ground for Censure, it must be own'd that, how great soever the Knowledge may be, which is attained by a Mind capable of Labour and Attention, such a Genius deserves rather Censure than Applause, if it has been employ'd in Speculations of useless Curiosity, or idle Subtilty, when he ought to have been endeavouring to know himself, to regulate his Conduct, and to satisfy himself about *his own Beginning and his End*. Much less is he to be applauded, if, instead of Good-nature, Benevolence, and an obliging Disposition, Virtues so worthy of human Nature, his Heart is full of Envy, Ambition, and a furious Ardor for Precedency, which have broken out into shameful and scandalous Consequences, of which the World has too frequently

* Nothing is more remote than this Translation from the Sense and Design of the Author, whose Meaning in this Couplet,

Could he whose Rules the whirling Comet find,
Prescribe or fix one Movement of the Mind,

seems to be this, *Could he who has* laid down the Laws of Motion, by which the Comets and heavenly Bodies are directed in their Courses, explain the Operations of the Soul? Could he give a physical or mechanical Account of our Passions or Sensations?—Nor does the Author cast any Reflection upon the Knowledge of *Newton*, or upon his Studies, which the Translator insults without Mercy; tho', indeed, it is not plain, that he refers this Paragraph to the former, or makes any Connection between them.

quently been Witneſs. But from theſe Faults Sir *Iſaac Newton* liv'd and died entirely free.

Deux puiſſances dans l'homme exercent leur empire,
Two powers in man exerciſe their empire,
L'une eſt pour l'exciter, l'autre pour le conduire.
One is to excite him, the other to conduct him.
L'amour propre dans l'ame enfante le deſir,
Self-love in the ſoul produces deſire,
Lui fait fuir la douleur, & chercher le plaiſir:
Cauſes him to avoid pain, and ſeek pleaſure:
La raiſon le retient, le guide, le modere,
Reaſon him reſtrains, him guides, him moderates,
Calme des paſſions la *fougue* temeraire.
Calms of the paſſions the raſh heat.
L'un & l'autre d'accord nous donnent le moyen
The one and the other in concert afford us the means
Et d'eviter le mal, & d'arriver au bien.
Both to avoid evil, and to attain good.
Banniſſez l'amour propre, ecartez ce mobile,
Baniſh ſelf-love, get rid of that moveable,
L'homme eſt enſeveli dans un repos ſteril.
Man is buried in a uſeleſs repoſe.
Otez-lui la raiſon, tout ſon effort eſt vain,
Take from him reaſon, all his endeavour is vain,
Il ſe conduit ſans regle, il agit ſans deſſein;
He orders himſelf without rule, he acts without deſign;
Il eſt tel qu'a la terre une plante attachee,
He is like a plant ſet in the earth,
Qui vegete, produit, & perit deſſechee;
Which grows, fructifies, and withering periſhes;
Ou tel qu'un meteore enflamme dans la nuit,
Or like a meteor blazing in the night,
Qui courant au hazard, par lui-meme eſt detruit. 74
56 *Which running at random, by itſelf is deſtroy'd.*
L'amour propre en ſecret nous remue & nous preſſe,
Self-love in ſecret ſtirs us and preſſes us,
Et toujours agite, nous agite ſans-ceſſe:
And always agitated, acts on us without ceaſing:
La balance a la main la raiſon peſe tout,
With balance in hand reaſon weighs all,
Compare, reflechit, delibere, & reſout. 78
60 *Compares, reflects, deliberates, and reſolves.*

THE Neceſſity both of Self-love and Reaſon is, in theſe Verſes, not leſs evidently proved than beautifully expreſſed. It was then only to fright us, or to make us more cautious, that he fell ſo roughly upon Reaſon in the beginning of his Epiſtle.

BUT leſt the Reader ſhould be deceived by theſe Proſopopœias of Reaſon and Self-love, and be led by theſe abſtracted Ideas to ſuppoſe a greater Difference than there really is, between the Soul of a Man that loves itſelf, and the Soul of the ſame Man that reaſons, it may be proper to take Notice that, by carrying this Diſtinction too far, a Man may impoſe upon himſelf, as much as if he ſhould conceive the Soul repreſented by a Man in a Chariot drawn by Self-love and guided by Reaſon. The human Soul loves itſelf: This Love of itſelf makes it eager after Happineſs, and in order to attain it, attentive to its own Ideas, which, being in themſelves evidently true, point out the Way to it. All theſe Acts, though different in Appearance, are Operations of the ſame Soul, which lives, deſires, reaſons and examines, moves itſelf, and is the Directreſs of its own Motions. To form juſt Notions, we muſt neither confound different Things, nor make Diſtinctions where there are no Differences.

Mr. *Pope* ſtill continues the Proſopopœia of the Acts of the Mind, and adds,

Par l'objet eloigne la raiſon peu frappee,
With the diſtant object reaſon little ſmitten,
Eſt d'un bien a venir foiblement occupee;
Is on a good to come weakly employ'd;
Par le plaiſir preſeut l'amonr propre excite
By the preſent pleaſure ſelf-love excited

Le

Le deſire, & s'y porte avec vivacite;
It deſires, and is carry'd to it with eagerneſs;

Tandis que la raiſon conjecture, examine,
While reaſon conjectures, examines,

L'amour propre, plus prompt, veut, & ſe determine.
Self-love, more ready, wills, and determines itſelf.

IF the Soul attends only to the Impreſſions made upon it by the Senſes, and to the Effects of thoſe Impreſſions, or the Thoughts, which owe their Riſe entirely to the Senſes, diſtant Objects will have but little Power to influence its Determinations. But if it applies itſelf to reaſon with Attention, Events to come will be more intereſting, and have in every Reſolution a Weight proportioned to their Importance. A Man ſunk in Senſuality gives up himſelf to the Pleaſures of a luxurious Table, and refuſes to attend to the Idea of the Miſeries and Diſeaſes that may be the Conſequences of his Dainties. But the Reaſoner makes no Difficulty of preferring a laſting Tranquillity to tranſient Enjoyments, however great, and eaſily to be obtained.

Du panchant naturel les ſecrets mouvemens
Of the natural bent the ſecret motions

Sont plus frequens, plus forts, que les raiſonnemens.
Are more frequent, more ſtrong, than ratiocinations.

THIS is very true of the Man who abandons himſelf wholly to mere *animal* Satisfactions. But Reaſon deſerves to be accounted natural to Man, as much, and more, than thoſe Appetites which Man and Beaſt have in common.

La raiſon, dans ſa marche, eſt prudente & timide;
Reaſon, in its march, is prudent and timorous;

Le vol de l'amour propre eſt ardent & rapide.
The flight of ſelf-love is ardent and rapid.

Mais pour en moderer la vive impulſion,
But to moderate its quick impulſe,

La raiſon le combat par la reflexion;
Reaſon oppoſes it by reflection;

L'habitude, le tems, les ſoins, l'experience,
Habit, time, care, experience,

Repriment l'amour propre, & reglent ſa puiſſance. 92
70 *Reſtrain ſelf-love, and regulate its power.*

THE Meaning of this Paſſage is, That Man always loves himſelf, but that ſometimes for want of ſufficient Circumſpection, he ſuffers Impatience to take hold of his Faculties, and determines before he has examined. And though he even then does not love himſelf leſs, he yet brings Misfortunes upon himſelf by his Eagerneſs of Good. But in theſe Caſes the Misfortune is no leſs than the *Good* at other times, to be imputed to Self-love. A Man when he makes a bad Choice loves not himſelf leſs than when he chooſes well: Neither in the latter Caſe does he love himſelf in a greater Degree, tho' more rationally.

Qu'un Scholaſtique vain, cherchant a diſcourir,
When a vain Schoolman, ſeeking to argue,

Cache la verite, loin de la decouvrir;
Hides the truth, far from diſcovering it;

Que par un long tiſſu d'argumens inutiles,
While by a long thread of uſeleſs arguments,

Voulant tout diviſer juſques a l'infini,
Willing to ſplit every thing even to infinity,

Il ſepare avec art ce qui doit etre uni;
He ſeparates with art that which ought to be united;

Laiſſons-le par des mots obſcurcir la matiere.
Suffer him by words to darken matter.

A Poet may expreſs himſelf with more Elegance than a Schoolman without arriving at more Juſtneſs or Accuracy.

Sur nos raiſonnemens jettons plus de lumiere;
On our arguments let us caſt more of light;

Lu raiſon, l'amour propre, avec le meme effort,
Reaſon, ſelf-love, with the ſame endeavour,

Tendant au meme but, doivent marcher d'accord,
Tending to the ſame end, ought to march in conſort.

Ils ont pour la douleur une invincible haine,
They have to pain an invincible hatred,

Un attrait naturel au plaiſir les entraine.
A natural attractive to pleaſure them draws.

Mais l'amour-propre, ardent a l'aſpect du plaiſir,
But ſelf-love, kindled at the ſight of pleaſure,

Devore avidement l'objet de ſon deſir:
Devours greedily the object of its deſire:

La raiſon le menage, & d'une main habile
Reaſon manages it, and with a ſkilful hand

Prend, ſans bleſſer le fleur, le miel qu'elle diſtille.
Takes, without wounding the flower, the honey which it diſtills.

L'homme doit diſcerner, s'il veut ſe rendre heureux,
Man ought to diſcern, if he would make himſelf happy,

Du plaiſir innocent le plaiſir dangereux.
From innocent pleaſure dangerous pleaſure.

IN theſe laſt Verſes there will be no Obſcurity, and it will appear that Mr. *Pope* keeps his Promiſe with great Exactneſs, if we conſider the Mind of Man always loving itſelf, and, in conſequence of that Love, ſometimes inflamed too much at the Sight of a pleaſing Object, and ſometimes proceeding with more Caution, and making, from a Senſe of Duty, a very great Difference between innocent and dangerous Pleaſures.

THIS neceſſary Diſtinction contributes very much to the Illuſtration of what Mr. *Pope* has aſſerted in another Place, That

Whatever is, is right.

He would be guilty of very great Inconſiſtencies ſhould he aſſert that, *Whatever is, is innocent.* This laſt Period is much leſs obſcure in the Poetical, than in the Proſe Tranſlation.

Que ſont les paſſions? L'amour-propre lui-meme,
What are the paſſions? Proper ſelf-love,

Evitant ce qu'il hait, & cherchant ce qu'il aime.
Avoiding that which it hates, and ſeeking that which it loves.

D'un bien faux ou reel la prompte impreſſion,
Of a good falſe or real the quick impreſſion,

Les frappant vivement, les met en action.
Them ſtriking briſkly, puts them in action.

Lorſque, ſans offenſer les interets des autres,
When, without injuring the welfare of others,

Leur mouvement ſe borne a contenter les notres,
This motion is confin'd to provide for our own,

La raiſon les adopte, & leur donnant ſes ſoins,
Reaſon them adopts, and taking them under its care,

Emprunte leur ſecours dans nos juſtes beſoins. 118
88 *Borrows their help in our lawful occupations.*

THE Paſſions are the different States, the different Manners of Thinking and Willing of a Soul, which being always actuated by Self-love, endeavours with more than ordinary Efforts either to obtain ſomething or avoid it. If the Object of its Deſires may be obtained without any Injury to others, and is to itſelf the Means of Happineſs, the Ardour of its Wiſhes, and the Eagerneſs of the Purſuit, only improve and exalt its Virtues; and much more if it be the Means of Happineſs to others. Mais

Mais lorſque d'un mortel elevant le courage
But when of a mortal raiſing the courage

Elles ferment ſes yeux ſur ſon propre advantage,
They ſhut his eyes on his ſelf-intereſt,

La raiſon applaudit a leur nobles tranſports,
Reaſon applauds their noble tranſports,

Et du nom de vertu couronne leurs efforts. 122
And with the name of virtue crowns their efforts.

THIS, doubtleſs, happens too frequently, but no Man ought to allow it in himſelf.

Que le Stoicien, ſe croyant inſenſible,
Let the Stoic, thinking himſelf inſenſible,

Travaille follement a ſe rendre impaſſible ;
Labour fooliſhly to render himſelf impaſſible ;

Que ſa fauſſe vertu, ſans force, & ſans chaleur,
Let his falſe virtue, without ſtrength, and without heat,

Reſte ſans action, concentree dans ſon cœur ;
Remain without action, concenter'd in his heart ;

Plus notre eſprit eſt fort, plus il faut qu'l agiſſe ;
The ſtronger our mind is, the more it muſt needs act ;

Il meurt dans le repos, il vit dans l'exerciſe ;
It dies in repoſe, it lives in exerciſe ;

C'eſt par les paſſions que l'homme eſt excite ;
It is by the paſſions that man is excited :

L'ame en tire ſa force & ſon activite.
The ſoul from them derives her ſtrength and her activity.

THE Indolence of the *Stoicks* may be the Effect of their Conſtitution, or it may be the Conſequence of ſome deluſive Principle. They allow nothing but Virtue the Appellation of *Good*, and therefore, if they ever aſſiſted others, it was always without Warmth or Emotion.

BUT, ſaid they, *the Avenues of the Breaſt are always to be kept ſhut againſt the Paſſions ; for if they are once open'd, thoſe Enemies to our Repoſe*

very eaſily ſlip in, diſturb the Tranquillity of Reaſon, and, either by the Fear of miſſing our Aims, or the Grief for having miſſed them, deſtroy our Happineſs.

To this Reaſoning, it was anſwer'd, That the Paſſions are ſo far from deſtroying our Virtue, that they produce Opportunities for the more perfect Practice of it.

Loin qu'un trouble naiſſant l'epouvante & l'arrete,
Far from being terrify'd and hinder'd by a riſing trouble,
Elle met a profit une utile tempete: 132
96 *She turns to advantage the uſeful ſtorm:*
La vie eſt une mer, ou ſans ceſſe agites,
Life is a ſea, where inceſſantly toſſed,
Par de rapides flots nous ſommes emportes.
By rapid waves we are driven.

THIS World is to be conſidered not as the Seat of preſent Content, or compleat Happineſs; it is a Place of Exerciſe and Probation, a Field in which we are to contend for Happineſs, and in which, if we run our Race well, and ſurmount the Obſtacles that oppoſe us, every Step we take brings us nearer to perfect and eternal Felicity.

La raiſon, que du ciel nous eumes en partage,
Reaſon, which from heaven we had in ſhare,
Devient notre bouſſole au milieu de l'orage;
Becomes our compaſs in the midſt of the tempeſt;
Et ſon flambeau divin, pret a nous eclairer
And its divine taper, at hand to enlighten us
A travers les ecueils, peut ſeul nous raſſurer:
Through the rocks, can alone ſet us in ſafety:

THE Author once more ſets Reaſon on the Throne, and recommends her to us as a faithful Pro-

Protectreſs, and as the Power from which our Strength and our Succours are to be expected; he even acknowledges that ſhe is ready to afford her Light to illuminate our Obſcurity *.

Mais de nos paſſions les mouvemens contraires
Yet of our paſſions the contrary motions
Sur ce vaſte ocean ſont des vents neceſſaires.
On this vaſt ocean are the neceſſary winds.

IF the Paſſions are compared to Winds which impel us forward in our Way with greater Velocity, provided they blow from the right Point, and the Pilot knows how to make a good Uſe of them, the Compariſon is juſt; but when the Paſſions oppoſe each other, when the ſecond Guſt deſtroys the Effects of the firſt, our Life becomes a State of Inconſtancy and Irregularity.

Dieu lui-meme, Dieu ſort de ſon profond repos,
God himſelf, God goes forth from his profound reſt,
Il monte ſur les vents, il marche ſur les flots. 142
He rides upon the winds, he walks upon the waves.

THESE Expreſſions are extremely Poetical; the Idea of God quitting his profound Repoſe, is ſuch as we cannot dwell upon. And the Inſtance of God preſiding over the Storms, and directing the Courſe of the Waves, does not give the leaſt Countenance to the Tumults of our Paſſions †.

---

* This is only ſaid by the Tranſlator.

† The laſt Couplet of this Paragraph is miſrepreſented by the Verſion, and the whole Paſſage very much injured. The Lines, *Que le Stoicien*, &c. ſeem not only an imperfect Tranſlation of the *Engliſh*, but almoſt entirely *unideal* in themſelves; the ten Lines are wiredrawn into twenty, and yet part of the Sentiments is loſt.

Le deſir, & l'amour, la joie & l'eſperance,
Deſire and love, joy and hope,
Cortege du plaiſir, qui leur donne naiſſance;
Retinue of pleaſure, which gives them birth;
La crainte, le ſoupçon, la haine & le chagrin,
Fear, ſuſpicion, hatred and ſorrow,
Que la douleur enfante, & nourrit dans ſon ſein;
Which pain brings forth, and nourſhes in its boſom;
Toutes ces paſſions, entre elles combinees,
All theſe paſſions, among themſelves combined,
Au bonheur des humains ont ete deſtinees.
For the happineſs of mankind were appointed.

THIS Aſſertion I cannot entirely agree with, and Mr *Pope* only ſuppoſes without proving it. There are few Paſſions which do not owe their Exceſſes to a bad State of Mind; they afford a confirmed and ſteady Virtue Opportunities of Triumph, but a weak and wavering Diſpoſition to Goodneſs is ſhaken by them, and often overthrown. And what is it but the Paſſions of bad Men that interrupts and deſtroys the Happineſs of the good? I know not by what kind of Fatality it is, that in reading Mr *Pope*, a Man muſt be always upon his Guard againſt the Notion of a Phyſical Conſtitution of Things, by which Moral Evil is forced into the World like Natural, and is therefore not Moral Evil.

De leur combats divers reſultent des accords
Of their ſeveral jarrings reſults the harmony
Qui forment l'union & de l'ame & du corps.
Which conſtitutes the union both of ſoul and of body.

THIS Union is beyond my Comprehenſion: Every Man is not equally ſubject to Paſſions, but the Soul of thoſe who have ſubdued them is not leſs united to their Bodies, than that of thoſe

in

in whom they reign without Oppoſition in their full Force *.

Reglez vos paſſions, ſongez a les reduire.
Regulate your paſſions, take care to reſtrain them.
Ce qui forme le cœur, pourroit-il le detruire ?
What forms the heart, can it deſtroy it ?

THE Paſſions do not conſtitute the Mind, and he that regulates them, is ſo far from deſtroying his Faculties, that he advances their Perfection.

Tenir leur mouvemens dans un ſage milieu,
To keep their motions in a prudent mean,
C'eſt ſuivre la nature & les deſſeins de Dieu. 154
112 *Is to follow nature and the deſigns of God.*

THEY are then not intended to form by their Oppoſitions the Union between the Soul and Body.

De l'amour du plaiſirs notre ame poſſedee
With the love of pleaſures our ſoul poſſeſſed
En joint en effet, ou les goute en idee;
Enjoys them in reality, or taſtes them in idea;

---

* Mr *Crouſaz* ought, at leaſt, when he met with Nonſenſe, to have conſulted Mr *Pope* in the Proſe Verſion. To attribute ſuch an uncommon Sentiment, as *that the Paſſions conſtitute the Union between the Soul and Body*, to a wrong Author, is ſuch Injuſtice as no Man ought either willingly or negligently to be guilty of. What Effects might not this wonderful Notion produce if carefully inculcated, firmly believed, and diligently purſued? It might perhaps, in time, produce a Sect of Philoſophers, who might be continually endeavouring to ſtrengthen this Union, and exploding the antient Means of Longevity, Temperance and Chaſtity, might grow immortal by indulging their Paſſions.

Elle

Elle agit ſans relache, ou pour les retenir,
She acts without intermiſſion, either to retain them,
Ou pour s'en preparer au moins dans l'avenir.
Or to procure them at leaſt for the future.
Mais de ces paſſions la ſeduiſante amorce
But of theſe paſſions the ſeducing bait
A ſur le cœur de l'homme ou plus ou moins de force,
Hath over the heart of man either more or leſs power,
Selon que les eſprits, repandus dans le corps,
According as the ſpirits, diffuſed in the body,
Sont plus ou moins nombreux, plus foibles ou plus forts.
Are more or leſs plentiful, weaker or ſtronger.

In this Paſſage I find nothing but what is agreeable to Experience.

Dela ſe forme en nous la paſſion regnante,
Thence is formed in us the reigning paſſion,
Qui toujours combattue, & toujours triomphante.
Which always oppoſed, and always victorious,
Semblable a ce ſerpent du grand legiſlateur,
Like to that ſerpent of the great legiſlator,
Qui brava d'un tiran le preſtige enchanteur,
Which defy'd of a tyrant the juggling enchanter,
Des autres paſſions ſoumet l'orgueil rebelle,
Of other paſſions ſubjects the rebellious pride,
Les domte, les devore, & les transforme en elle. 168
122 *Them vanes, them devours, and them transforms into itſelf.*

In this elegant Deſcription of that which is called the *Ruling Paſſion*, which is not the ſame in every Man, but generally more ſtrong than any other, I ſhall only remark that it is too general an Aſſertion to ſay that it is *always oppoſed*: There are Men ſo far from always oppoſing it, that they live in a State of habitual Subjection to it. There are others who ſometimes attempt an Oppoſition, but ſoon remit their Efforts, and leave it unmoleſted, under a Plea of Weakneſs, which they

they are not uneaſy at, becauſe it gratifies their Lazineſs and their Appetites. There are others who weaken its Influence, and there are ſome who utterly deſtroy it *.

L'homme en venant au jour, porte dans ſon berceau
Man coming to the light, carries in his cradle
Le principe de mort qui le mene au tombeau;
The principle of death which brings him to the tomb;

Ce

* There ſeem to me to be many reaſonable Objections againſt this Syſtem, of a *Ruling Paſſion* interwoven with the original Conſtitution, and perpetually preſiding over its Motions, invariable, inceſſant, and inſuperable. I have at preſent no Deſign of entering into an accurate Diſcuſſion of the Queſtion, which is perhaps rather a Queſtion of Fact and Experience than of Reaſon. The Author may, perhaps, be conſcious of a *Ruling Paſſion* that has influenced all his Actions and Deſigns. I am conſcious of none but the general Deſire of Happineſs, which is not here intended, ſo that there appears equal Evidence on both Sides. Men, indeed, appear very frequently to be influenced a long time by a predominant Inclination to Fame, Money or Power; but perhaps if they review their early Years, and trace their Ideas backwards, they will find that thoſe ſtrong Deſires were the Effects either of Example or Inſtruction, the Circumſtances in which they were placed, the Objects which they firſt received Impreſſions from, the firſt Books they read, or the firſt Company they converſed with. But there are others who do not ſeem to act in purſuance of any fix'd or unvaried Principle, but place their higheſt Felicity ſometimes in one Object ſometimes in another, and theſe make undoubtedly the Groſs of Mankind. Every Obſerver, however ſuperficial, has remark'd, that in many Men the Love of Pleaſures is the *Ruling Paſſion* of their Youth, and the Love of Money that of their advanced Years. However this be, it is not proper to dwell too long on the reſiſtleſs Power, and deſpotick Authority of this Tyrant of the Soul, leſt the Reader ſhould, as it is very natural, take the preſent Inclination however deſtructive to Society or himſelf, for the *Ruling Paſſion*, and forbear to ſtruggle when he deſpairs to conquer.

Ce *germe* deſtructeur dans le cours de ſa vie,
That deſtructive bud *in the courſe of his life,*
Se mele avec ſon ſang, y croit, y ſe fortifie.
Mixes with his blood, there grows, there gathers ſtrength.
Ainſi la paſſion qui doit nous gouverner,
Thus the paſſion which is to rule us,
Acquiert ſur notre eſprit le droit de dominer.
Acquires over our mind the right of dominion.
Elle y verſe en ſecret ſa maligne influence,
It there ſheds in ſecret its malign influence,
Elle y transforme tout en ſa propre ſubſtance;
It there transforms all into its own ſubſtance;
L'imagination ſeconde ſes efforts,
Imagination ſeconds its efforts,
Et la rend ſouveraine & de l'ame & du corps, 178
134 *And makes it the arbitreſs both of the ſoul and of the body.*

HERE is another elegant Deſcription of the State of too many Perſons. It is ſcarce neceſſary to remark, that the great Power which a Paſſion at length gains by long Continuance, cannot, but in very figurative Terms, be called a *Right* of Dominion. And when we read, that

Each vital Humour that ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this in Body and in Soul,

the Language is yet more raiſed above literal Exactneſs, and is ſuch as would be utterly unpardonable in a Proſe-Diſcourſe, unleſs it were a Tranſlation from Poetry. The ſame Obſervation may be made of the following Lines, in which Imagination is affirmed to finiſh the Work, and make the Paſſion abſolute over Soul and Body.

Chaque jour l'habitude & nourrit & fait croître
Every day habit both nouriſhes and increaſes
Ce panchant qu'avec nous la nature fit naître.
That inclination which with us nature gave birth to *.

I HAVE

* *Nature* its Mother, *Habit* is its Nurſe,
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe.

I HAVE already obſerved, that the Term *Nature* is ſuſceptible of various Meanings: Here it ſignifies the diſorder'd State of Human Nature ſince the *Fall*, which is the Cauſe that Children come into the World with bad Diſpoſitions. But our Inclinations to Evil are, by no means, to be imputed to the Supreme Being, for he does not produce them.

Lorſque ſa force agit, loin de lui reſiſter,
When its force acts, far from reſiſting it,
L'eſprit & les talens ne ſont que l'irriter.
The mind and the faculties do but irritate it.

THERE are, in reality, ſome Men ſo ſettled in their Reſolutions, either by Conſtitution, Habit, or bad Examples, and the pernicious Converſation of thoſe about them, or by Impatience of Advice, which they owe to their Pride, as they owe their Pride to their Rank and their Riches, that any Endeavours to cure only inflame their Vices: They think it would injure their Honour to allow that any Part of their Behaviour wants Amendment. But to conclude from Particulars to Generals, is to reproach Human Nature. There are others, who are grateful for Advice, make uſe of it, apply it to themſelves, and ſacrifice their Paſſions, even their *ruling Paſſions*, to their Duty; at firſt, indeed, not without painful and toilſome Struggles; afterwards, with leſs Trouble; and, at laſt, with Hearts equally filled with Zeal and Content.

Que dis-je? la raiſon dans le ſecret de l'ame
What do I ſay? reaſon in the receſſes of the ſoul
Flatte cet ennemi, le ſoutient, & l'enflamme;
Flatters this enemy, maintains it, and inflames it;

THERE

THERE is nothing that gives a Man more Pain, than to lie under a Neceſſity of condemning himſelf; and he ſeldom fails to employ all his Powers in finding Reaſons for what he is reſolved to do. Our Ideas riſe partly from one another, and partly from our Senſations. When a Man loves or hates, he produces in himſelf Modes of Thinking, which repreſent the Object of his Paſſion as amiable or deteſtable; and then perſuades himſelf, that the Objects deſerve to be ſo eſteemed; for a Man willingly, and without Reſiſtance, acquieſces in thoſe Notions that ſuit his Inclination; and when he deſires an Opinion ſhould be true, very ſeldom examines it with Exactneſs. But Reaſon is not to be charged with thoſe Faults, into which no Man is led by his Reaſon, but falls into them for want of conſulting it.

Telle que le ſoleil, qui ſouvent par ſes feux
Juſt as the ſun, which often by his fires
Rend des ſucs corrompus encor plus dangereux.
Renders corrupt juices yet more dangerous.
Quelle que ſoit enfin la paſſion regnante,
Whatever be in ſhort the reigning paſſion,
Contre elle la raiſon eſt ſouvent impuiſſante. 188
138 *Againſt it reaſon is often impotent.*

To this Aſſertion, we muſt once more ſubjoin, that Man only wants Strength, becauſe he neglects, or ſometimes abſolutely refuſes, to make uſe of his real Powers.

Orgueilleuſe raiſon! tu ſoutiens mal tes droits.
Proud reaſon! thou ill maintaineſt thy rights,
Foible reine! crois-tu nous preſcrire des loix?
Weak queen! thinkeſt thou to preſcribe us laws?
A quelque favori toujours abandonnee,
To ſome favourite always abandoned,

Tu

Tu lui laiſſes le ſoin de notre deſtinée.
Thou leaveſt to it the care of our deſtiny.

A quoi donc ſe reduit ton pouvoir ſi vante?
To what then amounts thy power ſo boaſted?

De tes dures leçons quelle eſt l'utilite?
Of thy hard leſſons what is the uſe?

Tu veux, que du plaiſir nous redoutions les charmes;
Thou willeſt, that of pleaſure we ſhould dread the charms;

Mais pour en triompher nous donnes-tu des armes?
But to ſubdue it doſt thou give us weapons?

Ta voix ſur nos defauts nous force a reflechir;
Thy voice on our faults forces us to reflect;

Mais que peut ton ſecours pour nous en affranchir?
But what avails thy help to free us from them?

De reproches amers en vain tu nous accables;
With bitter reproaches in vain thou loadeſt us;

Sans nous rendre meilleurs tu nos rens miſerables.
Without making us better thou makeſt us miſerable.

Le flambeau, qu'a nos yeux tu viens ſans ceſſe offrir,
The torch, which to our eyes thou art continually preſenting,

Sert a nous tourmenter, non a nous ſecourir.
Serves to torment us, not to help us.

Tu ſais juſtifier nos differens caprices,
Thou knoweſt to juſtify our different caprices,

Et du nom de vertu tu decores nos vices.
And with the name of virtue thou honoureſt our vices.

Tu fais dans notre cœur, par les ſoins que tu prens,
Thou makeſt in our heart, by the pains which thou takeſt,

A de foibles defauts ſucceder de plus grands.
To weak defects ſucceed greater.

C'eſt ainſi qu'aux humeurs faiſant changer de route
'Tis thus that cauſing the humours to change courſe

L'art a des maux *legers* fait ſucceder la goute;
Art to ſlight ailments makes ſucceed the gout;

Et que le medecin, fier de ce changement,
And that the doctor, proud of that alteration,

Croyant nous ſoulager, accroit notre tourment.
Thinking to comfort us, increaſes our torment.

WHAT have I been reading? Sentiments entirely oppoſite to thoſe which gave me ſo much Pleaſure, in *ver.* 107. and 135 *. Does Mr *Pope* divert himſelf with blowing hot and cold? With preſenting us by turns with Sweet and Bitter, that we may not know upon what to determine? Or do theſe Contradictions ariſe from no ill Deſign, but merely from an imprudent Cuſtom, eſtabliſh'd in Schools, of making young Perſons compoſe on both Sides of the ſame Queſtion, and praiſe and ſatiriſe the ſame Thing, only for the Reputation of a fruitful and almoſt inexhauſtible Imagination?

'TIS ſaid, that the Cardinal *Du Perron* having made an Oration to prove the Exiſtence of the Deity, with great Applauſe both of the King and the whole Court, ſtill inſatiably deſirous of Praiſe, invited them to hear, on the Day following, the Proofs of the oppoſite Opinion; but, to the Diſappointment of his Pride, his Propoſal was rejected with Horror.

BUT, without dwelling long upon what I do not certainly know to be true, I ſhall attempt to examine, without Prejudice, this Paragraph, which contains a Satire of the ſevereſt Kind. The firſt Queſtion to be aſked on this Occaſion, is, What is the Subject of theſe Reproaches? And I diſcover, without Difficulty, that they are pointed, not at Reaſon, but at the ſtupid Negligence of thoſe Men, who either never conſult, or refuſe to obey, her.

IT is to no Purpoſe, that *Reaſon* is introduced as a Perſon, with all the unbounded Freedom of Poetry,

* 98th of the Original.

Poetry, we muſt not ſuffer ourſelves to be dazzled by Elegancies. *Reaſon* is not a Perſon that enters into us as an haughty Gueſt into an Inn, to behave imperiouſly, and controll the Houſe. What is the Sight? Is it not the Man that has the Power of Seeing? What is a Man's Shape, his Height, his Bulk? Is it not the Man himſelf? What then is Reaſon, but the reaſonable Man? The Man who can think juſtly, in conformity to Truth, and to his Duty. This Poſition once eſtabliſh'd, what becomes of that ſevere and galling Satire? Does it not ſink into this ſhort Exclamation, *Unhappy Mortals, whoſe only Duty it is to be reaſonable, Why are you not ſo?* This Comment, ſhort as it is, ſeems to me ſufficient to obviate the ill Uſe that might be made of this Paſſage.

THE whole World has heard of the impetuous and deſpotick Paſſions of the celebrated Abbè *De St Cyran*; yet, when he ſincerely attempted the Conqueſt of them, he accompliſh'd it in the compleateſt Manner.

IN vain do ſome attempt to countenance the Idleneſs of Human Kind, and the Negligence and Inſincerity of their Conduct, by making a Diſtinction between the Virtues of Nature and of Grace. No reaſonable Man can imagine, that our Creator will refuſe us thoſe Abilities that are neceſſary to make our Devotion acceptable to him, if we implore them with Conſtancy and Sincerity, if we highly value, and ardently deſire them; and ſure nothing elſe equally deſerves our Eſteem, and our Wiſhes. Theſe Hopes are not empty Chimeras, but equally elevated and real; at leaſt, not to be willing to try the Experiment, is to riſe to the very Summit of Wickedneſs.

Cedons

Cedons, conformons-nous aux loix de la nature ;
Come, let us conform ourſelves to the laws of nature ;

La route qu'elle trace eſt toujour la plus ſure.
The road which ſhe marks is always the ſafeſt.

Le but de la raiſon n'eſt pas de nous guider ;
The ſcope of reaſon is not to guide us ;

Son principal emploi ſe borne a nous garder.
Its chief buſineſs is confin'd to the guarding us.

C'eſt un maitre prudent, charge de nous inſtruire,
It is a wiſe maſter, commiſſion'd to inſtruct us,

Qui doit regler nos gouts, mais non pas les detruire ;
Which ought to rectify our taſtes, but not to deſtroy them :

Et de la paſſion qui regne dans le cœur,
And of the paſſion which reigns in the heart,

Etre moins l'ennemi que le moderateur.
To be leſs the enemy than the moderator.

Par cette paſſion le ciel nous determine
By this paſſion heaven diſpoſeth us

Aux deſſeins qu'a forme ſa ſageſſe divine. 220
256 *To deſigns which its divine wiſdom hath formed.*

THIS ſingle Sentence has almoſt diſconcerted me. I reſume once more the Character I at firſt took upon me, and ſuppoſe myſelf reſolutely determined to ſerve my Maſters, in hopes of receiving new Lights, with reſpect to my Nature and my Duty, by attending to their Diſcoveries. But ſuch is my unhappy Fate, that, for once that I receive any Improvement from them, I am obliged at leaſt twice to ſhut my Ears againſt them, to avoid Diſcouragement and Perplexity.

THIS, certainly, is one of the perplexing Paſſages, nor have I any Expedient to ſolve the Difficulty, but the Suppoſition that Mr *Pope* thought ſuch Sentiments as theſe ſufficiently expoſed by a naked Recital, and that nothing more was neceſſary to make thoſe Men ridiculous and deteſtable, who were capable of talking ſeriouſly

in

in this Manner. Nor ſhall I injure his Tranſlator ſo much as to imagine he had any Intention, when he gave us a Verſion of ſuch Lines, as, taken in a literal Senſe, lead us unavoidably to the moſt ſhocking Conſequence.

To make theſe Notions appear in a ſtronger Light, let us put theſe Words into the Mouth of a Confeſſor, who ſees, at his Confeſſional, ſometimes a cheating Gameſter, ſometimes a Glutton and Debauchee, and ſometimes a Robber and Murderer. A little Attention will ſhew us, that what he is at Liberty to ſay to one of theſe, he is equally at Liberty to ſay to the other, if once we admit the Notion, That God has implanted in every Man his Ruling Paſſion, for the Sake of producing the Effects which naturally reſult from it.

TAKE Courage, my Son, ſays this charitable and philoſophical Phyſician of the Conſcience, under the Secreſy of Confeſſion, *give way to theſe Terrors no longer, your Scruples are carried too far, I abſolve you from your imaginary Crimes, and diſmiſs you to paſs the reſt of your Days in Tranquillity.*

Yes, Nature's Road muſt ever be preſerv'd;
Reaſon is here no Guide, but ſtill a Guard.

THE Meaning of this, is, That you are to live with ſome Degree of Prudence and Caution, that you may not fall into the Hands of ſome implacable and mercileſs Magiſtrate, of ſome enſnaring and extravagant Miſtreſs, or ſome Thief more artful than yourſelf, or ſuffer your Pleaſures to betray you to all the Miſeries of a ruin'd Conſtitution.

'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this Paſſion more as Friend than Foe.

THAT

THAT is, to take Care not to impair the Organs that contribute to the Gratification of this Ruling Paſſion, *to teach you to be nice in the Choice, and circumſpect in the Enjoyment, of your Pleaſures; but not, by any means, to prohibit or diminiſh them. For,*

A mightier Power the ſtrong Direction ſends.

WITH theſe ſhocking and impious Sentiments let us now compare the ſober Advice of a good Man, acquainted with our Duties, our Weakneſs, and our Strength. He will counſel in this Manner any one that ſhall apply to him on the ſame Occaſion: *Oppoſe*, ſays he, *the Violence of your* Ruling Paſſion, *by frequent Reflections upon the Nature of God, the Reaſonableneſs of his Commands, the Greatneſs of his Rewards, and the Severity of his Puniſhments. You have long continued in the Violation of his Laws, aſk his Pardon with the Confuſion and Shame that becomes you; form Reſolutions, and implore his Aſſiſtance to put them in practice. But take heed, above all, leſt you hinder the Effect of your Wiſhes and your Prayers, by acting in a Manner entirely contrary to what you ſeem to deſire, and do really deſire from time to time.*

AND, doubtleſs, nothing ſo much hinders Men from obtaining a compleat Victory over their *Ruling Paſſion*, as that all the Advantages gain'd in their Days of Retreat, by juſt and ſober Reflections, whether ſtruck out by their own Minds, or borrow'd from good Books, or from the Converſation of Men of Merit, are deſtroy'd in a few Moments by a free Intercourſe and Acquaintance with Libertines; and thus the Work is always to be begun anew. A Gameſter reſolves to leave off Play, by which he

he finds his Health impaired, his Family ruin'd, and his Paſſions inflamed; in this Reſolution he perſiſts a few Days, but ſoon yields to an Invitation, which will give his prevailing Inclination an Opportunity of reviving in all its Force. The Caſe is the ſame with other Men; but is Reaſon to be charged with theſe Calamities and Follies, or rather the Man who refuſes to liſten to its Voice in oppoſition to impertinent Solicitations?

Elle veut, pour remplir ſes auguſtes projets,
It wills in order to fulfil its grand purpoſes,
Que chaque homme s'attache a differens objets.
That every man apply himſelf to different objects.

THESE Words offer ſeveral Meanings to our Conſideration, as it is very frequent; we may extend them to a larger, or reſtrain them to a more confined Import. They are capable of a Senſe which would be extravagant and injurious to Providence, but they are likewiſe ſuſceptible of a Meaning ſtrictly true and worthy of our Regard.

MAN is born ſubject to a great Number of Wants, and Society is the great Inſtrument of ſupplying them. Mankind are divided into a prodigious Multiplicity of Employments, and yet among all that Diverſity, it is ſcarce poſſible to name any innocent Occupation that is not uſeful, at leaſt their Number is very inconſiderable in compariſon of thoſe that are advantageous to the World: Even the meaneſt Offices are neceſſary, and ſuch as we ſhould feel moſt Inconvenience from the Omiſſion of.

THIS is a wonderful Inſtance of that Providence which takes care of Mankind. Yet it is not true

true that God has implanted in every ſingle Man a prevailing Inclination to a particular Trade. There are great Numbers whoſe Trade is by no means their *Ruling Paſſion*; they have only an habitual Temper, that in ſome degree reſembles it. But the Diſpoſitions implanted in us by our Creator, and which diſcover his Regard for Mankind, are always innocent, and ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from vicious Inclinations, which cannot without Impiety be aſcribed to God. He has no need to call in the Aſſiſtance of Vice for the Execution of his Deſigns: If ever he makes uſe of Men to bring thoſe Events to paſs which he has decreed, he can do it by means of their Virtue, even without their Concurrence he can do it: Neither do their Vices break his Meaſures, but are made by him the Inſtruments of his juſt Deſigns. It is in his Power to puniſh Mankind by Famines, or to ſend Diſeaſes upon them that ſhall deſtroy them by Millions; Inundations and Earthquakes are the Inſtruments of his Juſtice. He can ſubject them to their Enemies, who will in that Caſe do but their Duty in treating them with Severity, as the *Iſraelites* by Divine Command treated the Inhabitants of *Canaan*. And when two neighbouring Nations give themſelves up to Pride, Envy, or Inhumanity, he permits them to make War upon each other, and makes them reciprocally the Inſtruments of his juſt Vengeance.

De cette paſſion la force impérieuſe
Of that paſſion the dominering power
De tout autre panchant ſe rend victorieuſe.
Over every other inclination makes itſelf victorious.

THIS

THIS indeed is always the Caſe with thoſe Men who will not do what is in their Power to reſtrain it within its proper Bounds.

A l'objet qu'elle ſuit elle arrive toujours,
At the object which it follows it always arrives,

Et qui veut l'arreter precipite ſon cours.
And whoever would ſtop it haſtens in courſe.

THIS is by no means univerſally true, I have already mentioned in what Caſes it may be admitted.

Qu'un deſir effrene de gloire & de puiſſance,
Let an unbridled deſire of honour and of power,

Que la ſoif des treſors, le gout de la ſcience,
Let a thirſt after riches, a taſte for knowledge,

Que l'amour du repos, quelquefois plus touchant,
Let the love of eaſe, ſometimes more affecting,

S'etabliſſe en un cœur, en forme le panchant.
Eſtabliſh itſelf in a heart, thereof it forms the bent.

Chacun ſuit ſon attrait, chacun lui ſacrifie
Every one follows his attractive, every one ſacrifices to it

Ses biens & ſon honneur, ſouvent meme ſa vie. 232
161 *His goods and his honour, oftentimes even his life.*

THIS likewiſe is generally true, tho' not by Neceſſity but by the Negligence of Mankind, who are not ſufficiently careful to watch over themſelves, and regulate their own Conduct.

Qu'au fond de ſa retraite un moine enſeveli
In the depth of his retirement let a monk bury'd

Coule ſes jours en paix dans un modeſte oubli;
Waſte his days quietly in a modeſt oblivion;

IF Solitude be his *Ruling Paſſion*, it may be

entirely innocent, and he may have very good Reaſons for preferring that kind of Life before any other.

Qu'un heros affame de perils & d'allarmes
Let a hero greedy of dangers and alarms

Mette tout ſon bonheur dans la gloire des armes;
Place all his happineſs in the glory of arms;

Que le ſage ſe plaiſe en ſon oiſivete,
Let the philoſopher pleaſe himſelf in his leiſure,

Et l'avide marchand dans ſon activete;
And the covetous merchant in his toil;

Ils trouveront toujours la raiſon complaiſante,
They will find always reaſon complying,

Prete a favoriſer le gout qui les enchante. 240
Ready to favour the taſte which charms them.

When a Man has once determined to lay no Conſtraint upon himſelf, but to comply with his Inclination whatever it be, his Mind ſoon falls upon ſome Notion or other that appears to him a ſufficient Juſtification. He is convinced of the Juſtneſs of his Opinion, by his Deſire that it ſhould be juſt, and becauſe he is too fond of it to ſubject it to an Examination, or to weigh the Arguments for the contrary Opinion.

L'eternel artiſan qui tira tout de rien,
Th'eternal artiſt who drew all from nothing,

Et qui du ſein du mal fait eclore le bien,
And who from the womb of evil makes to ſpring good,

De ce panchant ſecret employant la puiſſance,
Of this ſecret inclination uſing the power,

Decide notre cœur, en fixe l'inconſtance.
Determines our heart, of it fixes the inconſtancy.

If Mr *Pope* did not write this Poem with a good

a good Deſign, that is, ſuch a Deſign as the Laws of Chriſtianity approve; and foreſaw, while he was writing, that ſome of his Readers would apply their utmoſt Attention, and exert all their Sagacity to give his Expreſſions a favourable Interpretation, he had good Reaſon to divert himſelf with a Proſpect of the Labours they were to undergo; and my toilſome Explications, in particular, muſt have been an unexhauſtible Fund of Merriment. However as I do not find myſelf yet quite diſabled, I ſhall proceed, while I have any Strength left, upon the ſame Scheme that I begun.

THE Eternal Artificer--There is a Contraſt in this Expreſſion, which has given Offence to many Perſons of Underſtanding, who look upon the Word *Artificer* as too low a Term to be aſſociated with ſo grand an Epithet. It ſeems likewiſe to inſinuate, that the Artificer and his Work are of equal Duration, and the World by conſequence eternal *. There are at this time Per-

* *It is a great Misfortune to have too great an Inclination to draw Conſequences, and too ſtrong a Deſire to ſearch deeper than the reſt of Mankind. This Temper is undoubtedly of great uſe in abſtruſe Learning, and on ſome important Occaſions; but when carried into the Scenes of common Life, and exerted without any Neceſſity, only makes the unhappy Reaſoner ſuſpicious and cautious, ſhews every thing in a falſe Light, and makes his Diſcoveries the Sport of the World. What common Reader would infer the Eternity of the World from the Expreſſion of the* Eternal Artificer? *If the Word be taken in its common Acceptation, the firſt Idea that naturally occurs is, that the Artificer is prior to his Work. If we admit it, as here we certainly muſt, in a figurative Senſe, it will imply no more than* Creator, *which would probably have given no Offence*

What.

ſons who do not indeed allow themſelves to affirm this in plain Terms, but would be well enough pleaſed to have ſuch an Opinion prevail. If every Thing in the World was merely Machinery, that is, if every Thing that relates either to Mind or Body was the Conſequence of an uninterrupted Chain of unalterable Determinations, the Appellation of *Eternal Artificer* would be more conſiſtent with thoſe of the Supreme Being, and the Firſt Cauſe.

I cannot but own theſe Expreſſions,

Th' Eternal Art, *educing Good from Ill,*
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt Principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixt----

carry, if cloſely examined, a Senſe which one cannot but diſlike; but poetical Language is not to be ſo nicely inſpected. In a Style of leſs Liberty it would be ſufficient to ſay, that the Creator of the World has favoured Man with the Gift of Liberty, and the Power of Action: That there are ſome Men who, by an ill Uſe of that Liberty, obſtinately perſiſt in their Inclinations; that there are others who change them with more or leſs Difficulty, and that there are likewiſe ſome who act upon Principles of Duty, and act conſiſtently and ſteadily.

Du ſein des paſſions ne voit-on ſortir
From the ſeat of the paſſions don't we ſee proceed
Les vertus dont l'effet peut moins ſe dementir?
Virtues whoſe effect cannot at all bely itſelf?

Comme

What Objections might not ſuch a Diſpoſition to cavil have raiſed againſt ſuch an Expreſſion as Divine Geometrician, *which would have confined the Operations of the Supreme Being to this poor deſpicable Spot of Earth?*

Comme d'un ſauvageon, par une greffe utile,
As from a wild ſtock, by a profitable graft,

En fruits delicieux ſort un arbre fertile.
Delicious in its fruits proceeds a fertile tree.

A Mind enlightned with Truth and Wiſdom, and Miſtreſs of its own Motions, feels a paſſionate Deſire of diſcharging the Duties of our preſent State, and, by the Help of that Paſſion, performs with more Eaſe, Chearfulneſs, and Perſeverance, without Struggle or Reluctance. A Man of this Diſpoſition does not owe his Virtues to his Paſſions, but his Paſſions at once ſtrong and well governed ariſe from his Virtues.

MAN loves himſelf: This Inclination is neither Vice nor Virtue, but merely Phyſical; as he loves himſelf, he endeavours to procure his own Happineſs; this again is only Phyſical. But he is afraid of directing his Endeavours wrong, and of erring in his Choice: Here begins the right Uſe of his Liberty. In this right Uſe he makes continual Advances by attentive Examination, and ſtill gains new Strength and Activity by devoting himſelf to that which he finds to be his Duty.

THE firſt Diſpoſitions, which are only Phyſical, ſeem to me well enough repreſented by a wild Stock that may receive good or bad Grafts; and the moral Choice may be emblematically pointed out by the Grafts, which ill-choſen produce bad Fruits, or, if ſelected with Judgment, bear Products equally beneficial to Health, and grateful to the Palate.

Combien de fois l'orgueil, & la haine, & l'amour,
How often have pride, and hatred, and love,

A de nobles exploits ont-ils donne le jour!
To noble exploits given birth!

La colere ſupplee au zele, a la vaillance;
Anger ſupplies zeal, valour;

L'avarice eſt ſouvent mere de la prudence.
Covetouſneſs is often the mother of prudence.

Arretant dans leur cours nos bouillantes ardeurs
Stopping in their courſe our boyling paſſions

La pareſſe entretient la ſageſſe des mœurs.
Sloth maintains a ſoberneſs of manners.

L'envie adouciſſant ſon impuiſſante rage
Envy ſweetening its impotent rage

Sert d'emulation, & ſoutient le courage.
Turns to emulation, and upholds courage.

Eſt-il quelque vertue qui ſe faſſe admirer,
Is there any virtue which makes itſelf admired,

Que la honte ou l'orgueil ne nous puiſſe inſpirer? 258
Which ſhame or pride cannot inſpire in us? 284

VICIOUS Inclinations are not implanted by Divine Providence in the Heart of Man; nothing can be more horrible than a Syſtem that inſinuates ſuch a Doctrine. But that the Creation may not be thrown into Confuſion by the Vices of Men, God's Wiſdom and Power make them ſubſervient to good Ends. A Man who would have been, for his Life, but an uſeleſs Burden to the Earth, is dragged out of his Dream of Indolence by the Deſire of Riches and of Honours. Pride and Avarice are criminal in themſelves, but a proud or covetous Man will do his Neighbour Services in hopes of Recompence or Acknowledgments. The moſt ſtupid and moſt abandoned of Mankind may eaſily diſcover, that they have more to hope and leſs to fear than other Men in proportion as they are more virtuous. Every Man lies in ſome degree either greater or leſs, under the Neceſſity of receiving Aſſiſtance from others; and, to obtain it, muſt endeavour to be

thought

thought a Man of Worth: If therefore he is not ſo in reality, he finds himſelf obliged to aſſume the Appearance of it. But this Appearance is not Virtue, it is only the Show of it, and is of no other Efficacy than to make thoſe Men inexcuſable, who acknowledge the Excellence of it, and pay it the outward Homage which is required, yet never love it in Reality, but paſs their Lives in impoſing equally upon themſelves and others.

IT is to no Purpoſe, that ſome, deſirous of debaſing Virtue by aſcribing it to mean Principles, alledge, that

No Virtue Male or Female can we name,
But what may grow on Pride or grow on Shame.

THAT which riſes from theſe Principles, however it may raiſe our Admiration, is very different from Virtue, and could we ſee the Hearts of Men thus ſuperficially good, we ſhould look upon them with Deteſtation, and find nothing there conformable to the Excellencies we admire. There is always ſomething mean and contemptible in Diſguiſe, and when a Man is ſurprized without his Maſk, nothing can preſerve him from the moſt ſhameful Confuſion.

Du vice a la vertu qu'il eſt peu de diſtance!
From vice to virtue how ſmall is the diſtance!
Entre eux l'homme ſans ceſſe & chancele & balance.
*Between 'em man continually both reels and wavers.**

* The *Engliſh* is,
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our Pride)
The Virtue neareſt to our Vice ally'd;
which the Tranſlator has ſo miſrepreſented as to make it bear little Relation to the foregoing Paragraph, and, as in a Multitude of other Paſſages, lies open to Cenſures which are far from equally affecting the Original.

THE Diſtance between Vice and Virtue is ſurely very great, and it is aſtoniſhing that Men waver and deliberate between the two Extremes. But their Inconſtancy is the Effect of their Inſincerity; they are not good at the Bottom, and have no regard but to the Appearance of Virtue.

THE Man, who, in the Service of a Maſter of great Wiſdom, lives temperately and without any Exceſs, free from Pride, and indifferent about any Thing but the Neceſſaries of Life, always uſefully employed, and ready to do Good, without making a Trade of his Good Offices, or ſetting his Credit to Sale; if, under theſe ſpecious Appearances, he concealed a corrupt Heart, and Inclinations not agreeable to his Profeſſion, as ſoon as his former Maſter ſhall be ſucceeded by one of a different Conduct, given over to Pleaſures and Expences, impatient of Solitude and Reflection, and without any Inclination but to Riot and Extravagance, immediately will this hypocritical Slave adopt all the Faults of his new Maſter, and make much more expeditious Advances in them than he made before in Virtue. Thus it appears evidently, that the Advantage, which Men receive from ſolid unaffected Virtue, is very different from that which empty Appearances afford.

THIS Subject is of ſuch Importance, that it deſerves to be illuſtrated by another Example. Let us ſuppoſe a State flouriſhing, by the Wiſdom of its Monarch, with all the Felicities of Peace, Juſtice, Plenty and Religion; and a neighbouring Kingdom filled with Pride, Envy, Diſcord, and Tumults, where Impiety, Diſhoneſty, Brutality, and Debauchery reign without conſtraint, and every thing is ſet to Sale.

The

The King of this deteſtable Race enters with Fire and Sword into his Neighbour's Dominions: But with what Proſpect of Succeſs? His unjuſt Attack is oppoſed by Bodies of Men well inſtructed, and ſuperiour by right Notions to the Fear of Death: Men who would loſe many Lives rather than be ſubject to ſo hateful a Government. In this Caſe every Man that can ſecure Victory, Union, Order, Intrepidity, Sobriety, and its Conſequences, Health, and Vigour, will all unite on the Side of Juſtice.

To aſſemble great Numbers of Soldiers of this Character, muſt be acknowledged to be no eaſy Matter; and there is a Neceſſity of enliſting ſuch as offer themſelves, and whom Idleneſs, Debauchery, the Deſire of living without Reſtraint, and the Hopes of Plunder have incited to make choice of that kind of Life. Theſe Vices are not willingly promoted by a Society, but ſince there are ſuch, they are turn'd to Advantage where there is an Opportunity. So it is that Vice is of Advantage; but it can by no means be admitted to be neceſſary to a Community, ſince Virtue would procure the ſame Benefits, with leſs Difficulty, and greater Certainty.

Dans un panchant egal, lui ſervant de ſoutien,
In equal poiſe, him ſerving to ſuſpend,

De poids de la raiſon change le mal en bien.
The weights of reaſon change evil into good.

En l'ecoutant, Neron, vertueux & ſans vices,
By liſtening to it, Nero, virtuous and without vices,

Comme Titus, du monde eut ete les delices.
Like Titus, of the world had been the delight.

Cette fougue d'eſprit, cette fierte de cœur,
That fierceneſs of temper, that ſtubbornneſs of heart,

Que dans *Catiline* je vois avec horreur,
Which in Catiline *I see with horror,*

Me charme en *Decius*; me ravit & m'etonne,
Charms me in Decius; *ravishes me and surprizes me,*

Quand *Curtius*, par elle, a la mort s'abandonne.
When Curtius, *by it, to death himself devotes.*

At theſe Verſes I pauſe with great Satisfaction *. A Paſſion may be employ'd well or ill; for this Reaſon, a wiſe Man conſiders its Nature, all its Degrees, and poſſible Effects; and accordingly endeavours to extinguiſh, preſerve, or regulate it. *Nero* needed only to have acted thus, and he had equall'd *Titus:* That magnanimous Contempt of Death, which was Madneſs in *Catiline*,

* *If the Critic acknowledges the Truth and Beauty of theſe Verſes, which only contain an Explanation of the foregoing Paſſage, it will be reaſonably thought that many of his Cenſures might have been ſpared, which, tho' doubtleſs well intended, are ſometimes thrown out with too little Reflection. Mr* Pope's *Aſſertion, in plain Proſe, ſeems to be this: There are many different Virtues, equally neceſſary to the Happineſs of Mankind, but which can hardly exiſt, in the higheſt Degree, in one and the ſame Perſon; the Supreme Being has, therefore, allotted to every Individual a* ruling Paſſion, *or ſtrong Tendency to ſome particular End, which generally may be attained by either good or bad Means; and by which of the two he will obtain it, is left to his Choice. The* ruling Paſſion, *the natural Byaſs of the Mind, is equally powerful in both Caſes, and will hurry forward to it's favourite Object with equal Rapidity, either thro' the Paths of Virtue or of Vice. Thus the Deſire of being diſtinguiſhed above the reſt of Mankind, while it was directed by Reaſon, made* Nero, *in the firſt Years of his Reign, an excellent Emperor; and afterwards, when he neglected to conſult any Guide but his Appetites, the ſame Paſſion made him an extravagant Debauchee, &c. This Syſtem, whether true or not, ſeems hitherto innocent at leaſt; and beſides, as Mr* Crouſaz *might have noted, contains an evident Aſſertion of Free-will.*

tiline, who choſe rather to periſh than not diſturb the Tranquillity of the Publick, engages our Admiration in *Decius* and *Curtius*, who died for no other End than the Preſervation of their Country.

La meme ambition ſauve & perd les etats;
The ſame ambition ſaves and ruins ſtates;

Aux bons comme aux mechans fait braver le trepas;
The good as well as the wicked makes to brave death;

Change un foible ſoldat en guerrier intrepide,
Changes a faint-hearted ſoldier into an undaunted warrior,

Et le plus grand hero en citoyen perfide. 272
And the greateſt hero into a knaviſh citizen *.

AN experienced and ambitious Warrior may controul all the Succeſs of an Uſurper, and place the lawful Prince upon the Throne, but the Ambition of this Deliverer of his Country, may as well incite him to mount the Throne himſelf. Thus it appears, that he who is guided by the Dictates of Ambition, and forms his Deſigns without conſulting his Duty, will never conſider the Juſtice or Injuſtice of an Attempt, when that Conſideration oppoſes the Gratification of his darling Paſſion.

BUT the Man who makes it his Glory to perform his Duty, and obtain the Approbation of his Creator, and of thoſe who underſtand and reverence the divine Laws, acts upon Sentiments that will effectually ſtifle, in the Birth, all falſe Ambition, which may break out in good or evil Actions, as Chance ſhall determine.

Que

* *The ſame Ambition can deſtroy or ſave,*
And makes a Patriot as it makes a Knave.

Que peut donc, ſi ce n'eſt le Dieu qui nous conduit,
Who can then, except the God who governs us,

Donc la voix ſepara le jour d'avec la nuit,
Whoſe voice ſeparated the day from the night,

Demeler ce cahos de raiſon, de caprices,
Diſcover that chaos of reaſon, of caprices,

Ce cahos qui confond les vertus & les vices? 276
194 *That chaos which confounds virtues and vices?*

BEFORE the Nature of a Paſſion, the Principles from which it riſes, and the End to which it tends, are diſcovered by the Event, God only can tell whether it is conſiſtent with Virtue, how great a Diſtance it is from it, or in what Inſtances it is incompatible with it.

Comme dans les tableaux d'un peintre ingenieux,
As in the pictures of an ingenious painter,

Des ombres & des jours l'accord induſtrieux,
Of ſhades and lights the artful agreement,

Uniſſant des coleurs la teinte imperceptible,
Uniting of colours the tint imperceptible

Rend des bruns & des clairs la paſſage inſenſible;
Makes of dark and light the tranſition inſenſible;

De meme en nous, cachant leurs veritables traits,
Even ſo in us, concealing their genuine traces,

Le vice & la vertu ſe touchent de ſi pres,
Vice and virtue border ſo nearly,

Qu'en vain on chercheroit le point de la diſtance,
That in vain ſhould we look for the point of diſtance,

Ou la vertu finit, ou le vice commence. 284
260 *Where virtue ends, or vice begins.*

A MOTIVE not wicked in the moſt atrocious Degree, but partaking of a vicious Taint, produces Effects, ſo nearly approaching to thoſe which riſe from the moſt pure and virtuous Intentions, that they may, with Propriety enough, be compared

to

to thoſe Shades in a Picture, where it is impoſſible to mark out the End of one Colour, or the Beginning of the other. But this only relates to exterior Effects, in which the Diſguiſes which Men aſſume to impoſe upon others, and ſometimes to delude themſelves, make it difficult to determine whether they are to be aſcribed to Virtue, or imputed to Vice.

Mais quoique entre eux leur traits paroiſſent confondus,
Tet though among them their traces ſeem blended,

Pretendrez-vous qu'il n'eſt ni vices ni vertu?
Will you pretend that there are neither vices nor virtues?

Que le blanc que le noir avec art s'aſſortiſſent,
Let white and black with art aſſociate,

Qu'entre elles ces couleurs ſe melent, & s'uniſſent;
Among themſelves let theſe colours mingle, and unite;

Sur les ſimples dehors vous laiſſant decevoir,
By the bare outſides ſuffering yourſelves to be deceived,

Direz-vous qu'il n'eſt point ni de blanc ni de noir?
Will you ſay that there is no ſuch thing as white or black?

THE Beginning of this Paſſage is more harſh in the proſe Tranſlation, and even more obſcure; the Expreſſions appear to be more indeterminate, and the Meaning leſs eaſy to be ſettled.

L'eſprit veut-il prouver une telle chimere,
The wit would it prove ſuch a chimera,

Le cœur le contredit, & le force a ſe taire. 292
206 *The heart contradicts it, and forces it to be ſilent.*

THESE two Lines are a ſufficient Preſervative againſt all the idle Imaginations of Libertines, and all that they alledge to weaken the Obligations of Morality, and lay their Conſciences aſleep. The inward Sentiments of our Hearts rebel againſt all their Sophiſtries, how ſubtil and ſpecious

ſpecious ſoever, and an innate Probity, of which we cannot diveſt ourſelves, makes us always ſuſpect them as fallacious and deluſive.

Le vice eſt regarde comme un monſtre odieux,
Vice is look'd on as an odious monſter,
Dans le premier inſtant qu'il paroit a nos yeux.
At the firſt inſtant that it appears to our eyes.

WE will ſuppoſe a Man who has nothing at Heart but his own Intereſt, who conſiders every Thing as it affects himſelf, and loves no Man, but as he can make him uſeful to his Purpoſes: Being a Man of Capacity, he diſcovers, that it will be for his Intereſt to promote certain Laws or Regulations in the Society of which he is a Member; to this End, he applies all his Faculties, and makes uſe of his Eloquence, his Credit, and all his Arts of Inſinuation: The World is eaſily prevailed upon to believe, that he has no View but the Intereſt of the Publick. Thanks are paid him, Encomiums are heaped upon him, and Acknowledgments returned from every Hand. But as new Proſpects of Intereſt riſe up before him, and engage his predominant Self-Love, his Schemes become quite oppoſite to thoſe he had lately been proſecuting. He has now ſomething to propoſe that will be attended with Inconveniencies, and followed by Conſequences which will hurt the Commonwealth: This gives him very little Trouble, he puts his Deſign in Execution, and acting always under the Diſguiſe of a pretended Zeal, never reflects on the Events of his Projects, while he is only in Purſuit of his own private Advantage. If through that Cloak of Impoſture with which he deludes the Prejudiced,

you

you could penetrate to his Heart, and take a Survey of his real Sentiments, could you help conſidering him as a Monſter? Unhappily for Mankind, what we are now going to read is true; Vice always deſerves to be ſeen with Horror,

Mais l'horreur qui le ſuit, par degrés diminue,
But the horror which follows it, by degrees leſſens,

Nous-nous accoutumons a ſoutenir ſa vue;
We accuſtom ourſelves to endure its ſight;

Bien-tot le cœur pour lui ſe laiſſe intereſſer.
Soon the heart comes to be concerned for it.

Et notre aveuglement va juſqu'a l'embraſſer. 298
And our blindneſs goes ſo far as to embrace it.

L'homme fixe a ſon gre l'extremite du vice,
Man fixes at his pleaſure the extremity of vice,

Blame par paſſion, approuve par caprice;
Blames by paſſion, approves by fancy;

Aveugle ſur lui-meme, il ne voit point en lui
Blind to himſelf, he ſees not in him

Les exces vicieux, qu'il condamne en autrui. 302
The vicious exceſſes, that he condemns in another.

Yet, ſeen too oft familiar with her Face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.

THIS is the Practice of the World, but it is what ought not to be practiſed. Men make an ill Uſe of their Liberty, they chuſe to live according to their own Humour, and this Temper becomes in Time habitual, then gains new Strength every Day, and at length grows, perhaps, too much confirm'd to be ever changed.

THESE Diſorders, therefore, are only to be charged upon Mankind. If any Man ſhould impute them to Fatality, or ſhould be weak enough to think, or daring enough to aſſert, that God

was

was inevitably determined, by the Perfection of his Nature, to create an Univerſe, in which every Thing ſhould fall out exactly and neceſſarily as we find it: When any Man endeavours to eſtabliſh ſuch chimerical Opinions, we muſt then attend to the Oppoſition which our own Hearts will make, and which are the Dictates of pure uncorrupted Senſe; and ſilence theſe mad Reaſoners, either by not attending to their Sophiſtries, or giving them a full View of the dangerous Conſequences of their Syſtems.

THIS Danger is certainly much greater than is generally imagined. There are Rules which we ought to obſerve with Reverence, and which we deſerve to be puniſhed for diſregarding. The ſecret Whiſpers of our Conſcience tell us our Duty, and the univerſal Conſent of Mankind concurrs with the inward Motions of our Hearts. Where can be the Danger of acting upon Principles at once ſo natural, and ſo generally received? Whoſoever ſhall make the Experiment, will find this Way both ſafe and eaſy; the greateſt Difficulties are at the Beginning, and grow leſs as he advances farther. Beſides, he will have the Satisfaction of guiding others in the right Way, of promoting the Intereſt of Virtue, and ſeeing the World grow better by his Example. For the Sight of the regular and amiable Behaviour of a good Man naturally incites others to the Love of Virtue, as a frequent and familiar Intercourſe with Vice makes us leſs ſenſible of its Deformity, and betrays, at laſt, to Complaiſance and Imitation.

BUT to how different a Condition does he expoſe himſelf, who ſuffers his Eſteem and his Attention to be engroſſed by the daring Authors and Promoters

Promoters of a Syſtem, which naturally tends to diſcourage all Vigilance and Attention to the Conſequences of his own Conduct, and inclines him to give up his Life to the Direction of Chance, and to act wholly in purſuance of his preſent Temper of Mind, without Fear, Solicitude, or Remorſe!

WHAT Anſwer will ſuch a Wretch be able to make to the Eternal, the Supreme, the Infinite Being? That Being, to whom we cannot be too fearful of imputing any Thing unſuitable to his Nature: When he ſhall be at length convinced of the Falſehood of his darling Notions; when he ſhall find that God was not neceſſitated by his own Nature to create the Univerſe, or inevitably determined by his own Perfections to conſtitute the preſent Order of Things? When he ſhall find that all the corporeal Parts of the Univerſe are not Machines, or Parts of a Machine, which play on in Concurrence with others, purſuant to an eternal and unalterable Deſtiny; and that Men are not Beings merely paſſive, and condemned to a perpetual Deluſion, in imagining, that they receive Impreſſions from their Bodies, and influence their Motions, when there is nothing real in this Opinion, nor any Thing more than Inclinations and Perceptions, of which they idly believe that they contribute to the Production?

Ainſi ſous cette zone, ou le cruel Boree
Thus under that zone, where the cruel Boreas

Aux fougueux aquilons donne une libre entree,
To the furious north-winds gives a free entrance,

Le Lapon s'endurcit, & n'eſt point malheureux;
The Laplander hardens, and is not at all unhappy;

Il imagine ailleurs un ciel plus rigoureux. 306
He imagines elſewhere a ſky more ſevere.

IN

In theſe Lines we have a Picture of thoſe Men who live immerſed in Ignorance, without any Inclination after a clearer Light, and, without enquiring into the Principles of Morality, have no other Guides than Prejudice and Cuſtom.

Il eſt peu de vertus dans un degre ſupreme;
There are few virtues in a ſupreme degree;

Peu de vices auſſi ſont portes a l'extreme.
Few vices likewiſe are carry'd to the extreme.

Mais toujours notre cœur au-dedans diviſe,
But ſtill our heart within itſelf divided,

De vices, de vertus, ſe trouve compoſe.
Of vices, of virtues, finds itſelf compounded.

Too ſcrupulous an Exactneſs of Expreſſion would defeat the End of Poetry; but, however, we muſt oblige ourſelves to interpret one Paſſage by another, for fear of injuring a Writer, by aſcribing to him Sentiments which would be injurious to his Character. When it is affirmed, that *few Men* are *virtuous in the Extreme*; or, that there are few Men that carry their Virtues to ſuch a Height as human Nature admits of; it is inſinuated, that there may be ſuch Perſons, and even, that there are *ſome* ſuch, and that, therefore, the Heart of Man is not always a Compoſition of Vice and Virtue.

Les fous, les ſoelerats, dans leur profonde yvreſſe,
The fools, the rogues, in their deep debauch,

N'ont-ils pas des lueurs d'honneur & de ſageſſe?
Have they not glimmerings of honour and of wiſdom?

Le ſage dont le cœur par l'amour eſt ſurpris,
The wiſe man whoſe heart by love is ſurpriſed,

N'eſt-il pas pour lui-meme un objet de mepris?
Is he not to himſelf an object of contempt?

Les

Les hommes ne ſont bons ou mechans qu'en partie. 315
Men are neither good nor bad but in part.

Aux loix des paſſions notre ame aſſujettie
To the laws of the paſſions our ſoul ſubjected

Change a chaque moment, & paſſe tour a tour
Changes at every moment, and paſſes by turns

Du vice a la vertu, de la haine a l'amour.
From vice to virtue, from hatred to love. *

THIS is true of a Mind inflamed by Paſſions,

Tous ſans diſtinction, le fou comme le ſage,
All without diſtinction, the fool as well as the wiſe man,

Ne connoiſſent de but que leur propre avantage.
Know no end but their own advantage.

WITH this Aſſertion I cannot entirely concur,

---

* Tho' I ſhall not mention all the Defects in the Tranſlation of this Paſſage, I cannot, however, forbear obſerving, in the ſecond Couplet, the evident Marks of a *Frenchman's* Genius, who ſnatches every Opportunity of talking of Love, and miſſes not the leaſt Hint that can ſerve to guide him to his darling Subject. Is the Mind of Man never diſordered by any other Paſſion? Is not a Wiſe Man ſometimes ſurprized by Envy or Cowardice, by Ambition or Reſentment? Is all Weakneſs and Folly the Conſequence of Love? But it is the general Genius of that airy People; debar them from Love, and you debar them from Poetry. This prevailing Inclination to Gallantry has given riſe to ſuch Numbers of Novels, and filled the World with Romances, theſe bulky Follies, which have ſerved to crowd the Cloſets and Imaginations of ſtudious Ladies. It had indeed been happy if the Infection had ſtopped here, without extending itſelf to Poetry, and filling the Stage with amorous Madneſs, or refined Obſcenity. If Tragedy be, as it certainly ought to be, a Repreſentation of human Nature, and real Life, why is all good or bad Fortune made the Effect of this ſingle Paſſion? Why does this alone exalt the Virtue, or inflame the Vices of their Heroes or Princes? It is evident, that it is far from operating ſo powerfully or ſo univerſally in the World as it appears to do.

cur, it is expreſſed in Terms too general, and places the Fool and wiſe Man in the ſame Rank with too little Scruple. Fools are a kind of Atheiſts, or of Idolaters at leaſt, that aſſume in ſome Degree the Place of the Deity, and conduct themſelves by their own Choice; that conſider nothing in any other reſpect than as it regards themſelves and have no regard to any Laws but ſuch as are dictated by their own Intereſt. But the wiſe Man acts upon ſettled Principles, and in purſuance of juſt Notions, and of right Reaſoning. He is conſcious that every Thing that is good and eſtimable in him is the Gift of God, to whom he therefore devotes himſelf, and expects no Happineſs but from his Favour. This is either the immediate or the remoter End of all his Endeavours, nor does any thing obviate his Approbation that has not this Tendency.

Chacun cherche ſon bien; mais tous, d'un pas egal,
Each ſeeks his own good; but all, with equal pace,
Marchent, ſans y penſer, vers le bien general.
March, without thinking of it, towards the general good.

It is poſſible, that the Reader having read the foregoing Obſervations, will agree to ſome Reſtriction of theſe general Expreſſions.

If every Man was to do his Duty, he would contribute in a very different Manner to the Good of the *Whole*, of which, it is very far from being true, that all Men equally promote it.

I have already obſerved, that the Need in which every Man ſtands of the Aſſiſtance of others, obliges Men, whoſe Diſpoſitions are far from Friendſhip or Benevolence, to aſſiſt others in hopes of a Return: An Artiſan who works with no other View than to get Money, is ſtill

of

of uſe to the Community, and the Deſire of growing rich incites him to ſerve his Neighbours as well as he can.

C'eſt a ce grand deſign que le maitre ſupréme
It is to this grand deſign that the ſupreme maſter

Fait ſervir les efforts de la malice meme,
Makes ſubſervient the efforts of malice itſelf,

Les complots les plus noirs, le caprice, l'erreur,
The blackeſt conſpiracies, caprice, error,

Les defauts de l'eſprit, les foibleſſes du cœur. 326
230 *Defects of mind, weakneſſes of heart.*

WHAT good Ends are promoted by Error or Conſpiracies I am at a Loſs to conceive *, unleſs it be that of puniſhing thoſe whoſe obſtinate Adherence to Vice juſtly expoſes to the Anger of their Maker, or thoſe who, finding Truth unfavourable to their Deſigns, ſtudiouſly ſeek for Pretences to ſhut their Eyes againſt it, and withdraw themſelves from its Influence.

C'eſt pour ce grand deſſein que Dieu, dans ſa ſageſſe,
It is with this great deſign that God, in his wiſdom,

En chaque homme a place quelque heureuſe foibleſſe:
In every man hath placed ſome happy frailty:

La

* Mr POPE only ſays,

This counterworks each folly and caprice,
This diſappoints th' effect of every vice.

He is far from ſaying that good Effects naturally riſe from Vice or Folly, and affirms nothing but what may be very eaſily admitted, that God ſuperintends the World in ſuch a Manner, that they do not produce all thoſe deſtructive Conſequences that might reaſonably be feared and expected from them.

La honte de ceder aux traits du ſuborneur
The ſhame of yielding to the tricks of the debaucher
Dans le cœur d'une fille eſt l'appui de l'honneur.
In the heart of a virgin is the fence of honour.

Dans l'eſprit de la femme une fierte ſevere
In the mind of the matron a ſevere pride
L'empeche de bruler d'une flame adultere.
Prevents her from burning with an adulterous flame.

Qui conduit les guerriers ? C'eſt temerite.
What conducts the warriors? It is raſhneſs.
Qui fait fleurir les arts ? Souvent la vanite.
What makes to flouriſh arts? Oftentimes vanity.
Et cette vanite ſecrete & delicate,
And that ſecret and delicate vanity,
Sans qu'un vil interet nous anime & nous flate,
Without our being animated or allur'd by a ſordid intereſt,
En charmant notre eſprit par ſes illuſions,
While it charms our ſpirit by its illuſions,
Enfante quelquefois de nobles actions.
Gives birth to ſometimes noble exploits.

As Human Nature is conſtituted in general, I cannot but think theſe Lines capable in ſeveral Places of a Senſe which would be not much approved by the Author of them, and, perhaps, leſs by the Tranſlator.

Modesty is a Virtue directly oppoſite to Unchaſtity. Shame is one of the Outworks or Fortifications of Virtue, of which it has no need in its confirmed State. The Fear of ſuffering in the Opinion of Men is a Motive to Goodneſs, of which none but the moſt hardened can diveſt themſelves. A Man who tramples and deſpiſes it is blameable in the higheſt degree, but neither is he much to be commended whom nothing but the Fear of Reproach withholds from Wickedneſs.

Mr *Bayle*, who ſeemed carried away by an Affecta-

Affectation of raiſing Doubts concerning the Neceſſity and Efficacy of the Chriſtian Religion, has, inſtead of the Motives which that ſuggeſts, ſupplied us with others, more real, in his Opinion, and more forcible.

Heaven has, it ſeems, given

---------- *Raſhneſs to the Chief.*

Is this to be underſtood of all? Are all branded alike at one Stroke? Is it then lawful to fall upon Men without Provocation, and take away their Lives for Diverſion? Surely there are Occaſions on which we are not only permitted but obliged to take Arms in defence of our Right, and in Oppoſition to unjuſt Aggreſſors.

I do not deny that, in War, uſe is ſometimes made of the Temerity of a daring Adventurer: But in a Commander it is generally of more Danger than Advantage, and, to conclude, whatever be its Conſequences, is by no means the Gift of God.

NEITHER is Vanity to be aſcribed to his Influence. A Man that has a true Senſe of his Duty, that loves Mankind, and fears God, will, from theſe Motives, think himſelf obliged to uſe his utmoſt Application to attain Perfection in thoſe Employments which he has reaſon to believe aſſigned him by Divine Providence, and, without propoſing to himſelf to outſhine others, will of courſe excel them by his Induſtry and Perſeverance.

VANITY gnaws a Man within, it takes up his Mind, and retards his Progreſs, nor would he without the Influence of that Vice be of leſs, but of far greater uſe to Mankind, he would more readily communicate his Knowledge to others, he would be more willing to direct them in their Purſuits,

Purſuits, nor would ever be guilty of theſe hateful, but frequent Artifices, by which Men are often robbed of their deſerved Reputation, and thoſe Advantages which they might juſtly claim. The Concluſion therefore,

Ainſi du createur la ſageſſe profonde
Thus of the creator the profound wiſdom
Se ſert de nos defauts pour le bonheur du monde, 340
238 *Makes uſe of our defects for the happineſs of the world,*

deſerves to be conſidered. Nothing can be more impious than to imagine that God is the Cauſe of Men's Vices, for the ſake of making them ſubſervient to good Ends, which would be more effectually produced by Virtue. But the World is conſtituted in ſuch a Manner by his infinite Wiſdom, that good Conſequences ſometimes flow from Vices, which he not only not cauſes but expreſly forbids, and which naturally tend only to the Diſadvantage of the World: Theſe providential Conſequences can therefore by no means afford any Plea or Alleviation of their Guilt to wicked Men.

Pour conſerver leurs biens, pour defendre leurs jours,
To preſerve their goods, to defend their lives,
Tous les hommes entr'eux ſe doivent des ſecours;
All men to one another owe aſſiſtance;
Pour s'aider tour a tour le ciel les a fait naitre
To help one another in turn heaven made them to be born
Le pere, les enfans, les eſclaves, le maitre.
Father, children, ſlaves, maſter.
Foibles ſeparement, ils font de vains efforts;
Weak ſeparately, they make vain efforts;
Ils ſont en s'uniſſant plus heureux & plus forts.
They are while united more ſucceſsful and ſtronger.

Ainſi

Ainſi, ſoit paſſion, ſoit beſoin, ſoit foibleſſe,
Thus, be it paſſion, be it buſineſs, be it frailty,

Pour la ſociete tout homme s'intereſſe,
For the community every man is concern'd,

Et chacun s'empreſſant a procurer ſon bien
And every one forward to procure his own good

De l'intereſt commun reſſerre le lien.
Of the common intereſt cloſes the tye.

DID Men love one another leſs than they really do, did every Man ſolely regard his own Intereſt without concerning himſelf about that of others, his own Wants would nevertheleſs engage him to lend others what Aſſiſtance he was able.

De la le tendre amour, l'amitie veritable,
Thence tender love, friendſhip ſincere,

Et ce charme ſecret qui rend la vie aimable.
And that ſecret charm which makes life deſirable.

AS Men interchangeably receive and confer Benefits, thoſe Breaſts which are not entirely void of Humanity feel ſome Sparks of Gratitude: Men ſoon perceive that where they love, it is leſs Trouble to be kind and ſerviceable; by degrees this Tenderneſs increaſes, and more generous and elevated Minds riſe to a pure and a true Benevolence, and make no Diſtinction between their own Intereſt and that of the Publick, ſo that it might be ſaid, that two Souls are mingled together in one Perſon *.

* This Expreſſion is extremely obſcure, figurative, and unphiloſophical.

De la vient que touchant a la fin de ſes jours,
Thence comes it that approaching the end of his days,

On renonce ſans peine aux plaiſirs, aux amours;
Man bids farewel without regret to pleaſures, to loves;

THE Connection of theſe two Verſes with the foregoing Paſſage is not at firſt ſight very eaſily perceived: The Concern which we naturally feel at parting with Life is rather increaſed than alleviated by the Sweets of Friendſhip, ſince the Loſs of Life is more deplorable in proportion as it was more happy. But theſe Lines do not depend upon the laſt Couplet, but on the Paſſage above. We have received from our Creator, if we believe Mr *Pope*, our Follies, our Weakneſſes, and even our Vices: And the Reaſon for which he has beſtowed upon us ſuch dangerous, and, which is more aſtoniſhing, ſuch deteſtable Gifts, is this, that he may make them the Means of producing greater and more extenſive Good. I cannot, for my part, concur with this Notion, or conſider, as the Gifts of God infinitely pure, thoſe Vices with which Men are infected, or thoſe deluſive Imaginations by which Men harden themſelves againſt the Fear of Death, as the Dictates of a God infinitely true and without Deceit.

Que ne leur trouvant plus leur attrait ordinaire,
That no more finding in them their ordinary attraction,

On ſe fait un honneur d'une loi neceſſaire;
He does himſelf an honour from a neceſſary law;

Qu'on s'attend ſans murmure a recevoir la mort;
That he waits without murmuring to receive death;

Qu'apres un long orage on la voit comme un port;
That after a tedious ſtorm he views it as a haven;

Qu'on

Qu'on trouve, par raiſon, ou par decrepitude,
That he finds, through reaſon, or through decrepidneſs,

Et le jour moins aimable, & le trepas moins rude.
Both life leſs deſirable, and death leſs ſhocking.

HERE is a quick and eaſy Method of reconciling Mankind to the Thought of Death. But ſuch Reaſonings, as theſe, are rather for Show than Uſe; they may furniſh out a Declamation, but will be of little Service on a Death-bed. Mr *Pope* may have ſeen, perhaps, in *England*, ſome Inſtances of this Diſregard for Life, and Willingneſs to reſign it, but I much doubt whether it be even there the general Temper. It were much for the Advantage of that Nation to fear Death more, they would then live better; ſo that the Fear of Death would contribute more to the general Good of the World than that Indolence pointed out by Mr *Pope* as the Favour and Indulgence of Heaven, and I am inclined to believe that his elegant Tranſlator and I do not much differ in our Sentiments.

THE Loſs of Pleaſure is one great Cauſe of the Moroſeneſs and Ill-humour of part of the Old Men: Others, inſtead of thoſe Pleaſures which Age has not left them Sprightlineſs enough to enjoy, attach themſelves to other Purſuits, which make them equally deſirous of longer Life; ſo that, in my Opinion, the Matter of Fact here aſſerted is very diſputable.

EXPERIENCE indeed will inform every Man, that makes any Reflection upon Mankind or upon himſelf, that the Attention withdraws itſelf from diſagreeable Ideas, and that, to keep it employed, Men naturally ſearch for pleaſing Objects, and generally dwell upon them much longer

than they deſerve. It is melancholy to obſerve the greateſt part of Mankind turning away their Thoughts from thoſe real Evils of which Providence has put the Remedy in their own Hands, and oppoſing nothing to the Fear of Death but flattering Chimeras, ſtubborn Obſtinacy, or amuſing Fancies; when they might obtain, by that ſteady Application which God requires, a ſolid Satisfaction, a ſettled Calm, and the Happineſs of looking on the Approach of Death without Affright and without Illuſion.

THE Author ſtill goes on to take a Review of Mankind, who all agree, however their Tempers or Circumſtances may differ, in impoſing upon themſelves with flattering Ideas. But in what he is going to tell us, we muſt beware of imagining that Providence contributes to theſe deluſive Viſions, or perſuades Men to believe that they poſſeſs what they really have not.

«Mais, juſqu'a ce moment l'erreur, dans tous nos maux,
However, even to that moment error, in all our ills,

Au defaut de vrais biens nous en donne de faux.
In default of real good preſents us with counterfeit.

Tant que nos reſpirons, l'opinion flateuſe,
As long as we breathe, flattering opinion,

A charmer nos ennuis toujours ingenieuſe,
To charm our toils always induſtrious,

Dore par ſes rayons les nuages charmans
Gilds with its rays the delectable clouds

Qui verſent ſur nos j urs de trompeurs agremens.
Which ſhed on our days deceitful graces.

Satisfait de ſes gouts, content de ſa ſcience,
Satisfy'd with his judgment, content with his knowledge,

Chacun a pour ſoi-meme un œil de complaiſance.
Each hath for himſelf an eye of complaiſance.

THE

THE Man who exchanges his Perſon for that of another, does not think what it is he conſents to; but there are in reality very few who would conſent to ſuch an Exchange.

Feuilletant, nuit & jour, des volumes poudreux
Turning over, night and day, duſty volumes
Dans un reduit obſcur, un ſavant eſt heureux.
In a dark confinement, a learned man is happy.

THE Jealouſy which often ſeizes upon Men of this Character, and the high Paſſions that are occaſioned by it, are ſtrong Teſtimonies againſt their Felicity.

L'ignorant, affranchi d'un travail ſi penible,
The ignorant, freed from a work ſo painful,
Dans un lache repos trouve un plaiſir ſenſible.
In a dull repoſe finds a ſenſible pleaſure.

I grant it, if he can keep himſelf free from that Diſguſt and Wearineſs that attend a Life of Inactivity, and can exempt himſelf, by the Aſſiſtance of Money and Flattery, from that Contempt to which his Idleneſs juſtly expoſes him.

Regardant l'avenir avec tranquillite,
Regarding the future with tranquillity,
Le riche de ſon bien fait ſa felicite.
The rich man of his wealth makes his happineſs.

Mr *Pope* makes no Scruple of ſuppoſing and aſſerting, for the Convenience of his Syſtem, what Facts he pleaſes; but Experience declares againſt him. There are perhaps among the Rich more Men uneaſy and anxious than happy and contented.

Raſſure par les ſoins que prend la providence,
Encouraged by the care which providence takes,
Le pauvre vit content malgre ſon indigence. 376
256 *The poor lives content in ſpight of his poverty.*

I leave it to every Man's Obſervation to inform himſelf how many there are among the Poor thus reſigned to Providence, and how many there are that give every Day ſome Proofs of their Diſcontent and Impatience, by their Murmurs at their Condition, by the Envy with which they look upon the Rich, and by the little Scruple which they make of ſeizing upon the Revenues of other Men, when they have a Proſpect of doing it with Impunity.

Voi l'aveugle danſer ; ſe plaint-il que ſes yeux
See the blind dance ; complains he that his eyes
Soient pour jamais fermes a la clarte des cieux ?
Are for ever cloſed to the brightneſs of the heavens ?

Voi le boiteux qui chante ; en eſt-il moins tranquille,
See the cripple who ſings ; at it is he leſs eaſy,

Quoi qu'a former des pas ſon pied ſoit moins agile ?
Though to form ſteps his foot be leſs pliable ?

THE Reader, carried away by the Beauty of the Poetry, reads with Eagerneſs, and ſuppoſes, often contrary to Truth, that Facts are as the Poet repreſents them. If the blind Beggers are content with their Condition, it muſt be owned that they are great Hypocrites to ſtun thoſe that approach them with Outcries to excite their Compaſſion. Some Men born blind have, when they had obtained their Sight, aſſerted with perpetual Repetitions, that the Pleaſure was not to be expreſſed ; nor is there a Cripple, who, if he was rich, would not give half his Fortune for the Feet of a healthy and active Man.

THERE

THERE is a Medium between afflicting one's ſelf perpetually on account of one's Condition, between repining with the utmoſt Impatience that it is no better, and thinking that the State of another is no way preferable.

THESE wild Sportings of Imagination tend to no leſs than the utter Extinction of all Gratitude. Should a Father whoſe Sons, except one, were all born blind, admoniſh that one to return his Thanks to God for the Gift which he has been bleſſed with, and to make a good Uſe of it; the Son might anſwer, upon theſe Principles, *What have I to be thankful for more than my Brothers? Do they dance leſs, or are they leſs happy?* Should a Father repreſent to his Son the Care he has taken, and the Money he has expended, for the ſake of procuring him a learned Education, might he not anſwer, What is the Obligation? Are not thoſe as happy who know leſs?

Dans les vapeurs du vin, le mendiant eſt Roi;
In the vapours of wine, the begger is a King;

Et le ſot en tout tems vit ſatisfait de ſoi.
And the ſot at all times lives ſatisfy'd with himſelf.

Le chimiſte ebloui de l'or qu'il voit en ſonge,
The chymiſt dazzled with the gold which he ſees in a dream,

Prend pour realite ce qui n'eſt qu'un menſonge;
Takes for reality what is no more than a cheat;

Et meme en deplorant ſon deſtin rigoureux,
And even while deploring his hard fate,

Dans le ſein de ſa muſe un poete eſt heureux. 386
In the boſom of his muſe a poet is happy.

ARE the Chimeras of Madmen to be numbered among the Gifts of a gracious Providence? In the laſt Couplet, the Author, by purſuing too eagerly the inſidious Charms of an Antitheſis, is

drawn unawares into a Contradiction. A Poet that laments his Fortune, and thinks it happy at the ſame time, is either chargeable with Madneſs or Falſehood *. There are many Followers of the Muſe, whoſe Temper is extremely ſour, and who cannot with the leaſt Patience bear any Diſapprobation of their Performances.

Par tout, ou du bonheur on regrette l'abſence,
In every place, where of happineſs we bewail the abſence,

Ne voit-on pas voler la facile eſperance?
See we not flying commodious hope?

Du ſecourable orgueil les ſoins compatiſſans,
Of helpful pride the compaſſionate cares,

Manquent-ils de remplir le vuide du bon ſens? 395
268 *Do they fail to fill up the void of good ſenſe?*

La ſubite lueur de la raiſon ſevere,
The ſudden light of ſtrict reaſon,

Vient-elle diſſiper une aimable chimere,
Comes it to diſſipate one lovely chimera,

Vient-elle nous priver d'un plaiſir impoſteur,
Comes it to deprive us of one fallacious pleaſure,

Un autre au meme inſtant renait dans notre cœur.
Another at the ſame inſtant ſprings up in our heart.

In reading theſe Lines I call readily to Mind the Conduct of the World, a Conduct very different from that which Reaſon requires. Men, inſtead of applying themſelves with Ardour and Aſſiduity to ſolid Knowledge, to the Attainment of juſt Notions, to a Life of Virtue, and to the Duties

---

* It may be proper to obſerve once more, that this Contradiction, whether real or ſuppoſed, is wholly the Tranſlator's, who has been very unfortunate in his Verſion of this whole Paragraph.

Duties which may procure the Approbation of God, trifle away their Lives in the poor Amuſement of forming a perpetual Succeſſion of Schemes, uncertain in their own Nature, and which, tho' they ſhould not be diſappointed, would yet be far from bringing the Satisfaction that is expected from them. What Senſe ſhall we put upon theſe Lines?

Each Want of Happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each Vacuity of Senſe by Pride.

DOES the Poet intend to inſinuate, that *Pride* is one of the Gifts which Men enjoy by the Mercy and Compaſſion of their Creator, that they may among their real Miſeries receive Comfort from imaginary Bleſſings; or that they are given over to the Exceſs of their Vanity, to puniſh them for the little Regard they have ſhewn to Right Reaſon, which, when they cannot reconcile it to their Inclinations, they utterly diſcard, and turn their Eyes away from her clear and ſteady Light, to fix them upon *painted Clouds*, and deceitful Glimmers?

Eſt-il deſtin ſi triſte, etat ſi miſerable,
Is there lot ſo ſad, ſtate ſo miſerable,

Que le ſecours du tems ne rende ſupportable?
That the aſſiſtance of time renders not ſupportable?

Regardez des humains le grand conſolateur,
Behold of mankind the great comforter,

L'orgueil, leur preſenter ſon ſecours enchanteur.
Pride, offer them its enchanting ſuccour.

Voyez la paſſion convenable a chaque age,
See the paſſion agreeable to every age,

Pour regner ſur nos cœurs, nous attendre au paſſage.
To reign over our hearts, attend us to our paſſage.

PRIDE once more appears upon the Stage, as the great Conſoler of the Miſeries of Man, whoſe Unhappineſs is indeed very deplorable, if he is reduced to fly for Conſolation to one of the moſt odious Vices; nor can Mr *Pope* be very eaſily acquitted of Ingratitude, in giving vent to ſo many ſevere Reproaches againſt this kind, this pleaſing Enchanter. We are now told of *ſome fit Paſſions which ſupply every Age*, of which I cannot yet determine whether we are here taught to reckon them among our Bleſſings or Calamities.

L'eſperance eſt conſtante a marcher ſur nos pas,
Hope is conſtant in marching on our ſteps,

Sans meme nous quitter a l'heure du trepas. 402
264 *Without even quitting us at the hour of departure.*

N'offre-t-elle a nos yeux qu'une confuſe image
Does it offer to our eyes but a confuſed image

Du bonheur que le ciel nous deſtine en partage?
Of the happineſs which heaven deſigns us at parting?

Cet objet conſolant nous occupe toujours,
That comforting object poſſeſſes us always,

Et repand des douceurs ſur nos plus triſtes jours.
And ſheds ſweetneſſes on our ſaddeſt days.

I cannot, without Melancholy and Pity, ſee that Hope, which is ſo firmly grounded, ſo ſtrongly ſupported, and ſo highly to be valued; that Hope, for which we owe ſuch ardent and frequent Acknowledgments to the Goodneſs of our Creator, rank'd among airy Viſions, and wild Chimeras, which are indebted for their Influence and Exiſtence to nothing but our Pride and our Inattention.

Notre

Notre ame en ſes deſirs inquiete, egaree,
Our ſoul in her deſires reſtleſs, wandering,

Par les liens du corps triſtement reſſerree,
By the tyes of the body ſadly bound up,

Dans un doux avenir ſe repoſe, s'etend,
In a ſweet futurity lulls itſelf, ſtretches itſelf,

Et joule en effet du bonheur qu'elle attend.
And enjoys in reality the happineſs which it expects.

THERE is nothing in theſe Lines inconſiſtent with that fatal Unconcern, that deſtructive Security, by which Souls are betray'd to eternal Ruin, by relaxing that Vigilance, with which we ought to inſpect our own Hearts and Actions, in order to arrive at a happy Immortality. This Security is wholly oppoſite to a certain and well-founded Aſſurance, unleſs we ſubmit to call in the Syſtem of Fatality to our Aſſiſtance. That Hypotheſis, indeed, makes the Virtues and Vices of Mankind equally Parts of the Divine Plan, equally eſſential to it, and, by Conſequence, equally innocent, and exempt from Puniſhment, for the Creator cannot, without Injuſtice, exerciſe any Severity upon one more than upon the other, as they were both equally inevitable, and equally interwoven with the Conſtitution of the Univerſe.

THE Verſes that cloſe this Epiſtle ſeem written wholly in favour of this Syſtem, nor can eaſily be taken in any other Senſe.

Dans les biens & les maux que le ciel nous diſpenſe
In the good things and the ill which heaven on us beſtows

Reconnois ſa bonte, ſa juſte providence.
Acknowledge its goodneſs, its juſt providence.

Nos

Nos vices, nos defauts, l'orgueil, la vanite,
Our vices, our frailties, pride, vanity,

Tournent ſouvent au bien de la ſociete.
Turn often to the good of the community.

Cet *amour* naturel qu'on reſſent pour ſoi-meme,
That natural love which a man feels for himſelf,

N'eſt-il pas un preſent de la bonte ſupreme?
Is it not a gift of the ſupreme goodneſs?

Par les divers beſoins que l'homme eprouve en lui,
By the various wants which man finds in himſelf,

Il meſure, prevoit, ſoulage ceux d'autrui.
He meaſures, foreſees, relieves thoſe of another.

Adore donc le ciel, ſupporte ta foibleſſe,
Adore then heaven, ſupport thy frailty,

Et juſqu'en ta folie admire ſa ſageſſe.
And even in thy folly admire its wiſdom.

I THINK I have already ſufficiently explained how far Vice contributes, in my Opinion, to the Good of Society.

GOD is, beyond Controverſy, the Author of our Self-Love. Our Senſe of his Benefits, our Thankſgivings, and even our Dread of his Judgments, if we refuſe to obey his holy Laws, have no other Foundation but a Regard for our own Intereſt; a Regard, which, if rightly purſued, would recal us to our Duty whenever we deviate from it; for whenever we prefer our own Will to the Will of God, we diſappoint our own Intereſt.

TO adore God, and to be ſatisfied with his Gifts, is the chief of all Duties, the general Source from which all Piety muſt be derived; but *to admire his Wiſdom in our Follies*, is a very ſtrong Antitheſis *. The Follies of Mankind are not to be

* *Till then,* Opinion *gilds with varying rays*
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;

Each

be imputed to him as their Cauſe, nor is his Wiſdom diſplay'd, or at all concern'd, in them. With regard to our Follies, the Inſtances of his Wiſdom are the Bounds which he has ſet to their pernicious Influence, by which he prevents thoſe dreadful Effects, and that fatal Confuſion, that might be naturally apprehended from them.

Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy:
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Even mean SELF-LOVE *becomes by force divine,*
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

COM-

COMMENTARY

ON THE

THIRD EPISTLE.

WHEN I firſt began to read the Poem of the Abbe *Du Reſnel*, I obliged myſelf to attend to it as to a Book from which I propoſed to receive Advantage, and intended, at the ſame Time, to enable others to make the ſame Uſe of it. With this Deſign, I have examined the particular Expreſſions, that I might ſatisfy myſelf about their true Meaning. This Epiſtle, in which the ſocial Duties of Man are laid down, ought to awaken me to double Attention.

Revien, il en eſt tems, de ton erreur profonde;
Return, it is time, from thy profound error;

Apprens, homme borne, que le maitre du monde,
Learn, bounded man, that the maſter of the world,

Sans jamais s'ecarter de ſon premier deſſein,
Without ever deviating from his firſt deſign,

Par differens moyens tend a la meme fin.
By different means tends to the ſame end.

Au milieu des tranſports de l'ardente jeuneſſe,
Amidſt the tranſports of boiling youth,

Dans l'orgueil faſtueux qu'inſpire la richeſſe,
In the ſtately pride that wealth inſpires,

Dans

Dans le ſein du bonheur ou de l'adverſite,
In the boſom of proſperity or of adverſity,

Sois frappe, nuit & jour, de cette verite.
Be deeply affected night and day, with this truth.

Conſidere le monde; il eſt, aux yeux du ſage,
Conſider the world; it is, in the eyes of a wiſe man,

De la ſociete la plus parfaite image;
Of ſociety the moſt perfect reſemblance;

Voi ces chaines d'amour, ces liens prepares
See thoſe chains of love, thoſe bands provided

Pour reunir entre eux des etres ſepares.
To combine among themſelves beings ſeparated.

Au premier mouvement que reçoit la matiere,
At the firſt motion that matter receives,

Voi du ſein du cahos eclater la lumiere;
See from the boſom of the chaos ſparkle forth light;

Chaque atome ebranle courir pour s'embraſſer,
Each trembling atom run into embraces,

S'attirer tour a tour, s'unir, s'entrelaſſer.
To attract in its turn, to unite, to twine.

L'univers eſt forme; la puiſſance infinie
The univerſe is formed; the infinite power

Repand dans la nature un principe de vie;
Diffuſes in nature a principle of life;

Les etres, animes par ce ſouffle divin,
Beings, animated by this divine breath,

Se portent de concert vers une meme fin.
Tend in concert towards one ſelf-ſame end.

Sans jamais s'ecarter de la loi qui les preſſe,
Without ever ſwerving from the law that impells them,

Pour le bien general chacun d'eux s'intereſſe.
For the general good each of them concerns itſelf.

Tu vois les vegetaux devenir l'aliment
Thou ſeeſt the vegetables become the food

Des etres que le ciel doua de ſentiment;
Of beings which heaven hath endow'd with ſenſation;

Mais ceux-ci par leur mort changent-ils de nature?
But do theſe by their death change nature?

Ils vont aux vegetaux ſervir de nourriture.
16 *They go to ſerve for nouriſhment to vegetables.*

Il n'eſt rien de durable, & tout etre a ſon tour,
There is nothing laſting, and each being hath its turn,

Sort du neant, y rentre, & reparoit au jour.
Comes from nothing, returns thereto, and appears anew in ſight.

Rien n'eſt independant, mais toutes les parties
Nothing is independent; but all the parts

Se rapportant au tout, au tout ſont aſſorties.
21 *Having relation to the whole, to the whole are ſuited.*

L'ame de l'univers, leur force & leur ſoutien,
The ſoul of the univerſe, their ſtrength and their ſupport,

Entr'elles les unit par un meme lien.
Unites them together by the ſame band.

L'homme prete a la brute un ſecours ſalutaire,
Man lends to the brute a preſerving ſuccour,

Et la brute a ſon tour a l'homme eſt neceſſaire.
And the brute in his turn to man is neceſſary.

Tout donne, tout reçoit, ici bas du ſecours;
All give, all receive, here below aſſiſtance;

Et le foible & le fort l'un a l'autre ont recours.
And the weak and the ſtrong each to other have recourſe.

Cette chaine ſe ſuit; repons, ou finit-elle?
This chain holds on; anſwer, where ends it?

Qui peut t'en informer? La puiſſance immortelle.
26 *Who can inform thee? The power immortal.*

I DECLINE, in this ſecond Examination, to repeat any of the Remarks which I have made in the former.

THE great Governor of the Univerſe never loſes Sight of his Deſign, but cauſes every Thing to contribute to one great End. The Revolution of the heavenly Bodies is conſtant and regular: That perpetual Succeſſion of Changes, that ſubſiſt in theſe lower Regions, has no Effect at ſo great a Diſtance; and thoſe Starts and Deviations from the common Order of Things, which happen about

about us, and often fill us with Aſtoniſhment, are not without their Uſes. All the terreſtrial Bodies arrive, by different Ways, at the ſame End, at Ends which produce the ſame Effect. And with regard to Men, whom their Creator has made free and intelligent Agents, there is one eternal Rule irrevocably eſtabliſh'd: Every Man's Lot will correſpond with his own Choice, ſo that he may be juſtly termed the Author of his own Deſtiny. Every Good that they poſſeſs is the free Gift of God, who owed them nothing; and the Evils they ſuffer are only to be imputed to that Wickedneſs, by which they have brought them upon themſelves.

MR *Pope* has given full play to his Imagination, in order to diſcover and deſcribe a Conformity between the Syſtem of the Univerſe and Human Society; and of the mutual Benevolence, which ought to be found among Men, and extend its Influence from the whole Body to each particular Member. On this Subject he has laviſh'd all his Ornaments and Embelliſhments; he has call'd Attraction to his Aſſiſtance, and retained it in his Service as long as he wanted it; but has not taken any Notice of the Power by which Bodies are repell'd one from the other, tho' of equal Uſe in the Conſtitution of Nature. But Poets, when they form Compariſons, content themſelves with the Beauty of their Images, without giving themſelves any Trouble about Philoſophical Exactneſs: This is their Privilege, and if they originally held it by Uſurpation, they now enjoy it at leaſt by Preſcription, and ſeem to deſire no other Right.

A *Principle of Life* diffuſed thro' the whole Syſtem of Nature, and *the Breath of God*, are magnificent

magnificent Expreſſions, of which, if any Man deſires an Explication, I ſhall not undertake to give him Satisfaction. Theſe Terms may be abuſed to the ſame ill Purpoſes as that of the *Soul of the World*, of which I have already given my Sentiments in the *Examen*.

THE Poets ſometimes endeavour to raiſe our Admiration by aſtoniſhing us with Incredibilities, and ſometimes condeſcend to admit the loweſt Prejudices into their Writings, as Mr *Pope* has done, in affirming, That every *Being riſes originally from Nothing, falls into it again, and then re-appears.* The Vulgar think every Thing annihilated that diſappears; but the Atoms, the primitive Elements, the *Stamina* of Bodies, are ſtill preſerved; and thoſe Particles which had contributed to form a Cabbage, after having been united with other Bodies in the Fleſh of an Animal, are ſeparated again, and, in another Dreſs and Appearance, become Part of ſome other Plant of a different Species.

THE Compariſon may be reduced to theſe few Words: It were to be wiſh'd, that the invariable Regularity with which all inanimate Beings fulfil the Ends of their Creation, without being conſcious of them, were imitated by Mankind; they would perform their Duty from Knowledge, not by the blind Impulſe of Deſtiny; and would have the Honour of determining themſelves to that which is right.

WHERE the Chain of Beings ends, or how far it holds on, is, as we are told, unknown: I, for my part, muſt be content that it ſhould be ſo, for I do not underſtand the Expreſſion.

Homme preſompteux! quelle erreur te ſeduit?
Preſumptuous man! what error miſleads thee?

Crois-tu que pour toi ſeul l'univers ſoit produit?
Believeſt thou that for thee alone the univerſe is produced?

THIS Reflection has been made in Proſe, the Grounds of it already examined, and the Equivocation and Ambiguity of the Expreſſion laid open.

Dieu n'a-t-il travaille que pour ta nourriture,
Hath God work'd only for thy ſuſtenance,

Pour ton amuſement, ton bien, ou ta parure?
For thy amuſement, thy riches, or thy finery?

Pour ſoulager ta faim, la main qui, dans les champs,
To relieve thy hunger, the hand which, in the fields,

Engraiſſe des agneaux les troupeaux bondiſſans,
Fattens of lambs the friſking flocks,

Leur donne comme a toi les beſoins de la vie,
Gives them as well as to thee the neceſſaries of life,

Et de gaſon pour eux embellit la prairie. 46
30 *And with the green turf for them hath beautify'd the meadow.*

Crois-tu que pour toi ſeul formant de doux concerts,
Thinkeſt thou that for thee alone forming ſweet harmony,

Le tendre roſſignol fait retentir les airs?
The tender nightingale makes reſound the air?

Il cede aux doux tranſports de l'ardeur qui le preſſe,
He gives way to the ſweet tranſports of the paſſion which urges him,

Il chante ſes plaiſirs, il chante ſa tendreſſe. 50
34 *He ſings his pleaſures, he ſings his loves.*

Ce ſuperbe courſier qui, docile a ta voix,
That proud courſer which, docile to thy voice,

Marche pompeuſement ſous un riche harnois,
Marches pompouſly under rich trappings,

Eſt ſenſible aux beautés qu'il tient de la nature,
Is ſenſible of the beauties that he poſſeſſes from nature,

Et partage avec toi l'orgueil de ſa parure. 54
36 *And ſhares with thee the pride of his finery.*

A POET

A Poet thinks that his Matter lies entirely at his Mercy; he either creates it, or at leaſt exhibits it in whatever Form he is moſt inclined; and has here given the Horſe as much Pride as he thought convenient for his Purpoſe. Theſe Proſopopœias pleaſe in Verſe much more than in Proſe.

Crois-tu que pour toi ſeul tant de grains differens
Thinkeſt thou that for thee alone ſo many different grains

Couvrent de leurs treſors la ſurface des champs?
Cover with their treaſures the ſurface of the fields?

Les oiſeaux avant toi revendiquent leur proie,
The birds before thee demand their prey,

Et jouiſſent des dons que le ciel leur envoie.
And enjoy the gifts which heaven ſends them.

Eſt-ce encor pour toi ſeul qu'en la riche ſaiſon
Is it again for thee alone that in the rich ſeaſon

Les rayons du ſoleil font jaunir la moiſſon?
The rays of the ſun make yellow the harveſt?

Pour prix de ces travaux ta main reconnoiſſante
For the price of his labours thy grateful hand

En diſtribue au bœuf une part abondante.
Of it diſtributes to the ox a plentiful ſhare.

Mais combien d'animaux rebelles a tes loix,
But how many animals rebellious to thy laws,

Qui dedaignant le joug habitent dans les bois:
Which diſdaining the yoke dwell in the woods!

Arbitres de leur ſort, ſans travail & ſans peine,
Arbiters of their fate, without labour and without pains,

Ils vivent malgre toi des fruits de ton domaine. 66
42 *They live in ſpight of thee on the fruits of thy demeſne.*

La nature, attentive a leurs juſtes beſoins,
Nature, attentive to their juſt wants,

Entre tous ſes enfans a partage ſes ſoins.
Among all her children hath divided her care.

THE Word *Nature*, a Word of an obſcure and doubtful Signification, uſed in various Senſes, and on different Occaſions, ſomewhat contributes to ſoften the ſhocking Exaggeration, by which the adorable Author of the Univerſe is deſcribed looking with equal Regard on every Rank of Beings, ſetting Man and Beaſt upon the Level, and *dividing his Care* amongſt them as a Parent among *his Children.*

Un roi dans les hyvers s'arme de la fourrure,
A king in the winter defends himſelf with the furr,

Qu'a l'ours contre le froid a donne la nature.
Which to the bear againſt the cold nature hath given.

Tandis que pour lui ſeul l'homme croit tout forme,
While for himſelf alone man believes every thing made,

Et que du createur il ſe croit ſeul aime,
And that of the creator he believes himſelf alone beloved,

" Voyez a me ſervir combien l'hommes'empreſſe"
" *See to ſerve me how man buſies himſelf*"

(Dit un vil animal, qu'avec ſoin l'on engraiſſe,)
(Says a contemptible animal, which with care we fatten,)

" L'homme eſt fait pour moi ſeul." Il ne peut penetrer
" *Man is made for me alone.*" *He cannot penetrate*

Que l'homme ne le ſert que pour le devorer. 76
That man ſerves him only to feed on him.

Que penſez-vous de l'homme, eſt-il plus raiſonnable,
What think you of man, is he more reaſonable,

Et ne tombe-t il pas dans une erreur ſemblable,
And does he not fall into a like error,

Lors qu'a ſes ſeuls beſoins croyant tout deſtine,
When for his ſole uſe believing every thing ordained,

Il ne voit pas qu'au tout il eſt ſubordonne? 80
He ſees not that to every thing he is ſubordinate?

MR

Mr *Pope* has here endued his Gooſe with the Gifts of Reaſon and Speech; and ſets her, thus dignified and exalted, on a Level with Man.

Aux etres ſans raiſon le ciel, par indulgence,
From beings without reaſon heaven, by indulgence,

De leur derniere fin cache la connoiſſance.
Of their laſt end conceals the knowledge *.

This Favour is not indulged to Mankind, but confined to the Brute Creation. The Beaſts alone enjoy the happy Privilege of Exemption from Terrors, that would diſturb their Quiet, and interrupt their Pleaſures. But the Creator ſhews himſelf a kind and impartial Father, in making all his Children equally his Care; and has therefore furniſh'd Man with a Remedy againſt this natural Fear: This Remedy, as Mr *Pope* informs us, is the happy Quality of amuſing himſelf with Chimeras, ſatisfying himſelf with Uncertainties, and arming himſelf againſt painful Apprehenſions, by idle Fancies that divert him from them.

L'homme ſait, il eſt vrai, qu'il eſt ne pour mourir;
Man knows, it is true, that he is born to die;

Mais lors qu'a ſon eſprit cet arret vient s'offrir,
But when to his mind that ſentence becomes preſent,

D'un avenir heureux ſon ame poſſedee
With a happy futurity his ſoul taken up

Joint un *eſpoir* flatteur a cette affreuſe idee.
Joins a flattering hope *to that fearful idea.*

Un nuage eternel lui derobant le jour,
An eternal cloud from him hiding the day,

Ou

* In this Place the Tranſlator has, with great Fidelity and Judgment, entirely omitted a Paragraph of Twenty-two Verſes, from the Fifty-third to the Seventy-fourth.

Ou la mort doit venir l'enlever ſans retour,
When death muſt come to carry him off without return,

Cet objet menacant eſt d'autant moins terrible,
That threatening object is by ſo much the leſs terrible,

Qu'eloigne de ſes yeux il eſt preſque inviſible.
As being remote from his eyes it is almoſt inviſible.

De concert avec nous, habile a ſe cacher,
In good underſtanding with us, dextrous to conceal itſelf,

Il approche toujours, ſans patroitre approcher.
It approaches continually, without ſeeming to approach.

Miracle! qui du ciel ſignale la puiſſance.
Miracle! which of heaven ſignalizes the power.

Sans cette illuſion le ſeul etre qui penſe,
Without this illuſion the only being which thinks,

Sachant que tous ſes pas le menent a la mort,
Knowing that all his ſteps lead him to death,

Pourroit-il ſans horreur enviſager ſon ſort? 96
82 *Could he without horror look his deſtiny in the face?*

I HAVE already offered my Sentiments upon the Methods uſed by the Goodneſs of our Creator, according to this Author's Syſtem, to exempt Man from that Solicitude which the Thoughts of Death muſt naturally cauſe. Error, Illuſion, Amuſements, flattering Imaginations, are the great Miracles, which Mr *Pope* alledges to prove the Care of our great Creator. As for thoſe which are mention'd in the Holy Writings, and which tend wholly to eſtabliſh the Truth, he has not let a ſingle Word eſcape him, that inſinuates his Belief of them.

HE ſeems to write with theſe three Ends in his View. *Firſt*, to ſet Man free from the Duty of Gratitude, ariſing from the Opinion that God has given him Privileges infinitely above other Animals, by repreſenting that Notion as a mere Chimera. *Secondly*, to oppoſe Revelation, and

to

to lead us, by pretty Trains of Reaſoning, into Notions inconſiſtent with it: And, *Thirdly*, to prove that Revelation is of no Uſe, ſince Error and Illuſion may produce the ſame Effect, and afford us the Tranquillity and Peace of Mind, which we ſearch for in its Doctrines.

Le Dieu dont le pouvoir ſur les etres preſide,
God whoſe power over beings preſides,

Soit que le ſeul inſtinct, ou la raiſon les guide,
Whether inſtinct alone, or reaſon guides them,

A pris un tendre ſoin de partager entre eux
Hath taken a tender care of dividing among them

Ce qui pouvoit les rendre auſſi parfaits qu'heureux.
That which might render them perfect as well as happy.

Il leur donne un attrait, une regle certaine,
He gives them an attractive, a certain rule,

Dont l'inſenſible effort au bonheur les entraine,
Whoſe inſenſible effort to happineſs them draws,

Et les porte toujours a remplir leur deſtin,
And them carries always to fulfil their appointment,

Soit par reflexion, ſoit meme ſans deſſein. 104
86 *Be it by reflection, be it even without deſign.*

Si, par l'heureux ſecours d'une main inviſible,
If, by the happy aſſiſtance of a hand inviſible,

La brute dans l'inſtinct trouve un guide infaillible,
The brute in inſtinct finds a guide infallible.

Qu'a-t-elle a deſirer? Voudrois-tu qu'un docteur
What hath he to deſire? Wouldeſt thou that a doctor

Lui dictat des leçons, devint ſon conducteur?
To him dictate leſſons, become his leader?

La raiſon eſt pour l'homme un ſerviteur habile,
Reaſon is for man a ſkilful ſervant,

Mais un ſerviteur froid, pareſſeux, indocile;
But a ſervant cold, lazy, untoward;

Il le faut appeller dans les preſſans beſoins,
She muſt be call'd for on preſſing occaſions,

Pour forcer ſa lenteur a nous donner ſes ſoins. 112
91 *To compel her ſlowneſs to afford us her care.*

L'inſtinct

L'inſtinct ſans ceſſe agit, preſſe, avertit, excite,
Inſtinct without ceaſing acts, preſſes, warns, excites,

Et pour ſe preſenter n'attend pas qu'on l'invite;
And to offer herſelf expects not that one invite her;

Il ne manque jamais, il eſt pour tous les tems;
She never fails, ſhe is for all ſeaſons;

La raiſon ne nous ſert que dans quelques inſtans.
Reaſon ſerves us only in ſome moments.

L'inſtinct ſans heſiter, prompt, docile & fidelle,
Inſtinct without faltering, ready, docil and faithful,

Va droit au but marque par la cauſe eternelle:
Goes ſtrait to the mark deſigned by the eternal cauſe:

De ce but la raiſon libre de s'ecarter,
From that mark reaſon free to wander,

Sort de l'ordre preſcrit, oſe lui reſiſter.
Goes out of the order preſcribed, dares reſiſt it.

En vain de la raiſon tu vantes l'excellence,
In vain of reaſon thou boaſteſt the excellency,

Doit-elle ſur l'inſtinct avoir la preference?
Ought ſhe over inſtinct to have the preference?

Entre ces facultes quelle comparaiſon!
Between theſe faculties what compariſon!

Dieu dirige l'inſtinct, & l'homme la raiſon. 124
God directs inſtinct, and man reaſon.

HERE we find the Brute Creation, by the tender Care of the common Father, placed in a State of no leſs Perfection than Man; ſo that a Nature, ſuſceptible of Religion and Senſe of the Kindneſs of God, and the Reverence due to him, does not at all contribute to the Perfection of created Beings.

THE Brutes, furniſh'd with Inſtinct,

To Bliſs ----- by that Direction tend,
And find the Means propertion'd to the End.

REASON is far from being a Guide equally infallible:

Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for Service, or but ſerves when preſs'd;
Stays till we call, and then not always near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a Voluntier:
This, too, ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.

THUS we ſee Man degraded from his Superiority, and find very far from true what was ſo lately aſſerted, that

---- *Nature's Children all divide her Care.*

MR *Pope* ſeems extremely pleaſed with his uſeful and important Notion of the Inferiority of Reaſon to Inſtinct: He dwells long upon it, and concludes with this happy Couplet:

---- *Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can;*
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

If, therefore, we take his Word, Inſtinct is not only ſuperior, but ſuperior to an infinite Degree.

BUT it is plain, that this Antitheſis is a great Exaggeration, and only put into Poetry to dazzle and confound; for it had been ſhorter to have ſaid, that *God regulates the Actions of the Brute by his* immediate *Direction, without the Intervention of Inſtinct.*

THERE are Objects, which, in Brute Animals, neither excite pleaſing nor painful Ideas, that neither raiſe Deſire nor Averſion. There are others which make Impreſſions that produce Deſire, ſuch Deſire as determines them to approach them; and others, that raiſe Diſlike, and make

make them retire from them. These Impressions, with their Effects, must be uniform, regular, and certain, because those Creatures have no Reason to correct, animate, or restrain their Desires, or to awake them from perfect Indifference. But the supreme Creator has formed Man capable of reasoning, of acting in pursuance of his own Choice, and of procuring no less than infinite Happiness, if he will undergo the Labour of reasoning justly, and of chusing right.

Sans jamais les tromper, quelle lumiere sure
Without ever deceiving them, what sure light
Apprend aux animaux a trouver leur pature,
Teacheth animals to find their food,
A choisir le remede, a laisser le poison;
To chuse physick, to forbear poison;

SEVERAL Animals are destroy'd by Poison; Pigeons and Fish are made drunk, and by that means taken. Is the Infallibility of Instinct in these particular Instances less certain?

A changer de demeure en changeant de saison,
To change abode at changing season,
A predire le vent, les frimats & l'orage;
To foretel wind, frost and tempest;

MEN that have been wounded, often perceive any impending Change of Weather, by Aches in the healed Part. Storks and Swallows may feel Prickings or Uneasiness, that may instigate them to take their Flight, and leave a Climate that makes painful Impressions upon their Organs, for one that favours them with more agreeable Sensations.

A reſiſter aux flots qui battent le rivage;
To reſiſt the waves which beat on the ſhore;

A former en commun de ſolides travaux,
To frame in common ſolid works,

Pour etablir en paix leur ſejour dans les eaux? 132
102 *In order to eſtabliſh in peace their habitation in the waters?*

Sans regle & ſans compas qui montre a l'araignee
Without rule and without compaſs who ſhews the ſpider

A tracer avec art une toile alignee?
To draw with art a web by line?

Moivre, par le ſecours de divers inſtrumens,
Moivre, *by the help of various inſtruments,*

Met-il plus de juſteſſe & plus d'ordre dans ſes plans?
Does he lay more of exactneſs and more of order in his plans?

Qui montre tous les ans a la prudente grue
Who ſhews every year the ſagacious ſtork

A chercher dans l'hyver une terre inconnue?
To ſearch in the winter a land unknown?

Qui preſide au conſeil, ou l'on fixe le jour
Who preſides at council, where they fix the day

Et l'inſtant du depart, & celui du retour? 140
108 *And the moment of departure, and that of return?*

Beavers and other Animals ſuffer themſelves to be taken and deſtroy'd by very coarſe and artleſs Stratagems, and by Traps, which, with a very little Reaſon, they might eſcape, and would have eſcaped long ago.

An Animal that has only one Idea, can only act according to it; and as its Organs are conſtituted only in order to that one, it has not the Power of trying to form any other. The Productions of human Contrivance admit of Variety, and in proportion as a Man applies himſelf with more or leſs Attention, he draws Plans with more or leſs Exactneſs, and executes them with greater or leſs Succeſs.

MR *Pope* ſeems to have a ſtrong Inclination to the Marvellous and the Hyperbolical; and, to gratify his darling Paſſion, imagines and ſuppoſes not only a Day but a Moment fixed for the Departure and Return of the Flight of Storks. When a Man has once arrived at the Privilege of ſuppoſing what he pleaſes, he eaſily raiſes the Admiration of thoſe Readers that are ſo obliging as to adopt his Notions.

Le moyen d'etre heureux, ſans ſortir de ſoi-meme,
The means to be happy, without going out of itſelf,

Chaque etre l'a reçu de la bonte ſupreme.
Every being hath received of the ſupreme goodneſs.

Mais le bonheur du tout etant le grand objet,
But the happineſs of all being the great object,

Que Dieu s'eſt propoſe dans tout ce qu'il a fait,
Which God propoſed to himſelf in all that which he hath made,

Du beſoin mutuel le concours neceſſaire
Of neceſſity mutual the unavoidable concurrence

D'un bonheur reciproque eſt la ſource ordinaire.
Of happineſs reciprocal is the ordinary ſource.

Cet ordre unit entr'eux tous les etres divers,
That order unites among themſelves all the various beings,

Deſtines a peupler cet immenſe univers.
Appointed to people this immenſe univerſe.

THIS laſt Period begins and ends with Hyperboles. Animals, as they cannot live without Food, are compell'd to procure it, and conſequently are in Want of ſomething *without*, ſomething not compris'd in their own Natures. And thoſe that cannot live without being ſhelter'd from the Impreſſions of the Weather, are no leſs neceſſitated to make uſe of external Aſſiſtance.

THERE is nothing in the World more paradoxical, or advanced with leſs Appearance of

Probability, than the Notion of a mutual Relation and Dependance between the wild Beasts of the Woods, and the Fishes of the Sea; between the Inhabitants of our Earth, and those of *Venus* and of *Jupiter*.

La nature y produit, par sa flamme feconde,
Nature there produces, by its generating flame,

L'esprit vivifiant qui conserve le monde.
The quickening spirit which maintains the world.

THESE are Words of a lofty Sound, but of which I do not understand the Meaning; one of *Spinosa*'s Disciples would more easily comprehend it.

IF this Author writes with an ill Design, he takes little Care to disguise it; if his Sentiments be agreeable to those of other Christians, or not widely different from them, can he not foresee the bad Uses that may be made of almost every Line of his Poem? Or, if he does see them, is he entirely indolent and unconcerned?

L'attrait est general, l'homme, les animaux
The attraction is general, man, animals

Qui vivent dans les bois, dans les airs, dans les eaux,
Which live in the woods, in the air, in the waters,

Commencent par s'aimer d'une ardeur naturelle:
Begin by loving themselves with a natural passion:

Mais bien-tot cette ardeur devenant mutuelle,
But soon that passion becoming mutual,

Chaque sexe pour l'autre eprouve un feu commun,
Each sex for the other experiences a common flame,

Qui les reunissant des deux n'en forme qu'un.
Which them reuniting of two makes but one.

Et ce second amour un autre prend la place:
Of that second love another takes the place:

Ile

Ils transmettent leur sang, ils s'aiment dans leur race. 158

124 *They transmit their blood, they love themselves in their offspring.*

Les betes, les oiseaux, par cet amour pousses,
The beasts, the birds, by that love pushed on,

A servir leurs petits se montrent empresses;
To serve their young shew themselves forward;

La mere les nourrit, & plein de vigilance
The dam them nourishes, and full of watchfulness

Le pere prend sur lui le soin de leur defense. 162

126 *The sire takes upon himself the care of their defence.*

Sont-ils devenus grands, ces nourrissons si chers,
Are they grown great, these fosterlings so dear,

Ils courent habiter les bois, les champs, les airs;
They go off to inhabit the woods, the fields, the air;

L'instinct s'arrete alors, le pere, ni la mere
Instinct stops then, the sire, nor the dam

Ne reconnoissent plus cette troupe etrangere;
No more own that strange crew;

Si-tot qu'a leurs petits leurs soins sont superflus,
As soon as to their young their cares are unnecessary,

Les noeuds qui les lioient pour toujours sont rompus.

131 *The bands which ty'd them for ever are broken.*

Mais des tristes humains les maux & la foiblesse
But of sorrowful mankind the ills and the weakness

Une enfance sans force, une infirme vieillesse,
An infancy without strength, an infirm old age,

Leurs raports mutuels, leurs differens besoins,
Their mutual relations, their different needs,

Demandent plus d'egards, exigent plus de soins;
Demand more regards, require more cares;

Ces soins multiplies augmentent la tendresse;
Those cares multiply'd increase tenderness;

L'un a l'autre a l'envi se lie & s'interesse.
One to another with emulation binds and engages himself.

THESE are Truths about which there is no Disagreement, and of which this elegant Ac-

count cannot but be read with Pleaſure. Theſe are Paſſages which relieve the Attention, and charm the Mind of a good Man, who cannot but wiſh at the ſame time that he could be equally delighted with every other Part of the Compoſition.

La raiſon & le tems nous montrent chaque jour
Reaſon and time ſhew us every day

A reſſerrer encor les nœuds de cet amour.
To tie yet cloſer the knots of that affection.

Si le panchant au mal d'un cote nous incline,
If the bent to evil on one ſide us inclines,

De l'autre la raiſon au bien nous determine.
On the other reaſon to good us determines.

I AM glad to find Reaſon re-eſtabliſhed in her Rights, her Authority, and her Honours. Mr *Pope*, at length, conſents to acknowledge, that Man is capable of doing well or ill. He allows, that his Inclinations give him a Tendency to Ill: A Man who reſolves to act rationally, is to conſider the probable Effects of ſuch Paſſions, and divert his Attention from them to better Views.

BUT, upon this Head of Reaſon, it is not eaſy to clear Mr *Pope* from the Charge of Inconſiſtency. But is it not the eſtabliſhed Prerogative of Poets to contradict themſelves? Big with unbounded Deſigns, they treat of every Subject, and are hurried by the Enthuſiaſm of Poetry beyond the Limits of juſt Reaſon. Nor do they want the Examples of the greateſt Maſters of their Art, to plead in their Excuſe. *Homer* has given us, in very pompous Lines, a Deſcription of the Habitations of unhappy Souls, and has informed us of the great Difference between the Happineſs of living and the Miſery of being dead.

THE

THE modeſt and pious *Virgil* riſes, in one of his Paſtorals, to the moſt ſublime Theology, and, in another, ſinks into looſe and obſcene Ideas.

HORACE, that great Maſter of the Art of Poetry, treats of Morality with much juſter Notions than the Stoicks, and ſeems to write from his Heart; but, in other Places, appears a very groſs Epicurean, a mere Senſualiſt.

L'interet, ſeconde par les reflexions,
Intereſt, aſſiſted by reflections,
Fait naitre les vertus du ſein des paſſions.
Brings forth the virtues from the womb of the paſſions.

THAT is, the Paſſions are corrected, reſtrained, and firſt inclined towards Virtue by a Senſe of Intereſt. But from theſe Proſpects, which firſt excite their Attention, Men riſe to more pure Deſires, and more exalted Views; which, when they have once found the Value of them, they never forſake.

Des beſoins ſatisfaits nait la reconnoiſſance;
From wants ſupply'd grows gratitude;
A l'amour naturel ſe joint la bienveillance;
139 *To natural affection is join'd benevolence;*
Ces tendres ſentimens, gardes au fond du cœur,
Thoſe tender ſentiments, preſerv'd at bottom of the heart,
Des peres aux enfans tranſmettent leur douceur.
From fathers to children tranſmit their ſweetneſs.
A peine ces derniers en prennent l'habitude,
Hardly do theſe laſt of it take the habit,
Que deja leurs parens, dans la decrepitude,
When now their parents, in decrepitneſs,
Viennent leur demander, foibles & languiſſans,
Come to demand of them, feeble and languiſhing,
Les ſoins qu'ils ont pris d'eux dans leurs plus jeunes ans.
143 *The care which they had taken of them in their younger years.*

Nous rappellons alors le tems de notre enfance ;
We recal then the time of our infancy ;

L'eſprit dans l'avenir porte ſa prevoyance,
The mind into futurity carries its proſpect,

Et le fils a ſon pere accorde des ſecours,
And the ſon to his father affords the aſſiſtances,

Qu'il attend pour lui-meme a la fin de ſes jours.
Which he expects for himſelf at the end of his days.

Les ſervices reçus, joints a ceux qu'on eſpere,
The ſervices received, added to thoſe which we hope,

Sont ainſi des humains le lien ordinaire ;
Are thus of mankind the ordinary tie ;

Et de tous ces motifs le melange divers
And of all theſe motives the different combination

Les porte a concourir au bien de l'univers. 196
147 *Impells them to concur for the good of the univerſe.*

HERE again we have a confuſed Notion of the Univerſe, which recurs without neceſſity, and which the Imagination adopts by mere Habit.

Croyez-vous que ſorti des mains de la nature,
Think ye that come out of the hands of nature,

L'homme marchant ſans frein, erroit a l'avanture ?
Man marching without curb, wander'd at adventure ?

Dieu meme en cet etat etoit ſon conducteur, 140
God himſelf in that ſtate was his guide,

Eclairoit ſon eſprit, & dirigeoit ſon cœur ;
Enlightned his mind, and governed his heart ;

L'amour-propre reznoit, mais ſoumis & tranquille ;
Self-love reigned, but humble and quiet ;

Du bonheur mutuel il etoit le mobile.
Of mutual happineſs it was the moving cauſe.

Sans le ſecours des arts par l'orgueil inventes,
Without the help of arts by pride invented,

La nature etaloit ſes naives beautes. 145
Nature diſplay'd its native beauties.

Avec

Avec les animaux l'homme d'intelligence
With the brutes man in correſpondence

A l'ombre des forets vivoit en aſſurance;
In the ſhade of the foreſt lived in ſecurity;

On ne le voyoit point enſanglanter ſa main,
He was never ſeen to imbrue in blood his hand,

Pour defendre ſon corps du froid ou de la faim.
That he might defend his body from cold or from hunger.

La terre ſans travaux, ſans ſoins & ſans culture
The earth without labour, without care and without culture,

Leur donnoit meme lit & meme nourriture.
Them afforded the ſame bed and the ſame food.

L'homme & les animaux reuniſſant leurs voix
Man and beaſts uniting their voices

Pour louer leur auteur, s'aſſembloient dans les bois;
To praiſe their creator, aſſembled in the woods;

Ces bois etoient leur temple; un culte ſanguinaire
Theſe woods were their temple; a bloody worſhip

N'en deshonoroit point l'auguſte ſanctuaire.
Never diſhonour'd the magnificent ſanctuary.

L'or au ſein de la terre, ignore des mortels,
Gold in the boſom of the earth, unknown by mortals,

N'eclatoit point alors juſques ſur les autels;
Glitter'd not then even upon the altars;

Sans faſte, ſans eclat, le pretre irreprochable
Without pride, without pomp, the prieſt unblameable

Par ſes ſeules vertus s'y montroit reſpectable;
For his virtues alone there appeared venerable.

Le ciel gouvernoit tout en maitre univerſel,
Heaven govern'd all as univerſal maſter,

Et par tout ſignaloit ſon amour paternel.
And every where ſignalized its paternal love.

L'homme ſur la nature exerçoit ſon empire,
Man over nature exercis'd his ſway,

Pour y maintenir l'ordre, & non pour le detruire.
To eſtabliſh order therein, and not to deſtroy it.

IN the firſt and eighth Verſes of this Paragraph, we meet with the Word *Nature*, which we

we muſt neceſſarily take in two Senſes very different from each other, unleſs we allow Matter to be the only Original of Man. It were to be wiſh'd, that a Word of ſo uncertain an Import were leſs in Faſhion than it is. This Term, apply'd to Things ſo very different, is ſubject to more Cavils and Miſconſtructions, as it ſometimes gives a Writer an Occaſion to repreſent the Creation, or Work of Nature, as a Perſon, or active Being.

I SHALL not repeat the Remarks that I have already made upon the Imagination of this Writer from *ver.* 205 to 215. He ſpeaks of what paſſed in the earlieſt Ages of the World no leſs poſitively than an Eye-witneſs: But what he tells us is much leſs credible, conſider'd merely in itſelf, than the Account which *Moſes* hath given us.

BY this new Relation of a Religion common to Man and Beaſt, it is inſinuated, that, in thoſe happy Times, Man was reſtrained by no other Laws, nor practiſed any other Duties than the Brute Creation.

THEY are allowed by Mr *Pope* to have been directed by God: If they were directed by means of a Revelation, whence comes it to paſs that there are now no Traces of it remaining? Or if that which we receive be authentick and genuine, why is it treated by this Author with ſo much Contempt? If God guided Mankind by the Light of Reaſon, is it not in a high Degree criminal to debaſe that ſacred Light below the Inſtinct of the Brutes? But Mr *Pope* does not give himſelf the Trouble to review his Notions, or to make that Connection between them which he is fond of ſuppoſing between the Parts of the

the Univerſe: For when he adds that it was

---- Man's Prerogative to rule, but ſpare,

he evidently repreſents *Man* as the King of the Creation, and it was neceſſary that he ſhould be ſo, that he might keep the Brutes in Order and juſt Subordination *.

O! combien different, & de gouts & de mœurs,
Oh! how different, both in taſte and in manners,

L'homme degenera de ſes premiers auteurs!
Hath man degenerated from his firſt anceſtors!

Il remplit de terreur les airs, les mers, & la terre;
He has filled with terror the air, the ſeas, and the earth;

Aux foibles animaux il declara la guerre.
To weak animals he hath declared war.

Tantot leur meurtrier & tantot leur tombeau, 227
Now their murderer, and then their tomb,

Il ſe couvrit les yeux d'un coupable bandeau;
He has cover'd his eyes with a guilty veil;

Aux cris de la nature il devint inſenſible;
To the cries of nature he is become inſenſible;

Le ſang n'effraya plus ſon courage inflexible;
Blood has no more diſmay'd his undaunted courage;

Cruel aux animaux, injuſte pour les ſiens,
Cruel to brutes, unjuſt towards his kind,

Avec ſon innocence il perdit tous ſes biens. 232
With his innocence he has loſt all his bleſſings.

IN my former Examen I have ſpoken of the Right of Man to take away the Lives of other Animals,

---

* I cannot but ſtop to take Notice of the great Inequality between the Original of this Paragraph and the Verſion, tho' I hope the Reader prevents my Remarks by comparing them, which is the only Method of doing Juſtice both to the Author and Tranſlator.

Animals, which, however, does not extend to unneceſſary Cruelty. I have treated likewiſe of Sacrifices.

De ce luxe effrené l'affreuſe tyrannie
Of that unbridled luxury the horrid tyranny

Par un juſte retour fut auſſi-tôt punie:
By a juſt recompenſe was ſoon puniſhed.

La fievre, la douleur, une foule de maux
The fever, pain, a crowd of ills

Sortirent a l'envi du ſang des animaux.
Burſt forth thronging from the blood of animals.

De ce ſang etranger la fougue impetueuſe
Of that ſtrange blood the violent tranſport

Mit dans les paſſions une ardeur furieuſe.
Begot in the paſſions an unruly heat.

THAT Diſeaſes ariſe from a moderate Uſe of animal Food, is not eaſily made appear; Men bring them upon themſelves by Intemperance.

Et, malgre ſes remords, dans le crime affermi
And, ſpite of his remorſe, harden'd in crimes

L'homme trouva dans l'homme un farouche ennemi. 240
369 *Man has found in man a fierce enemy.*

Is this Remorſe, by which Men are witheld from a confirmed State of Wickedneſs, contrary to Reaſon? Mr *Pope* will tell us, hereafter, that it is contrary to Reaſon to ſuppoſe the Supreme Being otherwiſe than ſupremely good *.

La nature indignee alors ſe fit entendre;
Nature indignant then made herſelf be heard;

Va

* This Remorſe is only mentioned by the Tranſlator.

'Va, malheureux mortel, va, lui dit-elle, apprendre,
'*Go, wretched mortal, go, ſays ſhe to him; to learn,*

'Des plus vils animaux, l'induſtrie & les ſoins
'*From the vileſt animals, the induſtry and the cares*

'Qu' exigent ta foibleſſe & tes divers beſoins.
'*Which thy weakneſs and thy various neceſſities require.*

'Va parcourir les bois; que les oiſeaux t'inſtruiſent,
'*Go ſearch the woods; let the birds inſtruct thee,*

'Et te montrent les fruits que les buiſſons produiſent.
'*And ſhew thee the fruits which the buſhes produce.*

'Obſerve dans les champs les pas des animaux,
'*Obſerve in the fields the ſteps of animals,*

'Leur inſtinct t'apprendra l' art de guerir tes maux.
'*Their inſtinct will teach thee the art to cure thy ills.*

'Voudrois-tu des ſaiſons braver l'intemperie?
'*Would'ſt thou of the ſeaſons defy the intemperature?*

'De l' abeille en ſa ruche imite l' induſtrie.
'*Of the bee in her hive imitate the induſtry.*

'Que la taupe t'aprenne a labourer les champs;
'*Let the mole teach thee to till the fields;*

'Que l'exemple du ver forme des tiſſerans:
177 '*Let the example of a worm train up weavers;*

'Vois-tu le nautilus ſans rame, ſans bouſſole,
'*Seeſt thou the nautilus without oar, without compaſs,*

'Sur le vaſte ocean conduire ſa gondole?
'*On the vaſt ocean ſteer his boat?*

'Qu'il te montre a voguer ſur l'humide element;
'*Let him ſhew thee to row upon the wat'ry element,*

'A maitriſer les flots, a profiter du vent.
'*To conquer the waves, to take advantage of the wind.*

'Ici les animaux, par des regles certaines,
'*Here animals, by certain rules,*

'Conſtruiſent avec art des cites ſouterraines;
'*Erect with art ſubterranean cities;*

'La batiſſant en l'air, ſur des arbres flottans,
'*There building in the air, upon waving trees,*

'Ils ſçavent ſe parer des injures du tems.
'*They know to guard off the injuries of the ſeaſon.*

252

'De

' De leurs ſocietes les differentes formes
' *Of their ſocieties the different forms*

' Toujours a leurs beſoins te paroitront conformes,
' *Always to their neceſſities will appear to thee adapted,*

' T' apprendront, mais trop tard, quelles heureuſes loix
Will teach thee, tho' too late, what happy laws

' Font la felicite des peuples & des rois. 264
184 ' *Make the felicity of nations and kings.*

' Tu vois de la fourmi la ſage republique ;
' *Thou ſeeſt of the piſmire the wiſe republick ;*

' L'abeille offre a tes yeux un etat monarchique :
' *The bee offers to thine eyes a monarchical ſtate :*

' Compare leur genie & leur gouvernment ;
' *Compare their genius and their government ;*

' L'une pour le public toujours en mouvement,
' *The one for the publick always in motion,*

' Enrichiſſant les ſiens, elle-meme enrichie,
' *Enriching her own, herſelf enriched,*

' Poſſede l'art d'unir l'ordre avec l'anarchie :
' *Poſſeſſes the art of uniting order with anarchy ;*

' L'autre, quoique ſoumiſe aux volontes d'un roi,
' *The other, though ſubject to the will of a king,*

' N'en eſt pas moins heureuſe & moins libre chez ſoi ;
' *Is no leſs happy or leſs free at home ;*

' Contente dans le fond de ſa chere cellule,
' *Content in the depth of her beloved cell,*

' Elle jouit en paix des biens qu'elle accumule.
' *She enjoys in peace the good things which ſhe heaps up.*

' Grave dans ton eſprit les immuables loix,
' *Engrave in thy mind the immutable laws,*

' Qui mettent a couvert leur etat & leurs droits ;
' *Which ſet in ſecurity their eſtate and their rights ;*

' Loix, qui de la nature ont les ſceaux reſpectables,
' *Laws, which of nature have the venerable ſeals,*

' Loix que l'arret du ciel rendit irrevocables. 278
191 ' *Laws which the ordinance of heaven hath made irrevocable.*

' Ta frivole raiſon, pour regler les humains,
' *Thy trifling reaſon, to regulate mankind,*

' En vain multiplira ſes decrets *incertains*,
' *In vain will multiply its* dubious *ſtatutes,*

' En

'En vain contre la fraude armera la juſtice,
'*In vain againſt fraud will arm juſtice,*

'Tu verras ſous ſon nom triompher la malice;
'*Thou wilt ſee under its name malice triumphant;*

'Et victime des loix & de ſon defenſeur
'*And the victim of the laws and of his own advocate*

'Le pauvre ſuccomber ſous le riche oppreſſeur. 284
'*The poor man to ſink under the rich eppreſſor.*

'Va, cependant, mortel, ſans loix, ſans regles ſures,
'*Go, notwithſtanding, mortal, without laws, without ſure rules,*

'Va ſoumettre a ton joug toutes les creatures;
'*Go ſubject to thy yoke all the creatures;*

'Et que le plus habile, attirant tout a lui,
'*And let the moſt accompliſh'd, engaging all to himſelf,*

'Commande a ſes egaux, & leur ſerve d'appui;
'*Command over his equals, and ſerve them for a defence;*

'Que ſachant adoucir leurs mœurs encor ſauvages,
'*Let him who knows to ſoften their yet ſavage manners,*

'En leur portant des arts les divins advantages,
'*By bringing among them of arts the divine accompliſhments,*

'Il ſoit, par les bienfaits que repand ſa bonte,
'*Let him be, for the benefits which his goodneſs diſpenſes,*

'Obei comme un roi, comme un Dieu reſpecte. 292
'*Obey'd as a king, as a God reverenced.*

ARE we by the *Voice of Nature* to underſtand in this Place the Voice of its Author? Had Man, whoſe *Prerogative* extended thro' the whole Creation, hitherto been ſo void of Reaſon as not to have diſcovered any Way of ſupplying ſuch preſſing Neceſſities? If by *Nature* he means here only the Objects that ſurround us, when Nature in this Senſe is ſaid to ſpeak, it is by the Aſſiſtance of the Voice of Man, as on this Occaſion ſhe has made uſe of Mr *Pope's*, and her Precepts

are

are nothing more than the Reflections that riſe at the Sight of thoſe Objects, by which Man inſtructs himſelf.

UPON the Inſufficiency of theſe pretended Inſtructions, which we receive from the Brute Creation, I have already made my Obſervations, and ſhewn upon what weak Foundations the Author raiſed this Romantic Structure.

Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate,

are doubtleſs excellent Inſtructions, but they do not ſecure the *Monarchy of Bees* from a great Number of Accidents. They do not preſerve their Proviſions without putting to Death, with the moſt unpitying Cruelty, the moſt laborious of theſe Inhabitants that aſſiſted in collecting them: So that nothing can be more unreaſonable than for them to harangue upon the Inſufficiency of human Laws to protect one Part of Mankind from the Oppreſſion of the other.

Par ces mots la nature excita l'induſtrie,
By theſe words nature excited induſtry,

Et de l'homme feroce enchaina la furie.
And of fierce man chained up the fury.

On vit, de toutes parts, s'elever des cites,
There were ſeen, on all ſides, cities ariſe,

Et les mortels s'unir par des ſocietes.
And mortals join themſelves in ſocieties.

SUCH an Oration as the foregoing, and the Effects here ſuppoſed to be produced by it, would make no diſagreeable Scene in an Opera.

D'un etat commençant la police nouvelle
Of a riſing ſtate the new policy

Aux peuples ſes voiſins ſert bien-tot de modelle;
To people its neighbours ſerves quickly for a model;

Et

Et tous deux a l'envi s'augmentant chaque jour,
And both striving in growth every day,

Ils s'uniſſent entr'eux par crainte ou par amour. 300
303 *They united together thro' fear or thro' love.*

L'un offre-t-il aux yeux l'agreable, & l'utile?
Does one offer to ſight the agreeable, and the uſeful?

Le ſoleil y rend-il la terre plus fertile?
Does the ſun there render the earth more fruitful?

L'autre eſt-il arroſé de paiſibles ruiſſeaux?
Is another water'd with gentle ſtreams?

Voit-on dans ſes vallons abonder les troupeaux?
Do you ſee in its valleys abound flocks?

Chacun d'eux, attire par cette douce amorce,
Each of them, allured by that pleaſing bait,

Contre l'etat voiſin veut employer la force.
Againſt the neighbouring ſtate, reſolves to employ force.

Le jour de la raiſon leur defile les yeux,
The light of reaſon uncloſes their eyes,

Et bannit de leur cœur ces tranſports odieux.
And baniſhes from their heart theſe malicious paſſions.

REASON might formerly produce the ſame Conſequences as we ſee it produce in our Time. When I read Mr *Pope*'s Diſcourſes upon Reaſon, I cannot help thinking that I am looking at the Sky in thoſe variable Days of the Spring, in which the Sun is one Moment hidden by the Clouds, and another ſhining out in full Brightneſs.

Ce qu'ils alloient ravir par la force des armes
What they went about to raviſh by force of arms,

Ils l'obtiennent bien-tot ſans combat, ſans allarmes.
They obtain ſoon without fighting, without alarms.

D'un commerce regle les retours aſſures
Of a regulated commerce the ſure returns

Leur apportent chez eux ces biens ſi deſires. 312
307 *Bring home to them thoſe commodities ſo deſired.*

L'intere

L'interet ſatisfait, la paix eſt retablie ;
Intereſt ſatisfy'd, peace is re-eſtabliſhed ;

Chacun a ſon voiſin de plus en plus ſe lie.
Each to his neighbour more and more ties himſelf.

Dans ces jours, ou regnoient les mœurs, la bonne foi,
In thoſe days, when morals reigned, plain dealing,

Ou la pure nature, etoit l'unique loi ;
Or pure nature, was the ſole law ;

Ou le cœur s'exprimant ſans art, & ſans contrainte,
When the heart expreſſing itſelf without art, and without conſtraint,

Decouvroit ſon amour & ſans honte & ſans feinte ;
Diſcover'd its love without ſhame and without diſguiſe ;

Dans ces jours fortunes l'union & la paix
In thoſe fortunate times union and peace

Avoient pour les humains d'invincibles attraits. 320
209 *Had for mankind invincible attractives.*

Les villes, les etats prirent ainſi naiſſance.
Cities, ſtates thus took birth.

Arbitre de ſon ſort, & dans l'independance,
Diſpoſer of his fortune, and independent,

L'homme ignoroit encor ce pouvoir redoute,
Man knew not yet that formidable power,

Qui dans les mains d'un ſeul place l'autorite. 324
211 *Which in the hands of one alone places authority.*

Mais bien-tot ce pouvoir devenant neceſſaire,
But ſoon that power becoming neceſſary,

On chercha dans un roi moins un maitre qu'un pere.
They ſought in a king leſs a maſter than a father.

Un mortel genereux, par ſes ſoins, ſa valeur,
Did a generous mortal, by his cares, his valour,

Du public, qu'il aimoit, faiſoit-il le bonheur ?
Of the public, which he loved, procure the happineſs ?

Admiroit-on en lui les qualites aimables ;
Did they admire in him the amiable qualities

Qui rendent aux enfans les peres reſpectables ?
Which render to children fathers venerable ?

Il commandoit ſur tous, il leur donnoit la loi,
He commanded over all, he gave them law,

Et le pere du peuple en devenoit le roy. 332
215 *And the father of the people became their king.*

MR *Pope* in theſe Lines attempts to give an Account of the Original of good and happy Governments, and ſucceeds in his Deſign; for his Poetical Vein makes him equal to any thing. He takes the Liberty of ſuppoſing ſuch Facts as are moſt agreeable to his Scheme.

Juſqu'a ce tems fatal, ſeul reconnu pour maitre,
Till that fatal period, alone acknowledg'd for maſter,

Tout patriarche etoit le monarque, le pretre,
Every patriarch was monarch, prieſt,

Le pere de l'etat qui ſe formoit ſous lui;
Father of the ſtate which was formed under him;

Ses peuples apres Dieu n'avoient point d'autre appui;
His people under God had no other ſupport;

Ses yeux etoient leurs loix, ſa bouche leur oracle;
His eyes were their laws, his mouth their oracle;

Jamais ſes volontes ne trouverent d'obſtacle.
Never did his will find reſiſtance.

De leur bonheur commun il devint l'inſtrument;
Of their common welfare he became the inſtrument;

Du ſillon etonne ſortit leur aliment;
From the wond'ring furrow he drew forth their food;

Il leur porta les arts, leur apprit a reduire
He brought them arts, taught them to reduce

Le feu, l'air & les eaux aux loix de leur empire;
Fire, air and waters under the laws of their empire;

Fit tomber a leurs pieds les habitans des airs,
Made to tumble at their feet the inhabitants of the air,

Et tira les poiſſons de l'abime des mers. 344
223 *And drew the fiſhes from the abyſs of the ſeas.*

THIS Paragraph is not to be conſidered as a Continuation of the Account compriſed in the foregoing Lines. This would be a great Error in

in Chronology; regal Authority was not ſucceeded by patriarchal, but patriarchal by regal.*

PERHAPS alſo Men were not ſo generally or ſo firmly eſtabliſhed as Mr *Pope* pleaſes himſelf in ſuppoſing. The Sons of the ſame Father are often obſerved to incline each to his different Humour; Private Intereſt often outweighs the Publick Good, and Men every Day proſecute it by the Breach of thoſe Laws to which they have conſented. Children, as well as older Perſons, find it eaſy to believe what they wiſh to be true, and prevail upon themſelves to believe that the ſupreme Being will never take an Account of their Irregularities, or puniſh them tho' they perſevere in Diſobedience.

THE Original of Arts is aſcrib'd in this Paragraph, not, as before, to the Example of the Beaſts, but to the Inſtructions of the Patriarchs, who have taught their Poſterity to hunt and fiſh.

Lorſqu'enfin, abbatu ſous le poids des annees,
When at length, drooping under the weight of years,

Il s'eteint, & finit ſes longues deſtinees,
He deceaſes, and finiſhes his tedious fate,

Cet homme, comme un Dieu ſi long-tems honore,
This man, as a God ſo long time honoured,

Comme un foible mortel par les ſiens eſt pleure. 348
As a frail mortal by his people is lamented.

Jaloux d'en conſerver les traits, & la figure,
Fond to preſerve his lineaments, and ſhape,

Leur

* This is one of the Criticiſms for which there is no Foundation, either in the Original or Tranſlation; for nothing is advanc'd in either, but that, before Kings became neceſſary, each Father was the Legiſlator of his own Family.

Leur zele induſtrieux inventa la peinture.
Their induſtrious zeal invented painting.

Leurs neveux, attentifs a ces hommes fameux,
Their poſterity, mindful of thoſe famous men,

Qui par le droit du ſang avoient regne ſur eux,
Who by right of blood had reigned over them,

Trouvent-ils dans leur ſuite un grand, un premier pere;
Find out in their ſucceſſion one great, one firſt father;

Leur aveugle reſpect l'adore & le revere.
Their blind reſpect him adores and him reverences.

ACCORDING to Mr *Pope*, the Deſcendants of a Patriarch, equally aſtoniſhed and afflicted at his Death, invented Painting to perpetuate his Memory; then, gazing on his Picture, they by degrees imagine that he is preſent; they addreſs their Diſcourſe to him, invoke his Aſſiſtance, and at laſt receive him for their Divinity.*

By all this I am confirmed in my Opinion, that there is a wide Difference between Hiſtory and Poetry. The earlieſt Funeral Monuments were nothing more than plain Columns; Painting

* To comment on a Tranſlation is a very adventurous Task: The Invention of Painting, aſcribed to the Piety of the Poſterity of the firſt Patriarchs, is an Addition by the Tranſlator. But Mr *Crouſaz* has notoriouſly miſinterpreted the Tranſlation itſelf, in which there is no mention of divine Honours paid to the Picture or to the Perſon repreſented. Men are ſaid, by the *Engliſh* Poet, to have been awaken'd, by the Death of the Patriarch, to Reflections upon his Original, and to have advanced upwards from Father to Father, that is, from Cauſe to Cauſe, till their Enquiries terminated in one original Father, one firſt, independent, uncreated Cauſe. This Account is ſo clear, that nothing but extreme Careleſsneſs could have miſtaken it.

ing was the Invention of later Ages.

Mr *Pope* in the following Verſes recollects, that an antient Tradition, ſupported by Reaſon, had taught Men to acknowledge the great Creator, who had given Being to the Univerſe, for the Maſter and Governor of it, and that this retarded the Progreſs of Idolatry.

Cependant la raiſon venant leur retracer
Nevertheleſs reaſon coming to remind them

Que la terre & les cieux avoient du commencer,
That the earth and the heavens muſt have had a beginning,

Ce principe certain, conſerve d'age en age,
That certain principle, preſerv'd from age to age,

Apprit a diſtinguer l'ouvrier de l'ouvrage;
Taught to diſtinguiſh the worker from the work;

Mais un ſeul ouvrier, ſans egal, ſans adjoint:
But one ſole worker, without equal, without aſſiſtant:

En admettre plus d'un, c'eſt n'en admettre point.
To admit more than one, is to admit none at all.

Avant que l'eſprit faux, rebelle a la lumiere,
Before falſe wit, rebel to the light,

De ce dogme conſtant eut franchi la barriere,
Of that fixed article had leap'd the barrier,

L'homme uſoit des preſens dont le ciel eſt l'auteur,
Man uſed the gifts of which heaven is the author,

Sans jamais y trouver un piege ſeducteur.
Without ever finding in them a deceitful ſnare.

Loin de regarder Dieu comme un maitre ſevere,
Far from regarding God as a ſevere maſter,

Il le voyoit toujours ſous l'image d'un pere;
He viewed him always under the image of a father;

L'amour de ſes devoirs etoit ſa ſeule loi,
The love of his duty was his ſole law,

Et par ce ſeul amour il lui marquoit ſa foi.
And by that love alone he meaſured out his faith.

Le droit divin etoit le droit de la nature;
Right divine was the right of nature;

B

Il preſentoit a tous une lumiere pure,
It offered to all a pure light.

De l'etre ſouverain ils n'aprehendoient rien ;
Of the ſovereign being they ſtood in no fear ;

Ils ne voyoient en lui que le ſouverain bien.
They regarded him only as the ſovereign good.

Ces deux puiſſans reſſorts, la foi, la politique,
Theſe two potent ſprings, faith, policy,

Rouloient egalement ſur un principe unique ;
Rolled equally on one ſole principle ;

Elles avoient pour but, d'unir dans notre cœur
They had for end, to unite in our heart

A l'amour des humains l'amour du createur. 376
241 *With the love of mankind the love of the creator.*

IN this Manner Men ought to live, and in this Manner good Men undoubtedly lived. The Bad made probably a Party by themſelves, and, that they might be out of the Way of Moleſtation, conveyed themſelves to other Habitations, and left their Cenſurers to talk without condeſcending to hear them, or giving themſelves any Concern about their Admonitions.

Quel barbare mortel a des ames eſclaves,
What barbarous mortal to ſouls enſlaved,

A des peuples captifs dans de dures entraves
To nations captive in hard ſhackles

Enſeigna le premier, malgre l'ordre commun,
Taught firſt, in ſpite of the common order,

Que tous en general n'etoient faits que pour un ?
That all in general were made but for one ?

Enorme opinion ! exception cruelle
Enormous opinion ! cruel exception

Aux points les plus precis de la loi naturelle !
To points the moſt expreſs of the law of nature !

Tu renverſes le monde, aneantis les loix,
Thou inverteſt the world, annihilateſt laws,

Enfantes les tyrans, & degrades les rois. 340
Bringeſt forth tyrants, and degradeſt kings. *

THERE are few Men who do not indulge their own particular Humours, of which there is ſo great a Variety, that it is impoſſible that all Men ſhould be ſatisfied. Subjects are for this Reaſon uneaſy in their Minds, and diſcontented with their Condition; in time they inquire into the Cauſe of their own Diſquiet, and begin to ſuſpect their Governors, at firſt without daring to tell their Sentiments; at length they venture to ſpeak out, and, if they find others of their Mind, make no ſcruple of cenſuring them openly. Proud and envious Tempers take Advantage of theſe Diſpoſitions, join in the Complaints of Oppreſſion and Reſtraint, and ſet the Charms of Liberty in the ſtrongeſt Light; and when they have once engaged their Adherents by theſe Arts to an Inſurrection, leave them no other Happineſs than that of being the blind Inſtruments of their Maſter's Will, in whom they expected a Protector and Deliverer.

De la fureur aveugle a l'injuſtice unie,
Of blind rage with injuſtice united,

Dans le trouble & l'horreur, naquit la tyrannie.
In trouble and horror was born tyranny.

Bien-tot, pour affermir ſa domination,
Soon after to eſtabliſh her empire,

Avec elle parut la ſuperſtition;
With her appeared ſuperſtition;

La

* The laſt Line of this Paſſage I cannot underſtand; how can Kings be degraded by the Suppoſition that whole Nations were made for them?

La cruelle, employant ſon zele fanatique,
Cruel ſhe, making uſe of her fanatic zeal,
S'etendit a l'abri du pouvoir deſpotique.
Spread under the ſhelter of deſpotic power.

PRIDE inſinuates itſelf into the Hearts of thoſe who ſerve at the Altar, with no leſs Eaſe than into thoſe of other Men, and is not leſs encouraged and ſupported by Self-love. Theſe Perſons look upon themſelves as diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the World, and imagine that they have a Right to the Veneration of Mankind on account of their Relation to the Divinity. Such Notions as theſe incline them to lend their Aſſiſtance to the Support of Arbitrary Power, with a Proſpect of being ſupported by it. And the more to gain the People, they recommend ſuch a Religion as ſuits their Taſte and their Temper, a Religion ceremonious, and full of exterior Solemnity, but not ſeverely ſtrict with regard to moral Duties. The Divinity is ſerved, like a Grandee, with Pomp and Show, and great Regularity of external Worſhip. Such Prejudices as theſe brought in Idolatry as their natural Conſequence. Great Men require ſuch a Reſpect as may keep their Inferiors at a Diſtance, and govern them by the Intervention of inferior Officers. It was anciently, and ſtill continues to be, too much the Cuſtom of Mankind to judge of the Deity by themſelves. Ignorance of Nature made them conceive Intelligences, each of which had his peculiar Province allotted him. They did not ſtop here. The Univerſe is an Aſſemblage, a Collection conſiſting of a Multitude of different Parts. It contains Men of warlike and peaceable Diſpoſitions, Men of ſanguinary

and fiery, as well as of compaſſionate and moderate Tempers: All theſe Mixtures were proper, that the Whole might be compleat, and that the Creator might behold in his Work a Variety more proportion'd to the Extent of his Power. They fancied that each Claſs of Men, as diſtinguiſhed by their various Inclinations, had a peculiar Deity preſiding over them. To this Notion did *Mars* and *Bellona*, *Bacchus* and *Venus*, owe their Worſhip and their Adorers. There was no Danger that the Worſhip of the Gods, eſtabliſhed upon this Principle, could ever fall to the Ground; in ſuch a Variety of Tempers every Man had his Patron, his favourite Deity, and juſtified all his Conduct by the Example of his darling God; as his God was unanſwerably vindicated by the Notion of a Deſtiny, to which every Being was inevitably ſubject. Such is the Philoſophy and the Divinity of a corrupted Heart. The Original and Progreſs of Idolatry, of which I have here diſcovered the interior Cauſes in the Inclinations of the Heart of Man, are deſcrib'd in the following Lines.

Erigea lachement les conquerans en Dieux,
Erected baſely conquerors into Gods,

Et courba leurs ſujets ſous un joug odieux,
And bow'd their ſubjects under a hateful yoke.

Elle les aſſervit aux plus folles chimeres,
She them ſubjected to the moſt fooliſh chimeras,

Fabriqua de ſes mains des Dieux imaginaires,
Framed with her own hands imaginary Gods,

Dieux foibles, Dieux changeans, injuſtes, emportes,
Gods weak, Gods fickle, unjuſt, haſty,

Jouets des paſſions, amis des voluptes;
The ſports of paſſions, friends of pleaſures;

Formes

Formes par les tyrans, ils en eurent les vices,
Made by tyrants, they took their vices,

Et de leurs noirs forfaits devinrent les complices. 398
269 *And of their black crimes became the accomplices.*

A Man made a God is a wild Paradox, but, aſtoniſhing and incredible as it appears, there is no room for doubting of it. Hiſtory, both ſacred and profane, gives us too many Examples of this Madneſs. Theſe Deifications were countenanced by the Syſtem of ſubaltern Divinities: Conquerors, from conſidering themſelves as the Favourites of the Gods, began in Time to think themſelves their Aſſociates. The conquer'd Nations, whatever Reaſons they might have to hate their new Maſters, yet, for the ſake of avoiding Evils which they thought greater, carried their Submiſſion ſo far, as to pretend to believe of their Conquerors what they were very far from thinking in reality, and conſented that their Children ſhould be brought up in thoſe ſalutary Notions, upon which their Eaſe and Proſperity ſo much depended. Upon theſe Principles, the Love of Quiet, and Regard to Intereſt, *Mahometaniſm* has eſtabliſhed itſelf.

L'amour-propre effrene voulut tout envahir;
Self-love unbridled would all uſurp;

Du juſte & de l'injuſte habile a ſe ſervir,
Of juſt and unjuſt prompt to ſerve itſelf,

Il ſoumit ſes egaux a des loix arbitraires,
It ſubjected its equals to arbitrary laws,

Fit valoir pour lui ſeul des droits imaginaires,
Made the moſt uſe for itſelf alone of rights imaginary,

S'empara des honneurs, des biens & des plaiſirs,
Laid hold on honours, wealth and pleaſures,

Et ſe crut tout permis pour flater ſes deſirs. 404
271 *And thought itſelf allow'd every thing to flatter its deſires.*

THE Mind of Man is formed for a Felicity infinitely ſuperior to all the Satisfactions which this World can afford; but, inſtead of ſearching after untaſted Happineſs, Men imagine that, by adding one Enjoyment to another, they ſhall arrive at length at perfect Happineſs. When a Man has once fixed his chief Satisfaction in the Pleaſure of ſeeing himſelf Maſter of others, there is no Sort of Tyranny which he does not think himſelf at Liberty to exerciſe. This is the fatal Prejudice, in which Flatterers make it their Practice to confirm thoſe whom it is the Intereſt of Mankind to awaken from it. The Confuſions of Anarchy, and the Calamities of Civil Wars, have given Occaſion to ſome Men, not very ſcrupulous in their Morals or Religion, to exhauſt their Abilities in reducing Tyranny to a Syſtem, and ſupporting Arbitrary Power with a Shew of Reaſon.

Mais ce meme amour-propre eſt la premiere cauſe
But this very ſelf-love is the chief cauſe

Des digues qu'a ſon cours la politique oppoſe.
Of the reſtraints which to its courſe government oppoſes.

Si l'objet, que je cherche avec empreſſement,
If the object, which I ſeek with eagerneſs,

Les autres comme moi l'aiment uniquement,
Others as well as I love entirely,

D'un bien dont cent rivaux veulent la jouiſſance,
Of a good whereof a hundred rivals wiſh the enjoyment,

Je voudrois vainement flater mon eſperance;
I ſhould wainly flatter my hope;

Des prieres, des pleurs, un impuiſſant courroux,
Prayers, tears, an impotent anger,

Pourront-ils me ſauver de leurs efforts jaloux?
Will they be able to ſave me from their jealous efforts?

Au defaut de la force une coupable adreſſe,
In default of ſtrength a culpable dexterity,

Pour enlever mes biens, emploira la fineſſe. 414
277 *To rob me of my goods, will make uſe of cunning.*

Ainſi la raiſon veut que, pour ma ſurete,
Therefore reaſon wills that, for my ſecurity,

Je ſouffre que la loi gene ma liberte. 416
278 *I ſuffer that the law ſhou'd reſtrain my liberty.*

IT is to no purpoſe to decry Reaſon; we muſt have recourſe to it at laſt, as the only Source of our Happineſs.

L'interet eſt egal, alors chacun conſpire
The intereſt is equal, then each agrees

A garder de concert ce que chacun deſire. 418
279 *To guard in concert what each deſires.*

Pour leur propre avantage a la vertu forces
For their own advantage to virtue forced

Les rois, meme les rois, furent intereſſes
Kings, even kings, were engaged

A regner par douceur, & non par violence,
To rule by gentleneſs, and not by violence,

A regler les deſirs de l'avide puiſſance; 422
281 *To regulate the deſires of greedy power;*

Et l'amour propre fit un habile trafic
And ſelf-love ſet up a cunning traffick

Du bien particulier contre le bien public. 424
283 *Of private good againſt public good.*

THERE is a great deal of Artifice in this Commerce; it were to be wiſhed that it were carried on with leſs Cunning, and more Honeſty. This is a Commerce in which every Man endeavours to be a Gainer, and for that End cheats as much as he can. The *general Good* is the pretended Motive, but *private Good* the real Incentive.

He gratifies himſelf moſt, who moſt ſkilfully conceals his real Views.

IF I am prevailed on by my Intereſt to promiſe another not to oppoſe him, I ſhall keep my Word as long as my Intereſt determines me to Fidelity, and if our Circumſtances are ſuch that there is no Danger of being convicted of a Breach of Promiſe, I ſhall have no Regard to any thing but my own Convenience. But if I ſincerely love God as I ought, in the higheſt Degree; if I conſider it as one of the Duties of that unbounded Gratitude which I owe to him, to love Mankind as his Work, as Creatures of the ſame Order with myſelf, honour'd by their Creator with the ſame Regard, and equally called by his Grace to acknowledge him as their Father; if, under a Senſe of God's perpetual Preſence and Inſpection, I look upon every Man as my Brother, I ſhall be very far from making my Duty a Sacrifice to my Advantage, for I ſhall conſider it as my great Intereſt to love them ſincerely, and to do them all the Good in my Power.

Alors le ciel forma des hommes magnanimes,
Then heaven form'd men of great ſouls,

Poetes, orateurs, philoſophes ſublimes;
Poets, orators, ſublime philoſophers;

Les uns pleins de reſpect pour la divinite,
Some full of veneration for the divinity,

Les autres par amour de la ſociete,
Others through love of the community,

Trouverent cette foi, cette morale pure,
Found out that faith, that pure moral,

Que leurs premiers auteurs tenoient de la nature. 430
227 *Which their firſt authors held from nature.*

Ils

Ils marcherent au feu de ſon ancien flambeau
They walked by the light of its ancient torch,

Trop ſages pour vouloir en chercher un nouveau ;
Too wiſe to deſire to ſeek a new ;

Cherchant du createur a retablir l'ouvrage,
Endeavouring of the creator to reſtore the work,

Ils tracerent l'ombre au defaut de l'image. 434
289 *They drew the ſhadow inſtead of the image.*

'Twas THEN *one ſtudious Head*, &c.

IT is no eaſy Matter to gueſs what Period of Time Mr *Pope* intends to mark out by *then* ; was it after that Age in which

Ev'n Kings learn'd Juſtice and Benevolence?

But the Eſtabliſhment of Societies is more ancient, and is aſcribed both by Poets and Hiſtorians, to thoſe extraordinary Perſons that appeared according to our Author, after Self-love had been circumſcribed within its proper Limits.

IN Verſe 430 [287 of the Original] the Word *Nature* occurs again. Mr *Pope* ſeems either to be in Pain, or out of Countenance, at the Mention of God in expreſs Terms, and rather chuſes to veil his Thought in dark and ambiguous Language.

WAS this *Nature* from whom the Ancients received their Morality the Corporeal World ? Or rather Revelation and Inſpiration from above ? Did it conſiſt in clear Ideas, and Conſequences evidently reſulting from them ? Or is this Name to be given to the firſt Inclinations of animal Nature ?

THE Men of whom Mr *Pope* ſpeaks, were too wiſe not to wiſh for new Light. The Want of it was obvious to the great *Socrates*. The In-

ſufficiency of natural Light is evident by Experience, and thoſe who profeſs to deſire no other give every Day new Proofs of it. They would be aſhamed to make tryal of the Direction given them by our bleſſed Saviour: *He who ſhall deſire to do the Will of him who hath ſent me, ſhall know whether I teach Men on his Behalf, or only ſpeak to them of my own Head.* John vii. 16, 17.

On dut a leurs avis ces ſalutaires loix,
We owe to their counſel thoſe wholeſome laws,
Qui reglent le devoir des ſujets & des rois;
Which regulate the duty of ſubjects and of kings;
Ils leur apprirent l'art d'uſer leur puiſſance,
They taught theſe the art of uſing their power,
Et ſans trop de rigueur, & ſans trop d' indolence;
Both without too much rigour, and without too much indolence;
Malgre l'ordre inegal & des biens & des rangs,
Notwithſtanding the unequal diſpoſition both of wealth and of places,
Ils lierent entr'eux les petits & les grands.
They united among themſelves the little and the great.
Un ſeul eſt opprime; des rapports infaillibles
An individual is oppreſſed; the relation inviolable
Rendent a ſon malheur tous les autres ſenſibles.
Renders of his misfortune all the others ſenſible.
D'un deſordre apparent vint un ordre reel;
From ſeeming diſorder came real order;
Des divers interets le choc continuel
Of different intereſts the continual jarring
Produiſit de ſoi-meme un concert agreable,
Produced from itſelf an agreeable harmony,
Et l'etat prit enfin une forme durable. 446
And the ſtate took at length a laſting form.
Tel eſt de l'univers l'harmonieux accord,
Such is of the univerſe the harmonious accord,
Ou, par leur union, par leur commun effort,
Where, by their union, by their joint effort,
Dans un ordre conſtant, les differentes cauſes
In a conſtant order, different cauſes
Aux deſſeins du tres-haut ramenent toutes choſes.
To the purpoſes of the moſt high bring all things.

Sans

Sans pouvoir ſe ſouſtraire a ſes preſſantes loix,
Without power to retreat from his coercive laws,

Homme, anges, animaux, maitres, eſclaves, rois,
Man, angels, animals, maſters, ſervants, kings,

Courent au meme but d'une viteſſe egale,
Tend to the ſame point with ſwiftneſs equal,

Et ſervent de concert a la fin generale. 454
303 *And help in concert towards the general end,*

To pretend that all created Beings tend to the ſame End with equal Swiftneſs, is to confound Phyſicks and Morality. Theſe Notions, which recur very often in this Author, may be abuſed to a very enormous End. For if there be a mutual Influence and Dependance between the different Parts of the Univerſe, if a Man be only moved in conſequence of ſome Operation of external Agents, if no ſingle Part acts or ſuffers any thing but what contributes to the Advantage of the Whole, every Man who intereſts himſelf in the general Good muſt, at the Cloſe of every Day, however ſpent, review all his Actions with Satisfaction, becauſe he has done nothing which has not promoted the general Intereſt of the Univerſe, or which the Perfection of the Whole, or the Connection of its Parts, did not make neceſſary.

Que les ſpeculatifs recherchent follement
Let the theoriſts inquire fooliſhly

Quel plan eſt le meilleur pour le gouvernment;
What plan is the beſt for government;

Tel qu'il ſoit le meilleur, c'eſt le plus equitable,
Whatever be the beſt, it is the juſteſt,

Et dont le bien public eſt l'objet immutable. 458
305 *And that of which the common weal it the immutable object.*

YET

YET in what did theſe celebrated Men, theſe Gifts of Heaven, upon whom Mr *Pope* has congratulated the World, and whoſe Praiſes he has juſt been writing, employ their Abilities more than in eſtabliſhing Maxims, by the exact Obſervation of which, Sovereigns might govern with leſs Fatigue, and Subjects live in more Security and Quiet, and feel leſs Pain from the Neceſſity of obeying.

Laiſſons les faux zeles, dans leur prevention,
Let us leave falſe zealots, in their prejudice,
Parler aveuglement de la religion:
To talk blindly of religion:
Tout ce qui contredit cette fin principale,
Whatever contradicts that principal end,
Que Dieu ſe propoſa pour ſa loi generale,
Which God propoſed to himſelf for his general law,
Porte viſiblement l'empreint de l'erreur;
Carries viſibly the ſtamp of error;
Mais la religion qui, corrigeant le cœur,
But the religion which, mending the heart,
Seule procure a l'homme un bonheur veritable,
Alone procures to man a true felicity,
Ayant Dieu pour auteur, eſt ſeule reſpectable. 466
310 *Having God for author, is only to be regarded.*

MR *Pope* ſucceeds no better in his Divinity than his Philoſophy: He advanced in other Places Aſſertions utterly inconſiſtent with that Religion which he now affirms to be the only one that is worthy of God. The Religion of the earlieſt Ages, which was the pureſt, was the common Religion of Man and Beaſt. Was this the School where we and our Fellow-Students, the other Animals, learned our Morality, and kindled in ourſelves the Love of Goodneſs? Was it here that this Author learned to

advance

advance that *Creatures have nothing to apprehend from the ſupreme Being*; to break down the Reſtraints of Fear, ſo neceſſary to the greateſt Part of Mankind, and to put an End to the Neceſſity of Vigilance and Self-examination, which is ſuperfluous as well as troubleſome? Since *Man, Beaſt and Angel, Servant, Lord and King, tend to one Point, and one Center; ſince all our Vices, our Crimes, our Pride, and our Vanity, all tend to the ſame End, and ſince all is right.* Take all this away from Religion, what is there left to convince us that our Duties are of indiſpenſable Obligation? The bad Conſequences of ſuch Paſſages as theſe are diſcovered by the elegant Tranſlator, who has therefore ſoften'd the Expreſſion more than once.

L'Homme, ainſi que la vigne, a beſoin de ſupport;
Man, juſt as the vine, hath need of ſupport;

Il lui faut des liens, pour le rendre plus fort.
He muſt have bands, to make him ſtronger.

FEAR is one of thoſe Reſtraints by which Men are hindered from deviating ſo often from the End of their Being, as they would do if they were left entirely at Liberty, and dared to ſay to themſelves every Night, *All that has been done to-day was right.*

Comme ces feux du ciel, ces planetes brillantes,
As thoſe lights of heaven, thoſe ſhining planets,

Qui roulent ſur leur axe en leurs marches conſtantes,
Which roll upon their axis in their conſtant marches,

Du meme mouvement, qui ſubſiſte toujours,
With the ſame motion, which always ſubſiſts,

Vont autour du ſoleil continuer leurs cours,
Go on round the ſun to continue their courſes,

Quoi

Quoi qu' oppoſes entr'eux, cependant compatibles,
Though oppoſite to one another, yet conſiſtent,
L'homme eprouve en ſon cœur deux mouvemens divers,
Man finds in his heart two different motions,
Dont l'un tend a lui-meme, & l'autre a l'univers. 476
Of which one tends to himſelf, and the other to the univerſe.

It would be, in my Opinion, a juſter Notion to ſuppoſe two Motives of Action implanted in Man, the Love of himſelf, and the Love of God. He is by the one capable of Gratitude and of Happineſs, and riſes by the Means of the other to the Source of Virtue and Felicity. This Self-love is never extinguiſhed: But when he attends to the Nature of God, to the Gifts he has received from him, and the Gratitude which he owes for them, he is raviſh'd with the Thought, carried away, and wholly engroſſed by Admiration; he forgets his own Paſſions, Views, and Purſuits, to devote himſelf entirely to the Service of God. This Devotion ſo juſt, and ſo well grounded, is not long without its Reward, but ſoon produces Happineſs. At this Acceſſion of Felicity his Gratitude is doubled, and his Piety gains new Strength. Thus by theſe two Motives he experiences in the preſent Life the firſt Dawn of that perfect Felicity which in a future State he ſhall enjoy without Interruption.

Par l'ordre merveilleux qui regne en ſes parties,
By the wonderful order which reigns in its parts,
Qui pour la meme fin les tient aſſujetties,
Which to the ſame end keeps them ſubordinate,
L'amour propre & l'amour de la ſociete,
Self-love and love of the community,
Tous deux de meme eſpece, ont meme utilite. 480
Both of the ſame kind, have the ſame uſe.

THE Idea of an Univerſe, formed with a mutual Dependance of one Part upon another, in the manner of a Machine, which only he who formed and regulated it has Power to diſconcert, has ſomething grand and magnificent; it is confuſed indeed, but does not ſtrike the Imagination leſs forcibly. It is, upon the whole, a fine Subject for Poetry, and therefore Mr *Pope* very frequently returns to it.

BUT this Idea, adopted in its full Extent, will lead us to very deſtructive Conſequences; for if, by the immutable Order of Things, my Motions have an Influence upon the whole Univerſe, the whole Univerſe muſt unite its Influence to act upon me, and neceſſitate my Motions and Determinations. Here then is an End of Morality; every thing that comes to paſs, comes to paſs by Phyſical Neceſſity. Whatever I do, good or bad, however I may ſeem to act by Choice, is inevitably determin'd by a Chain of Cauſes not to be broken; and therefore I may juſtly look upon myſelf as out of the reach of Reproach or Puniſhment. This is the pleaſing Conſequence by which Men have been allur'd to adopt the moſt incredible Syſtem that was ever formed.

COMMENTARY

ON THE

FOURTH EPISTLE.

O Bonheur, le mobile & la fin de tout etre ;
O happineſs, the firſt mover and the end of all beings !

Sous quel nom aux humains te ſerai-je connoitre ?
Under what name to mankind ſhall I make thee known ?

Tranquillite, douceur plaiſir, contentement,
Tranquillity, eaſe, pleaſure, contentment,

Charmant je ne ſai quoi, qu'un ſecret ſentiment,
Charming I know not what, which a ſecret ſentiment,

Qu'un ſoupir eternel inceſſamment appelle ;
Which an eternal ſigh inceſſantly invokes ;

Toi ! dont l'eſpoir flateur, dans leur courſe mortelle,
Thou ! whoſe flattering hope, in their mortal courſe,

Endurcit les humains contre les coups du ſort,
Hardens mankind againſt the ſtrokes of fate,

Qui leur fais ſans palir enviſager la mort ;
Who makeſt them without turning pale to look death in the face ;

Objet fixe & changeant, dont les fous & les ſages
Object fixt and changing, of which the fools and the wiſe

Se forment tour a tour de confuſes images,
Form to themſelves ſucceſſively confuſed notions,

Qui

Qui toujours pres de nous trompes notre deſir,
Which always near to us bilkeſt our deſire,

Et fuis dans le moment ou l'on te croit ſaiſir ; 12
6 *And flyeſt in the moment when we think to ſeize thee ;*

Plante ! qui dans les cieux as pris ton origine,
Plant ! which in the heavens haſt taken thy root,

Si portee ici-bas par une main divine
If brought here below by a hand divine

Tu juges des mortels dignes de t'elever,
Thou judgeſt mortals worthy to nurſe thee,

Di-nous en quel climat ils peuvent te trouver. 16
8 *Tell us in what climate they may find thee.*

Eſt-ce aux rayons trompeurs d'une cour opulente
Is it in the deceitful rays of a wealthy court

Qu'on voit s'epanouir ta beaute raviſſante ?
That we ſee blooming thy raviſhing beauty ?

Sors-tu des lieux profonds, qui derobent aux yeux
Riſeſt thou from deep places, which cover from the eyes

De l'or, du diamant les treſors precieux ?
Of gold, of diamonds the precious treaſures ?

Peut-on, dans les tranſports d'une ſavante yvreſſe,
Can we, in the raptures of learned drunkenneſs,

Te trouver ſur les bords qu' arroſe le Permeſſe ?
Find thee on the banks water'd by the Permeſſus ?

Ou doit-on te chercher a l'ombre des lauriers,
Or muſt we ſeek thee under the ſhade of laurels,

Que la gloire promet aux travaux des guerriers ? 24
12 *Which glory promiſes to the labours of warriours ?*

Quels ſont les champs heureux ou tu te plais a naitre ?
Which are the happy fields where thou art pleas'd to grow ?

Quels ſont les triſtes lieux ou tu crains de paroitre ?
Which are the diſmal places where thou dread'ſt to appear ?

Quand pour te voir fleurir nous travaillons en vain,
When to ſee thee flouriſh we labour in vain,

Accuſons la culture, & non pas le terrain.
Let us blame the culture, and not the ſoil.

Le

Le plus affreux ſejour, le lieu le plus tranquille,
The moſt frightful abode, the ſeat moſt peaceful,

Au bonheur tour a tour peuvent ſervir d'azile.
To happineſs in their turn may afford a ſanctuary.

Ou l'on ne doit jamais le voir & le gouter,
Either we are never to ſee it and taſte it,

Ou par tour ſur nos pas il doit ſe preſenter.
Or every where in our way it muſt offer itſelf.

L'or, ce grand ſeducteur, ſur lui n'a point d'empire,
Gold, that great ſeducer, over it hath no command,

Le merite lui plait, & la vertu l'attire ;
Merit pleaſeth it, and virtue attracts it ;

S'il dedaigne des rois la faſtueuſe cour,
If it diſdains of kings the ſtately court,

Il a chez toi, milord, etabli ſon ſejour. 36
18 *It hath with you, my lord, eſtabliſhed its reſidence.*

To deplore with ſo much Elegance and Wit the Miſery of Man who languiſhes after Happineſs, the great and conſtant Scope of all his Envours, without even knowing where to ſearch for it ; to lament ſuch Evils with ſo free and ſo fruitful an Imagination, the Poet muſt certainly have a Mind very much at Eaſe, which he has doubtleſs obtained by living with his Lord and Friend.

But is this true Happineſs ? Is this the Place whither we muſt all go to ſearch for it ? Mr *Pope* talks in another Strain, and tells us that

'Tis no where to be found, or every where.

Happineſs then, this Happineſs which we all ſo paſſionately pant after, is at no great Diſtance from me ; this kind Aſſurance revives my Hopes, but unhappily my Hopes laſt but for a Moment, and are ſoon ſucceeded by new Perplexities ; I am in the Hands of a Poet, who does with me juſt

juſt what he pleaſes, and who, after having led me lamoſt to the Seat of Happineſs, ſhuts up all the Avenues that lead to it.

Ask of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun Mankind;
Some place the Bliſs in Action, ſome in Eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe:
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
One grants his Pleaſure is but Reſt from Pain;
One doubts of all; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.
Take Nature's Path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive.

Au ſolide bonheur quel chemin peut conduire?
To ſolid happineſs what path can lead?

Philoſophes fameux, daignez nous en inſtruire.
Ye famous philoſophers, condeſcend to inſtruct us in it.

Mais vous ne debitez, que ſonges incertains.
But ye utter no more than idle dreams.

L'un veut que je me livre a ſervir les humains;
One would have me give myſelf to ſerve mankind;

L'autre veut qu'en ſecret une vie inutile
Another would have it that in private a life uſeleſs

Me rende, ſans emplois, ſatisfait & tranquile;
May render me, without buſineſs, ſatisfied and calm;

Celui-ci moins ſenſe me repond vaguement,
This leſs judicious anſwers me looſely,

Qu'il place le bonheur dans le contentement;
That he places happineſs in contentment;

Celui-la, du plaiſir eſclave volontaire,
That other, of pleaſure the voluntary ſlave,

Le croit pour le bonheur un ſecours neceſſaire;
Thinks it to happineſs a neceſſary help;

Un

Un autre, condamnant juſqu'au moindre deſir,
Another, condemning ev'n the leaſt deſire,

Croit qu'un vivant ſans peine on vit avec plaiſir.
Believes that in living without pain he lives without pleaſure.

Honteux égarement ! trop aveugle ignorance !
Shameful miſtake ! too blind ignorance !

Jamais du vrai bonheur ils n'ont connu l'eſſence.
Never of true happineſs have they known the nature.

D'autres doutent de tout, & par un fier dedain
Others doubt of all, and by a proud diſdain

Refuſent de chercher un bonheur incertain. 52
26 *Refuſe to ſeek an uncertain happineſs.*

De ces guides trompeurs fuyez la route obſcure,
Of theſe deceitful guides fly ye the dark road,

Et ſuivez conſtamment les pas de la nature.
And follow conſtantly the ſteps of nature.

I MAY, perhaps, be told on this Occaſion that I complain of Mr *Pope* without Reaſon, and that he ſhuts up all the Avenues but one, to prevent my Choice of the wrong. But I cannot help renewing my Complaints: He ſeems, indeed, to ſhew me that ſingle true Way, but in effect leaves me ſtill ignorant of it. He points out a wide Road at a great Diſtance, which, when I enter it, divides into many different Paths.

Take Nature's Path ------

Once more what is the Meaning of the Term NATURE? Is *Nature* the Author of the Univerſe? How ſhall I know his Voice? Is it the viſible Work of that Author? But among the Multitude of Objects that preſs upon my Senſes, what Choice ſhall I make? Or what Rules muſt I follow? Am I to take *Reaſon* for my Guide? She, according to our Author, has been already

conſulted by the Philoſophers to no Purpoſe. Shall I give myſelf up to *Animal Nature?* One is often put to Pain by this Conduct. Thus ſurrounded with Uncertainties, what have I to do but go on at Random? And he that directs me to take *Nature's Path*, only adviſes me *to ſail paſſively down the Stream of Fatality.*

SHALL I not too raſhly expoſe myſelf to the Character of a paradoxical Writer, if I affirm, that the Reaſon why Men do not attain to the Knowledge of true Happineſs is, that they make too much Haſte to ſearch after it. This Enquiry ſuppoſes another, which ought to precede it. Of this Notion I am convinced of the Truth, and if others are inclined to attain the ſame Conviction, let them form the Idea of a Man newly ſent forth out of the Hands of his Creator, with all the Powers of his Mind in full Strength. 'I am here, ſays he, one of the 'Number of Beings; this Exiſtence I have but 'lately received; I now think, perceive, and 'find in myſelf a perpetual Succeſſion of Per-'ceptions, and ſee myſelf ſurrounded by an im-'menſe Aſſemblage of Wonders.' *If he ſhould then add,* 'Since I am placed here, it is my Bu-'ſineſs to make the moſt of Life, and to turn 'every thing about me to the greateſt Advantage, 'to keep my Thoughts conſtantly intent upon 'my own Intereſt, and conſider every thing 'with a View to my own Satisfaction,' would not theſe Reſolutions appear too precipitately form'd? Would he not think more juſtly thus: 'I am not the Author of my own Exiſtence; 'a few Moments ago I had no Being; and ſo 'far am I from having given Being to myſelf,

'that

'that I am at a great diſtance from the true Know-
'ledge of my own Nature. How can I better be-
'gin my Life than by ſtudying myſelf, and en-
'vouring to know what this Being is that I have
'now received, and what I owe to him who
'conferred it on me. Wherever I turn my Eyes
'I ſee Inſtances of Wiſdom and Goodneſs that
'raviſh and charm me? The wonderful Relati-
'ons between me and every Thing about me
'convince me that the common Creator formed
'us all. Thou Univerſe! that in all thy Parts
'ſetteſt his Wiſdom, his Power, his Greatneſs,
'and his incomprehenſible and unutterable Good-
'neſs ſo conſpicuouſly before my Eyes! What
'art thou but the Temple of his Glory? Wilt
'thou hide him from my Sight for ever? Shall
'I be allowed to adore and to love him, to
'pay him my Thankſgivings, and devote myſelf
'to his Service? May I be permitted to hope
'that he will inform me of the End for which I
'was created, and of the Duties which he re-
'quires from me? That he will honour me with
'his Commands, and grant me the infinite Hap-
'pineſs of obeying him? This is the Hope that
'makes me rejoice at the Exiſtence which I en-
'joy; and if this Happineſs be denied me, that
'Life, which I exulted in ſo lately, will become
'a Burthen.'

LET us now ſuppoſe that while our new-created Man is revolving ſuch Thoughts as theſe, and paſſing ſucceſſively from a State of the darkeſt Ignorance to ſome Degree of Knowledge, from ſtrong Deſire to faint Hope, and from thoſe Hopes to Fears that depreſs and overwhelm him, he is accoſted on a ſudden by a Being like himſelf,

himſelf, who, ſeeing Perturbation and Inquietude in his Look and Geſture, inquires the Reaſon, and being told it, returns this Anſwer: 'I have 'myſelf paſſed through the ſame Perplexities and 'Agitations of Mind, and am ſent to you by di-'vine Providence, that I may communicate to 'you thoſe Favours which I have received. You 'are my Brother, and we have both the ſame Fa-'ther, one common Creator: Him we are per-'mitted to love and adore; and leſt the infinite 'Diſtance between him and thee ſhould affright, or 'at leaſt diſcourage, thee from daring to approach 'him, he is pleaſed to receive this Love and Ado-'ration as Homage due to his Nature, and to be 'himſelf the Reward of that Zeal which you 'feel to obey him. Your moſt active Diligence, 'and your moſt fervent Acknowledgments, can 'add nothing to his Felicity: He contains not 'only all Perfection, but all Happineſs in him-'ſelf. But your Benevolence to Mankind, and 'the Kindneſſes they ſhall receive from you, 'will be accounted by his infinite Goodneſs as 'Actions performed for his Service; you are 'therefore to look upon other Men, as they are 'his Children, to be your Brothers.'

THIS kind Friend, having diſcover'd to him all theſe Truths, continues to confirm them, by all the Arguments which natural Reaſon ſuggeſts, and which Revelation compleats.

THE Perplexities of this new Man are ſoon changed to Raptures and Tranſports, and he perceives, in a very different Manner than before, how great Happineſs it is to have received the Gift of Life. He does not, indeed, ſee God with his corporeal Eyes, but he doubts no more

of

of his Preſence than if he was perpetually viſible. He feels his Preſence in his inward Faculties, and is convinced that God alone excites in him thoſe Motions of Heart which no Language can expreſs, to which no other Felicity bears any Proportion, and which therefore can proceed only from God the Fountain of Happineſs.

All that he has is the Gift of God, even the Power of devoting himſelf to his Service. This Devotion is accepted by God, who ſheweth his Approbation by Recompences worthy of infinite Beneficence. Theſe Favours redouble his Gratitude, and his Increaſe of Gratitude procures him new Favours.--Let not theſe be looked upon as empty Notions, or the Dreams of Enthuſiaſm; he that has never known this Reciprocation of Grace and Gratitude is yet unacquainted with all real Happineſs.

Nor is this all: Theſe Tranſports of Mind influence the corporeal Senſes. The Creation is beheld with new Pleaſure by him that thinks, while he looks upon it, 'This is the 'Work of my Creator, which is with the ut-'moſt Juſtice the Subject of my Admiration; 'ſince the Plan was conceived by infinite Wiſ-'dom, and executed by almighty Power. Even 'he himſelf looks with Pleaſure on theſe Beings, 'which are the Work of his own Creation, and 'formed in purſuance of his own Idea.' He then reſigns up himſelf to Admiration, and contemplates the Univerſe with a Senſe of Pleaſure, far more quick and penetrating than that of thoſe cold Spectators who are diſtracted with the low Cares and Pleaſures of Life. The pleaſing Images, which mutually ſtrike the Mind from the Action of different Objects upon the Senſes, become

come much more pleaſing, and derive almoſt an infinite Value from the Thought that they are the Gifts of his eternal Maſter the God whom he adores.

WHEN his Mind is thus enlarged by looking on the Magnificence of Nature as his own Poſſeſſion, and by contemplating the Gifts which he has received from his Creator, he conſiders all the Superfluities of Life as too worthleſs and contemptible to claim any Part either of his Time, or of that Wealth, which he can employ in the Relief and Aſſiſtance of his Brethren, who are equally with himſelf the Care of their common Father.

As he is the Work and Image of the eternal Being, he loves himſelf, and endeavours after the Perfection of his own Nature. He now knows in what the Perfection of Man conſiſts, and looks with Contempt and Deteſtation upon every Being that tends to corrupt or debaſe him.

TO ſuch Truths as theſe we may juſtly apply that judicious Line of *Manilius*,

Ornari Res ipſa negat, contenta doceri.

THIS great Subject ſtands not in need of borrow'd Ornaments, it affects the Mind by its own Importance, and to raiſe Attention wants only to be mention'd.

ALL that Mr *Pope* will ſay in the following Pages with Truth and Reaſon is compriſed in theſe Principles, and all that does not flow naturally from them, is mere empty Sound, a Vapour that will vaniſh of itſelf.

ONE more Argument which ſeems, in my Opinion, equally ſatisfying to the Reaſon and Paſſi-

ons, and which may convince us that we are born to derive our Happineſs, from the Reflections of which I have here exhibited a Specimen, is, that all other Pleaſures loſe their Power to delight by their Continuation, and we ſtill require Variety to preſerve ourſelves from Wearineſs and Diſguſt. This Happineſs grows every Day greater, theſe Tranſports ſtronger as they are more frequent, nor does the Pleaſure of Piety pall by Repetition.

Oui, ſur tous les eſprits, & ſur tous les etats,
Yes, on all minds, and on all conditions,

Le bonheur fait briller ſes ſolides appas.
Happineſs makes to ſhine its ſolid charms.

Au gre de nos deſirs il s'offre de lui meme,
To the bent of our deſires it offers itſelf of its own accord,

Et dedaigne toujours ce qui tend a l'extreme ?
And diſdains ſtill what tends to the extreme ?

Qui poſſede un ſens droit, qui poſſede un bon cœur,
He who has a right ſenſe, who has a good heart,

A dans ſon propre fonds la ſource du bonheur.
Hath in his own fund the ſource of happineſs.

Chacun ſe plaint du ciel, & follement l'accuſe
Every one complains of heaven, and fooliſhly charges it

De prodiguer a l'un ce qu'a l'autre il refuſe ;
With laviſhing on one what to another it refuſes ;

La raiſon eſt pour tous, & ce riche preſent
Reaſon is for all, and this noble gift

Eſt pour les rendre heureux un moyen ſuffiſant. 64
32 *Is to make them happy a means ſufficient.*

Mr *Pope* is reduced once more to the Neceſſity of reſtoring Reaſon to her juſt Claims.

Mortels, je le repete, une loi generale
Mortals, I repeat it, a general law

Determine

Determine toujours la cauſe principale.
Determines ſtill the principal cauſe.

Vous voulez que ſez ſoins ne s'attachent qu'a vous;
You will that its cares ſhould be devoted only to yourſelves;

Elle veut le bonheur non d'un ſeul, mais de tous.
It wills the happineſs not of one alone, but of all.

Dans les dons differens que le ciel diſtribue,
In the various gifts which heaven diſtributes,

Sa profonde ſageſſe a ce principe en vue;
Its profound wiſdom hath this principle in view;

Tout bien particulier que nous verſe ſa main
Every particular bleſſing which his hand pours down on us

Sert au bien general de tout le genre humain. 72
38 *Conduces to the general good of all the human kind.*

'Pourquoi, me direz-vous, le bonheur des mortels
'Why will ye tell me, the happineſs of mortals

'Etant l'unique objet des decrets eternels,
'Being the entire object of the eternal decrees,

'Pourquoi dans tous les biens un inegal partage?
'Why is there in all the good things an unequal diviſion?

'Pourquoi ne pas donner a tous meme advantage?
'Why is there not given to all the ſame advantage?

L'ordre, cet inflexible & grand legiſlateur, 77
47 *Order, that inflexible and great lawgiver,*

Qui des decrets du ciel eſt le premier autheur,
Who of the decrees of heaven is the firſt author,

L'ordre veut que les uns brillent par ſageſſe,
Order wills that ſome be conſpicuous for wiſdom,

Order and the *firſt Author of theſe Laws* are harſh Expreſſions, of which Mr *Pope* in other Paſſages cenſures the Temerity.

Les autres par le rang, ceux-ci par la richeſſe,
Others for rank, theſe for riches,

Ceux-la par leurs talens; tandis qu'abandonnez
Thoſe for their talents; while deſtitute

Sans aucuns de ces dons la plupart ſemblent nes.
Without any of theſe gifts the moſt part ſeem born.

Quiconque du bonheur connoitra la nature,
Whoſoever of happineſs will know the nature,

Et bravera des ſens l'agreable impoſture,
And will defy of the ſenſes the pleaſing impoſture,

Ne penſera jamais qu'il ne puiſſe etre heureux
Will never think that he cannot be happy

Sans le fragile appui de ces biens dangereux. 85
Without the frail ſupport of theſe dangerous goods,

De l'etre ſouverain l'eternelle ſageſſe
Of the ſovereign being the eternal wiſdom

Pour tous egalement agit & s'intereſſe,
For all equally acts and is concerned,

Et de ſes dons divers le partage inegal
And of its various gifts the unequal diſtribution

Devient le fondement du bonheur general.
Becomes the foundation of the general happineſs.

C'eſt par ce ſeul motif qu'elle le fait dependre
It is for this only reaſon that it makes it depend

Des ſecours mutuels que nous devons nous rendre;
On the mutual aſſiſtance which we ought to render to one another;

Et chacun, attache par ce ſecret lien,
And every one, ty'd by this ſecret band,

Fait le bonheur commun en travaillant au ſien.
Makes the common happineſs in working out his own.

ACCORDING to the Principles that I have laid down, the Happineſs of Man ariſes from his Adherence to his Duty, which Duty directs him to dedicate his Endeavours to the general Good. To endeavour after the Good of others, only becauſe he ſhall by that Conduct promote his own private Advantage, is to change the true Motives of Action; but this Change does not deſtroy the Order of Society.

THE Abilities of Men are very different, but every

every Man has Reaſon to account himſelf happy, who, by applying his Talents to a proper Uſe, of whatever Nature or Degree they are, ſecures to himſelf the Approbation of his Almighty Maſter, who has made the Diſtribution according to his own Choice, with which every one ought therefore to be ſatisfied.

Ce melange etonnant qui regne en la nature,
That ſurprizing medley which reigns in nature,

Des monts & des vallons l'inegale ſtructure,
Of hills and of valleys the unequal ſtructure,

Et du chaud & du froid les contraſtes divers,
And of heat and of cold the different contraſts,

Ne concourent ils pas au bien de l'univers? 98
54 *Do they not concur to the good of the univerſe?*

Des differens etats la trompeuſe apparence
Of different ſtates the fallacious appearance

Ne met dans le bonheur aucune difference.
Sets not in happineſs any difference.

Il ne change jamais, il eſt le meme, en ſoi,
It never changes, it is the ſame, as to itſelf,

Dans le plus vil ſujet, & dans le plus grand roy. 102
56 *In the meaneſt ſubject, and in the greateſt king.*

Lorſque de l'eternel la ſageſſe infini
When of th' eternal the infinite wiſdom

Soufla ſur les mortels un principe de vie,
Breathed on mortals a principle of life,

Il mit en meme tems, dans le fonds de leur cœur,
He placed at the ſame time, in the bottom of their heart,

Un principe ſecret d'ou coule le bonheur.
A ſecret principle whence flows happineſs.

Heav'n breaths through every Member of the whole
One common Bleſſing as one common Soul,

is a Manner of ſpeaking ſcarcely clear enough on ſo great and important a Subject.

Mais que diſtribuant les biens de la fortune
But if, in beſtowing the goods of fortune,

Il en forme pour tous une maſſe commune,
He of them formed for all a common heap,

De cette egalite naitroient mille debats ;
From that equality would ariſe a thouſand conteſts ;

L'homme ſeroit en proie a d'eternels combats.
62 *Man would be a prey to eternal conflicts.*

S'il eſt vrai qu'au bonheur tout mortel peut pretendre,
If it be true that to happineſs every mortal may pretend,

Et que d'un juſte choix le ciel l'ait fait dependre,
And that on a juſt choice heaven hath made it to depend,

L'aura-t-il donc place dans des biens ſuperflus,
Would he then have placed it in ſuperfluous goods,

Plutot duz au hazard qu'a nos propre vertus ?
Oftener owing to chance than to our own proper virtues ?

A ſes adorateurs la fortune propice
65 *To her adorers fortune propitious*

Diſpenſe ſes preſens au gre de ſon caprice ;
Beſtows her gifts after her capricious humour ;

Selon qu'elle eſt facile, ou rebelle a leurs vœux
According as ſhe is condeſcending or averſe to their wiſhes

Le vulgaire les nomme heureux ou malheureux.
The vulgar them calls happy or unhappy.

Laiſſons-le s'eblouir d'une fauſſe apparence :
Let us leave it to be dazzled with a falſe appearance :

THE *Gifts of Fortune* is an Expreſſion almoſt authoriſed by Preſcription in Poetry, but not to be allowed in a Treatiſe deſigned for Inſtruction.

Le ciel les rend egaux dans ſa juſte balance.
Heaven makes them even in its juſt balance.

Vouz verrez les premiers par la crainte agites,
You will ſee the firſt by fear diſquieted,

Tandis que les ſeconds par l'eſpoir ſont flatres.
Whilſt the ſecond by hope are ſoothed.

Les

Les biens, les maux preſens, que le ciel leur envoie,
The good things, the evil gifts, which heaven ſends them,

Ne ſont point des mortels la triſteſſe ou la joie ;
Cauſe not at all of mortals the ſorrow or the joy ;

Mais le crainte, ou l'eſpoir, qu'ils ont de l'avenir,
But the fear, or the hope, which they have of the future,

Font toujours en ſecret leur peine ou leur plaiſir.
Cauſe ever in ſecret their pain or their pleaſure.

By what Means is the *juſt Balance of Heaven* made *equal?* Is it not becauſe all Men, by performing with equal Care the Duties of their Station, may equally hope for the Approbation of God? No, ſays this Writer, it is becauſe Men are harraſſed with Fears in Proportion to their Elevation, and amuſed with Hopes in a State of Poverty and Diſtreſs. But Experience will not inform us that theſe are certain Conſequences. Men are too much influenced by their natural Temper, whether elate or timorous. A Man may be good, and therefore happy, either in high or low Rank: Nor does God, to make the Happineſs of Mankind equal, fill the Heart of one with idle Fears, and of the other with chimerical Hopes.

O! quelle eſt votre erreur, vils enfans de la terre !
Oh! what is your error, baſe children of the earth!

Oſez juſques aux cieux porter encor la guerre ;
Ye dare even againſt heav'n to carry on ſtill a war ;

Allez, &, par des monts ſur des monts entaſſes,
Go, and, by mountains on mountains piled,

Retracez des geans les projets inſenſes.
Draw afreſh of the gyants the ſenſeleſs plans.

Mais d'un bras immortel la foudre vengereſſe
But of an immortal arm the avenging thunderbolt

De vos honteux efforts confondra la foibleſſe ;
Of your ſhameful attempts will confound the weakneſs ;

Votre rebellion, vos projets, votre orgueil,
Your rebellion, your projects, your pride,

Sous ces rochers brulans vous ouvrent un cercueil. 134
74 *Under theſe burning rocks open you a grave.*

HERE is Magnificence of Diction, and poetical Grandeur, but the Words convey no Ideas, unleſs we reduce them to common Senſe; they then imply only that Pride in proportion as it is more inſolent, and forgets its own Nature too much, deſerves to be puniſhed. This Puniſhment ſuppoſed juſt, implies a Freedom of Action, and a Power in Man of determining himſelf to be good or ill. What Conduct is puniſhable *if whatever is, is right*, and the inevitable Conſequence of an invariable Concatenation. For it is to no Purpoſe to baniſh the Ideas of Nature to make Way for a Syſtem that will in ſpite of our Caution be perpetually breaking in upon us.

Sachez que tous les biens, dont la nature ſage
Know that all the bleſſings, whereof wiſe nature

En nous donnant le jour nous procure l'uſage,
In giving us the light, procures us the uſe,

Le charme ſeducteur, dont s'enyvrent les ſens,
The ſeducing charm, with which the ſenſes are inebriated,

Les plaiſirs de l'eſprit en encor plus raviſſans,
The pleaſures of the mind ſtill more raviſhing,

I OWN this great and adorable Author of Nature to be the Cauſe of thoſe rational Pleaſures which deſerve to be preferred beyond Compariſon to thoſe of Senſe, which only engage us by our own Faults, and owe their Power over us to a vicious Indulgence.

Ces

Ces biens, qui du bonheur portent le caractere,
Thoſe bleſſings, which of happineſs bear the character,

Sont la ſante, la paix, le ſimple neceſſaire.
78 *Are health, peace, mere neceſſaries.*

Lors que ſur la nature on regle ſes beſoins,
When by nature a man regulates his wants,

Combien s'epargne-t-on de travaux & de ſoins!
How much does he ſave of pains and of cares!

Cherche a ſuivre en tous points la ſage temperance,
Seek to follow in all points wiſe temperance,

Un corps robuſte & ſain en eſt la recompenſe.
79 *A body robuſt and ſound of it is the recompence.*

Pour vous, O paix du cœur, digne fille des cieux
As for thee, O peace of heart, worthy daughter of heaven

Vous etes du bonheur le gage precieux.
80 *Thou art of happineſs the precious pledge.*

PEACE is that Happineſs, and by the infinite Goodneſs of God is the certain Conſequence of true Devotion.

La fortune, en ſuivant un aveugle caprice,
Fortune, in following a blind caprice,

Aux bons comme aux mechans peut ſe montrer propice;
To the good as well as to the wicked may ſhew herſelf propitious;

Mais en vain de ſes dons nous ſommes poſſeſſeurs,
But in vain of her gifts we are poſſeſſors,

S'ils ne ſont merites; ils n'ont plus de douceurs.
82 *If they are not deſerved; they have no more ſweetneſs.*

THERE are Multitudes who live without Concern about deſerving the Fortune they enjoy. There are whoſe Riches are not acquired either by good or bad Methods, but received from their Anceſtors; theſe are more vain of their Wealth in proportion as it has deſcended to

Votre rebellion, vos projets, votre orgueil,
Your rebellion, your projects, your pride,

Sous ces rochers brulans vous ouvrent un cercueil. 134
74 *Under these burning rocks open you a grave.*

HERE is Magnificence of Diction, and poetical Grandeur, but the Words convey no Ideas, unleſs we reduce them to common Senſe; they then imply only that Pride in proportion as it is more inſolent, and forgets its own Nature too much, deſerves to be puniſhed. This Puniſhment ſuppoſed juſt, implies a Freedom of Action, and a Power in Man of determining himſelf to be good or ill. What Conduct is puniſhable *if whatever is, is right*, and the inevitable Conſequence of an invariable Concatenation. For it is to no Purpoſe to baniſh the Ideas of Nature to make Way for a Syſtem that will in ſpite of our Caution be perpetually breaking in upon us.

Sachez que tous les biens, dont la nature ſage
Know that all the bleſſings, whereof wiſe nature

En nous donnant le jour nous procure l'uſage,
In giving us the light, procures us the uſe,

Le charme ſeducteur, dont s'enyvrent les ſens,
The ſeducing charm, with which the ſenſes are inebriated,

Les plaiſirs de l'eſprit en encor plus raviſſans,
The pleaſures of the mind ſtill more raviſhing,

I OWN this great and adorable Author of Nature to be the Cauſe of thoſe rational Pleaſures which deſerve to be preferred beyond Compariſon to thoſe of Senſe, which only engage us by our own Faults, and owe their Power over us to a vicious Indulgence.

Ces

Ces biens, qui du bonheur portent le caractere,
Thoſe bleſſings, which of happineſs bear the character,

Sont la ſante, la paix, le ſimple neceſſaire.
78 *Are health, peace, mere neceſſaries.*

Lors que ſur la nature on regle ſes beſoins,
When by nature a man regulates his wants,

Combien s'epargne-t-on de travaux & de ſoins!
How much does he ſave of pains and of cares!

Cherche a ſuivre en tous points la ſage temperance,
Seek to follow in all points wiſe temperance,

Un corps robuſte & ſain en eſt la recompenſe.
79 *A body robuſt and ſound of it is the recompence.*

Pour vous, O paix du cœur, digne fille des cieux
As for thee, O peace of heart, worthy daughter of heaven

Vous etes du bonheur le gage precieux.
80 *Thou art of happineſs the precious pledge.*

PEACE is that Happineſs, and by the infinite Goodneſs of God is the certain Conſequence of true Devotion.

La fortune, en ſuivant un aveugle caprice,
Fortune, in following a blind caprice,

Aux bons comme aux mechans peut ſe montrer propice;
To the good as well as to the wicked may ſhew herſelf propitious;

Mais en vain de ſes dons nous ſommes poſſeſſeurs,
But in vain of her gifts we are poſſeſſors,

S'ils ne ſont merites; ils n'ont plus de douceurs.
82 *If they are not deſerved; they have no more ſweetneſs.*

THERE are Multitudes who live without Concern about deſerving the Fortune they enjoy. There are whoſe Riches are not acquired either by good or bad Methods, but received from their Anceſtors; theſe are more vain of their Wealth in proportion as it has deſcended to

them through a longer line; and as for thoſe that have raiſed themſelves the mere *Sons of Fortune*, they are ſurrounded with too many Flatterers to have Time for Reflection upon the Arts by which their Poſſeſſions were acquired.

Comparez deux rivaux, dans leur pourſuite ardente;
Compare two rivals, in their ardent purſuit;

Des biens & des honneurs ils ont la meme attente;
Of wealth and of honours they have the ſame expectation;

L'un veut y parvenir a force de vertus,
The one would arrive thereat by force of virtue,

L'autre par des forfaits; Qui des deux riſque plus? 154
84 *The other by crimes; Which of the two riſks more?*

An unſhaken Virtue on one Side, and uninterrupted Wickedneſs on the other, are Extremes too much oppoſed to each other. There is a kind of middle Conduct ſometimes riſing into Virtue, and ſometimes ſinking into Wickedneſs, tho' not flagrant or enormous, which often acquires what are called the Gifts of Fortune, calmly incurring any great Hazards, or awakening the Mind, by any horrid Guilt, to Remorſe and Reflection. A Man of this Character goes calmly on, and contracts an habitual Careleſneſs and Security.

Contemplez, par le ſort, la vertue pourſuivie,
Contemplate, by fate, virtue perſecuted,

Aux plus funeſtes coups ſans relache aſſervie.
To the moſt deadly ſtrokes without intermiſſion ſubjected.

Voyez regner le vice au gre de ſes deſirs,
See vice reigning at the humour of its wiſhes,

Triomphant dans le ſein des biens & des plaiſirs;
Triumphant in the midſt of wealth and pleaſures;

Qui

Qui des deux eſt pour vous un objet reſpectable ?
Which of the two is in your account an object to be regarded ?

Qui des deux, dites-moi, vous paroit miſerable ? 160
86 *Which of the two, tell me, ſeems to you to be pity'd ?*

To whom does he addreſs theſe Interrogatogatories ? To thoſe whoſe Character I have drawn in the Comment following v. 50. They indeed will have Sentiments very much of the ſame kind. But aſk the Opinion of young Libertines, ſuch as are to be met with in the Army and great Cities, and ſuch as are deſcribed by Mr *Du Pin* in the 12th Chapter of his *Inſtruction to a Son.* This laughing Generation will not be on your Side. They are inſufficiently convinced that they are the great Maſters of Right Reaſon, and are determined not to grow Dotards before old Age has taken away their Senſes.

Ces biens & ces plaiſirs, ou vains ou dangereux,
That wealth and thoſe pleaſures, whether vain or dangerous,

Qui flatent baſſement l'orgueil du vice heureux,
Which flatter baſely the pride of proſperous vice,

Ou la vertue les fuit, redoutant leur ſurpriſe,
Either virtue flies them, dreading their ſurprize,

Ou ſa noble fierte les hait & les mepriſe. 164
88 *Or its noble haughtineſs hates them and deſpiſes them.*

Ce mepris, cette haine, empoiſonne les biens
That contempt, that hatred, poiſons the bleſſings

Dont jouit un mechant par d'indignes moyens ;
Which a wicked man enjoys by unworthy means ;

Il manque a ſon bonheur de ne pouvoir pretendre
There wants to his happineſs the power of pretending

Aux reſpects que les bons refuſent de lui rendre. 168
90 *To the reſpect which good men refuſe to pay him.*

A MAN dazzled by faſhionable Notions, who ſees

ſees nothing but the bright Side of Things, and enjoys Pleaſure without any Solicitude about its Conſequences, is in very little Concern at wanting the Eſteem of Men who value themſelves upon their Virtue. Their Diſregard appears to him only the Effect of Stupidity, or Ill-breeding, and he makes no Scruple of returning their Contempt with Intereſt.

Funeſte egarement ! trop aveugles mortels,
Fatal miſtake ! too blind mortals,

Que vous connoiſſez mal les decrets eternels !
How ill do you underſtand the eternal decrees !

La vertu, ſelon vous, n'eſt qu'un triſte advantage ;
Virtue, according to you, is but a melancholy advantage ;

Selon vous le malheur en eſt tout l'apanage ;
According to you misfortune is all its dowry ;

Tandis qu'en ſes projets le vice fortune
While in its undertakings vice fortunate

A jouir du bonheur vous paroit deſtine,
To enjoy happineſs ſeems to you deſigned,

Qui ſait ſe renfermer dans de juſtes limites,
Who knows to confine himſelf within juſt bounds,

Toujours ſoumis aux loix que le ciel a preſcrites,
Always ſubmiſſive to the laws which heaven hath preſcribed,

Attentif a regler ſon eſprit & ſon cœur,
Mindful to regulate his mind and his heart,

Et dans le vrai chemin qui conduit au bonheur. 178
96 *Is in the true way which leads to happineſs.*

THESE Lines are compleatly beautiful and fill'd with Ideas entirely juſt, but theſe Ideas will never become Realities without Religion.

Voi *Turenne* arrete dans ſa noble carriere,
See Turenne *ſtopt in his illuſtrious courſe,*

Par un coup foudroyant couche ſur la pouſſiere ;
By a thundering ſtroke laid in the duſt ;

Voi

Voi ſon digne rival, ce cœur plein d'equite,
See his worthy rival, that heart full of juſtice,

Dans l'horreur du tombeau *Barwick* precipite ;
Into the horrors of the grave Berwick *precipitated ;*

Voi *Sidney*, voi *Falkland*, ſi fiers dans les alarmes,
See Sidney, *ſee* Falkland, *ſo ſtout in arms,*

Tout couverts de leur ſang, nous demander des larmes:
All cover'd with their blood, demand our tears.

Parle eſt-ce la virtu qui termine leur ſort,
Say is it virtue that determines their fate,

Ou le noble mepris qu'ils ont fait de la mort ? 186
101 *Or the brave contempt which they had conceiv'd of death ?*

Cher *Digby* ! digne objet des pleurs de la patrie,
Dear Digby ! *worthy object of the tears of thy country,*

Eſt-ce donc la vertu qui t'arrache a la vie ?
Is it then virtue that tears thee from life ?

Des traits les plus brillans apres t'avoir orne,
With ſtrokes the moſt ſhining after having adorned thee,

Comme une jeune fleur t'a-t-elle moiſſonne ? 190
102 *As an opening flower hath it cropt thee ?*

IF theſe Heroes, whoſe Names Mr *Pope* and his Tranſlator have tranſmitted to Futurity, were ſo ſituated, that their *Contempt of Life* was a Virtue, it cannot, in my Opinion, be denied, that their Death, which was the Conſequence of that Contempt, was the Conſequence of their Virtue.

Si la vertu du fils hata ſes deſtinees,
If the virtue of the ſon haſten'd his fate,

Pourquoi, comble d'honneurs, & ſurcharge d'annes,
Wherefore, loaden with honours, and burden'd with years,

Le pere jouit-il d'un deſtin glorieux ? 193
104 *Doth the father enjoy a glorious deſtiny ?*

Lorſqu'aux champs de *Marſeille* un air contagieux
When into the fields of Marſeilles *a contagious air*

Portoit

Portoit l'affreuſe mort ſur ſes rapides ailes,
Brought dreadful death on its rapid wings,

Pourquoi toujours en bute a ſes fleches mortelles
Why always as a mark to its mortal ſhafts

Un prelat s'expoſant, pour ſauver ſon troupeau,
A prelate expoſing himſelf, to ſave his flock,

Marche-t-il ſur les morts ſans deſcendre au tombeau?
Walked over the dead without deſcending to the grave?

Pourquoi le juſte ciel, dans cette courte vie,
Why does juſt heaven, in this ſhort life,

Qui par tant d'accidens nous eſt ſouvent ravie,
Which by ſo many accidents is often ſnatch'd from us,

Aux pauvres, comme a moi, preparant des ſecours,
To the poor, as well as me, providing ſuccour,

D'une mere que j'aime epargne-t-il les jours? 202
108 *Of a mother whom I love ſpare the life?*

THE Notions which we have been eſtabliſhing as the true Foundation of ſolid Happineſs, do not allow us to look upon the Length or Shortneſs of Life as any certain Mark of the Favour or Anger of our Creator. It was not proper that Providence ſhould give in this Life ſuch viſible Marks of its Deciſions; the ſhort Life of a beloved Perſon would have made thoſe inconſolable to whom he was endeared by lawful Ties of Nature or Affection. Nor was it agreeable to the Deſign of God that Men ſhould be forced to Virtue by ſuch evident and ſenſible Motives, as would, in ſome meaſure, have taken away the Power of Choice, and conſequently all the Value of voluntary Obedience.

IN theſe Lines Mr *Pope* ſhews that there is an entire Difference between natural and moral Evil, and I am perſuaded that ſome Paſſages of this Kind have been ſo agreeable to the Abbe *Du Reſnel*, that they engaged him to tranſlate the whole

whole Work, and made him eſteem it fit to be laid before ſo great a Friend to Religion as the firſt Prince of the Blood.

Qu'eſt-ce qu'un mal phyſique? Un changement contraire
What is a phyſical evil? A change contrary

Au loix de la nature en ſon cours ordinaire.
To the laws of nature in an ordinary courſe.

Qu'eſt-ce qu'un mal moral? Un triſte egarement
What is a moral evil? A ſad deviation

De notre volonte, qui change a tout moment.
Of our will, which changes at every moment.

Dieu, ſeul auteur du bien, en formant toute choſe,
God, the ſole author of good, in forming all things,

Du deſordre & du mal ne peut etre cauſe;
Of diſorder and of evil cannot be the cauſe;

Sa ſageſſe immutable, en formant l'univers,
His immutable wiſdom, in forming the univerſe,

Laiſſe un mouvement libre a ſes etrez divers.
Leaves a principle of motion free to its different beings.

L'homme voit dans le mal une flateuſe amorce,
Man ſees in evil an alluring bait,

L'admettant dans ſon ſein il en accroit la force.
Receiving it into his boſom he increaſes its ſtrength.

Lors qu'un fils en naiſſant apporte un mal cache,
When a ſon at his birth brings a latent diſeaſe,

Fruit honteux des plaiſirs d'un pere debauche,
The ſhameful fruit of the pleaſures of a debauched father,

Vous en blamez le ciel; blamez donc ſa juſtice,
You for it blame heaven; blame then its juſtice,

Lors qu'il permet qu' *Abel*, le juſte *Abel* periſſe.
When it ſuffers that Abel, *the righteous* Abel *ſhould periſh.*

Ne penſez pas que Dieu, comme un timide roy,
Think not that God, like a timorous king,

Changeant a votre gre ſa primitive loi,
Changing at your humour his primitive law,

Pour

Pour quelques favoris, qu'il adopte & qu'il aime,
For some favourites, whom he adopts and whom he loves,

De ce vaſte univers derange le ſyſteme,
Of this vaſt univerſe diſorders the ſyſtem.

Quoi! pour ceder aux cris d'un ſage infortune,
What! to yield to the cries of an unfortunate ſage,

D'un tourbillon de feu par tout environne,
With a whirling fire on all ſides encompaſs'd,

L'impetueux *Ethna* rappellant ſon tonnerre,
Shall raging Ætna recalling its thunder,

Le renfermera-t-il dans le ſein de la terre?
Cloſe it up in the bowels of the earth?

Bethel, lors que l'hyver tu te ſens oppreſſe,
Bethel, when in winter thou feeleſt thyſelf oppreſt,

Cedant a tes vertus le ciel ſera force
Giving way to thy vertues ſhall heaven be forced

De fixer des ſaiſons l'inconſtance ordinaire,
To ſettle of ſeaſons the uſual inconſtancy,

Pour rendre en ta faveur l'air doux & ſalutaire?
To render for thy ſake the air ſweet and wholeſome?

Suſpendra-t il dans l'air un rocher ebranle
Shall it ſuſpend in the air a tottering rock

Parce que ſous ſon poids tu peux etre accable?
Becauſe that under its weight thou mayeſt be cruſhed?

THERE is not in this World any neceſſary Connection between Morality and the Courſe of natural Things, either with reſpect to Good or Ill. Moral Actions depend upon the free Will of Man, but phyſical Events fall out by a Chain of neceſſary Conſequences, which it is nevertheleſs in the Power of the firſt, or ſupreme Cauſe, to alter or ſuſpend; but this Power is rarely exerted. We ought to be thankful for the Good that reſults from this eſtabliſhed Order, and to be reſigned under the Evils.

Ira-t-il revoquer la loi qui determine
Shall he go to repeal the law which determines

Chaque corps a tomber du cote qu'il incline?
Every body to fall on the ſide to which it leans?

Faudra-t-il d'un vieux temple, abaiſſe par les ans,
Muſt it of an old church, ſunk with years,

Raffermir tout a coup les pillers chancellans;
Stay on a ſudden the reeling pillars?

Attendre que *Chartres* y porte un front coupable?
To wait till Chartres *there carry a guilty front?*

Et qu'en ce meme inſtant une voute l'accable. 236
And at that very inſtant a vault overwhelming him.

Que ſi vous condamnez, dans vos injuſtes vœux,
But if you condemn, in your unreaſonable wiſhes,

L'arrangement d'un monde ou le crime eſt heureux,
The regulation of a world where villainy is happy,

Suivons pour un moment votre aveugle manie,
Let us follow for a moment your blind madneſs,

Mettons dans l'univers plus d'ordre & d'harmonie.
Let us ſet in the univerſe more of order and of harmony.

J'en conviens avec vous, des hommes vertueux
I in it agree with you, virtuous men

Meritent le projet que nous formons pour eux. 242
Deſerve the ſcheme which we deſign for them.

THE Queſtion aſked in theſe Verſes ſeems to be, whether the Almighty could not have formed a World where Happineſs ſhould have been the Conſequence of Virtue? And this, if I underſtand it right, is in our Poet's Anſwer. "Well, ſuppoſe a Nation only conſiſting of "juſt Men, where will you find them, or how "will you make your Choice?" Thus he eludes inſtead of anſwering the Queſtion, which is not whether it be poſſible to fill a little Kingdom with good Men, but whether it was not in the Power of the Almighty to have filled the whole

whole World with them. This is the important and affecting Queſtion; the other is of no Uſe.

De juſtes ſeulement compoſons un empire.
Of the juſt only let us form an empire.

Mais dans le fond des cœurs Dieu ſeul a droit le lire;
But in the bottom of hearts God alone hath a privilege to read;

He! quel autre qu'un Dieu pourra nous reveler
Alas! what other being than a God will be able to diſcover to us

Ces juſtes que vos ſoins pretendent raſſembler? 246
134 *Thoſe juſt whom your diligence means to get together?*

L'un croit voir dans *Calvin* un organe celeſte;
One thinks he ſees in Calvin *a heavenly inſtrument;*

Comme un monſtre infernal un autre le deteſte.
As an infernal monſter another deteſts him.

Ce qui pour une ſecte eſt une verite
That which with one ſect is a truth

Comme un dogme trompeur par l'autre eſt rejette.
As a falſe doctrine by another is rejected.

De divers prejuges nos ames poſſedees
With various prejudices our minds poſſeſſed

Sur les memes ſujets ont diverſes idees.
About the ſame ſubjects have different notions.

Ce qui fait mon plaiſir deviendroit ton tourment;
What cauſes my pleaſure would become thy torment;

Le prix de ma vertu ſeroit ton chatiment.
The reward of my virtue would be thy puniſhment.

Les plus ſages toujours ne penſent pas de meme;
The wiſeſt do not always think alike;

Sercient-ils donc heureux par un meme ſyſteme?
Could they then be happy by a like ſyſtem?

Que chacun des mortels en ait un different,
Let each mortal have a different one,

On verroit bientot naitre un deſordre plus grand. 258
142 *We ſhould ſoon ſee ariſe a greater diſorder.*

Mr.

MR *Pope* here expatiates to ſhow the Difficulty of ſuch a Choice, but he does not make it appear that God could not eaſily have peopled a World with ſuch Inhabitants; and when it is demanded why he has not done it, if it be true that, from the firſt Impulſe that put the Univerſe in Motion, all Events have had their Riſe from an eſtabliſh'd Chain of Cauſes, which no created Being had Power to break or to change, there is no Anſwer in any Degree ſatisfactory to be imagin'd; but we muſt content ourſelves with thinking that as Variety was to be the Beauty of the Univerſe, an apparent Mixture of Order and Irregularity was neceſſary, and that the Luſtre of Virtue becomes more amiable and conſpicuous by the Blackneſs and Deformity of Vice. But that Vice is not to be avoided by thoſe that are guilty of it, unable as they are to form their own Determinations, and free only in Appearance; nor can it be conceived that they can be puniſhed with Juſtice, or that they will ſuffer for what was not choſen but neceſſary. Such are the Sentiments of thoſe Philoſophers who are at preſent in faſhion.* But this Shift will by no means clear them from their Difficulties; for it may always be aſked, Whence it comes to paſs that wicked Men ſuffer from their Vices in this Life, and that the Good are often prejudiced by thoſe Crimes to which they do not contribute?

BUT when it is acknowledged that the ſupreme Being, a Being infinitely wiſe and good, has given his Creatures the Gift of Freewill, that they may procure to themſelves the infinite Happineſs of loving and obeying him, it is eaſy to comprehend that the Tranſgreſſions of thoſe who are only miſerable

miſerable by their own Fault, by the bad Uſe of that Liberty which it was in their Power to have employed to better Purpoſes, ought not to provoke God to withdraw from thoſe who perſevere in the Duties that he has allotted them, that Glory and Happineſs which his Bounty has conferr'd upon them.

The Trouble and Confuſion which Vice brings into the World, afford thoſe who devote themſelves to the Service of God, an Opportunity of honouring him by the Virtue of Reſignation, and a patient Expectation of that Happineſs with which a future State will recompenſe their Sufferings; a Virtue which could not exiſt if the moral World were without Irregularity. Not that God ordained Crimes for the Sake of producing this Virtue, but ſuch is his Goodneſs, that even Wickedneſs has this good Effect. In this Leaf Mr *Pope* may juſtly ſay,

Tout eſt bien comme il l'eſt; l'arrangement du monde
All is right as it is; the order of the world
Prouve de l'Eternel la ſageſſe profonde.
Proves of the Eternel the profound wiſdom.

It was better that the World ſhould be inhabited by Free Agents, than by Beings whoſe Actions ſhould flow from inevitable Neceſſity, and whoſe Determinations ſhould ariſe from external Cauſes. The Diſorders which Men occaſion by abuſing their Liberty will ceaſe, and their Effects will extend only to thoſe by whom they were produced.

We may obſerve farther, that Mr *Pope*'s Notion of Peace, without an Uniformity of Sentiments, is carried too far. Men are bound to ſocial

cial Duties, notwithſtanding their different Opinions. For my Part, I am very grateful for the Regard and Friendſhip of Perſons whoſe Sentiments by no Means agree with mine, and never think of the Goodneſs with which they excuſe that Contrariety, without the warmeſt Affection. I had not always the Sentiments which I have at preſent, and flatter myſelf that I have changed ſome Opinions for the better, and am very ſenſible of my Obligations to thoſe who have contributed to that Change, in which, if they had not had ſome Regard for me, they would not have intereſted themſelves; nor had their Endeavours been of any Effect, had I had any Abhorrence of my Inſtructors. The practical Duties of Religion, and even the ſpeculative Truths in which we agree, ought to unite us for our mutual Advantage, and to produce in us Eſteem and Tenderneſs for each other.

To propoſe to make a Man a better Chriſtian by inciting him to Severity againſt thoſe who differ with him, is to propoſe to improve him in Chriſtianity by perſuading him to abandon it: For what does he leſs than abandon Religion, who renounces that Charity and Benevolence which is its grand Characteriſtick?

A MAN who has no Views beyond his own immediate Gratifications, whoſe prevailing Paſſion is the Deſire of ſurpaſſing his Competitors, and ſetting his own Reputation above theirs, can hardly preſerve his Breaſt from the Infection of Envy; and Ignorance is far preferable to Knowledge bought at that Price: For however he may imagine himſelf enlightened, his Conduct and his Artifices will ſhew, that his Mind is clouded with falſe Notions.

UPON this Subject the ſucceeding Paſſages brighten upon us, and Reaſon and Chriſtianity after ſome Time take Place.

A *Ceſar* criminel ce monde abandonne,
To guilty Ceſar *this world left*,

Aux verteux *Titus* ne fut-il pas donne?
To virtuous Titus *was it not given?*

Qui fut le plus heureux? l'un dont l'ame hautaine
Who was the happier? the one whoſe haughty ſoul

Fit gemir dans les fers la libertie *Romaine*;
Made to mourn in chains the Roman *liberty*;

Ou l'autre dont les vœux n'etoient point ſatisfaits,
Or the other whoſe wiſhes were never ſatisfied,

S'il ne marquoit ſes jours par autant de bienfaits? 266
146 *If he did not diſtinguiſh his days by as many acts of beneficence?*

THIS is a Queſtion which cannot be decided. Perhaps *Cæſar* had all the Satisfaction which can ariſe from the Gratification of the ruling Paſſion, as he had ſubdu'd all Rivals, and ſaw all his Attempts attended with Succeſs. Perhaps *Titus*, tender as he was of human Kind, might feel no ſmall Pain from the Oppreſſions and Cruelty that he muſt frequently obſerve.

LONG Life, or an untimely Death, are no Proofs of either the Virtue or the Wickedneſs of thoſe who enjoy the one, or are ſnatch'd away by the other. Providence makes uſe of Men as they offer themſelves for carrying on its Purpoſes. *Cæſar* did not deſerve long Life after having ſlaughtered Thouſands and ten Thouſands, and Providence with great Juſtice ſnatch'd him early away from the Enjoyment of his Uſurpations. With Regard to *Titus* the *Romans* did not deſerve long an Example which they did not imitate.

La

La vertu, direz vous, froidement admiree,
Virtue, you will ſay, coldly admired,

A la triſte indigence eſt quelquefois livree,
To ſorrowful indigence is ſometimes abandoned,

Et le vice orgueilleux jouit du ſuperflu.
And haughty vice enjoys ſuperfluity.

Quoi! l'abondance eſt-elle un prix de la vertu?
What! is plenty the reward of virtue?

C'eſt le prix du travail; les ſoins, la vigilance
It is the reward of labour; care, vigilance

Doivent meme aux mechans procurer l'abondance;
Muſt even to the wicked procure plenty;

C'eſt bien la meriter que d'affronter les mers,
It is richly to deſerve it to outbrave the ſeas,

Ou pour l'avidite tant d'ecueils ſont couverts. 274
Where for greedineſs ſo many rocks are covered.

Le ſage eſt quelquefois ami de l'indolence,
The wiſe man is ſometimes a friend of indolence,

Et d'un œil dedaigneux regarde l'opulence;
And with a diſdainful eye looks on wealth;

Le ſeul contentement eſt l'object de ſes vœux. 277
Contentment alone is the object of his wiſhes.

THE Author appears, at the firſt View, rather to evade, than anſwer the Queſtion which is frequently produced by the Diſtreſſes of the Good; but an attentive Reader may collect from him a ſatisfactory Anſwer.

A MAN is not to expect that he ſhall obtain what he does not endeavour after; we muſt ſteer towards that Point at which we wiſh to arrive. A Man whoſe chief Attention is employ'd upon his Duty, and whoſe Care is to omit no Opportunity of practiſing it, is leſs ſolicitous to acquire Wealth, if he has it not, than to uſe it, if Providence has conferred it on him, to good Purpoſes. The good Archbiſhop of *Cambray* managed

managed his Revenue in ſuch a Manner as to owe nothing, and to have nothing to ſpare. The Biſhop of *Salisbury* maintained and taught in his Houſe a Number of young Divines. Theſe are not the Arts by which Riches are acquired.

THERE may likewiſe be often ſolid Virtue, and unſhaken Integrity, without great Abilities or quick Diſcernment; good Men are often very unable to conduct their Affairs, and of very little Sagacity in Points of Intereſt.

BUT upon the Whole, if we except thoſe whom Severity of Temper, and want of Compliance with the Temper of others, buries in Solitude, and involves in Miſery, it is very ſeldom that the Diſtreſſes of good Men are not obſerv'd by others, and relieved as far as the Neceſſities of Life require.

IF Providence were to exert extraordinary Powers, and work Miracles for the Aſſiſtance of good Men under Misfortunes, and for the Recompenſe of their Virtues according to their exact Merit, we ſhould be incited to our Duty by Motives too ſenſual, inſtead of that Satisfaction which Devotion inſpires, and that Senſe of the Approbation of the ſupreme Being, which affords a far nobler Enjoyment, to be taſted in its higheſt Degree only by thoſe who are perſecuted for their Adherence to a good Cauſe.

SHOULD a good Man look upon the Goods of Fortune, as they are called, as the proper Recompenſe of Virtue; ſhould he allow himſelf to make them the chief Objects of his Deſire and Affection; theſe Deſires, like other Paſſions favoured and indulged, would for ever increaſe upon him; and as they could never find ade-

quate

quate and compleat Gratifications, would never ſuffer him to arrive at Happineſs and Content.

Mais donnons-lui du bien, le croirez-vous heureux ?
But let us give him wealth, will you believe him happy ?

Non ſans doute, il lui faut la ſante, la puiſſance ;
No doubtleſs, he muſt have health, power ;

C'eſt la de ſes vertus la juſte recompenſe.
156 *It is but of his virtues the juſt reward.*

Ajoutons, j'y conſens, & puiſſance & ſante ;
Let us add, I agree to it, both power and health ;

Qu'il ait ce qui peut plaire a la cupidite.
Let him have whatever can pleaſe deſire.

" Pourquoi, me direz-vous, lui donner des limites ?
" *Wherefore, you will tell me, do you ſet him bounds ?*

" Aux dons qu'il doit pretendre en eſt-il de preſcrites ?
" *In the gifts to which he may pretend is he one to be preſcribed ?*

" Voulez-vous que d'un autre il recoive la loi ?
" *Would you that from another he receive law ?*

" Pour prix de ſes vertus je pretens qu'il ſoit roi."
158 " *As a reward of his virtues I demand that he be a king.*"

WHAT follows will appear upon the firſt View very much exaggerated, and the Author will be charged with having indulged his poetical Imagination too much : Yet he is not the firſt that has believed of the infernal Beings, that their Pride and Self-love have tranſported them ſo far, that they have look'd with Envy upon the Superiority of their Creator ; and, as diſagreeable Truths are naturally rejected, have perſuaded themſelves to doubt of the Juſtice of his Claim to boundleſs Authority, and to impute their Exiſtence to ſome other Original.

Mais pourquoi de ſes droits reſtraindre l'etendue
But wherefore of his rights do you limit the extent

Aux biens exterieurs, qui brillent a la vue ?
To external riches, which glitter to the ſight ?

Demandez qu'il ſoit Dieu, demandez qu'a ſes yeux
Inſiſt that he be a God, inſiſt that to his eyes

La terre offre l'eclat & les plaiſirs des cieux.
160 *Earth ſhould offer the ſplendor and pleaſures of heaven,*

De deſirs en deſirs, votre aveugle manie
By wiſhes upon wiſhes, your blind madneſs

Epuiſeroit de Dieu la puiſſance infinie.
Would exhauſt of God the infinite power.

Pourroit-elle jamais raſſaſier un cœur
Could omnipotence ever ſatisfy a mind

Qui dans ce qu'il n'a pas veut chercher le bonheur ?
164 *Which ſearcheth after happineſs in things out of its poſſeſſion ?*

It is impoſſible to read the following Lines too often, and much would theſe great Poets merit of Mankind, if they would more frequently employ their Abilities upon this Subject, which they need be under no Apprehenſions of exhauſting.

Le calme d'un cœur pur, les delices d'une ame
The tranquillity of a pure heart, the pleaſures of a ſoul

Qu'aucun trouble n'emeut, qu'aucun deſir n'enflamme,
Which no calamity diſturbs, which no deſire inflames,

Bonheur que l'univers ne ſauroit procurer,
A happineſs which the world cannot furniſh,

Que tout l'effort humain ne ſauroit alterer,
Which no human effort can change,

Bonheur qui dans nos ſeuls doit prendre ſa naiſſance,
A happineſs which in ourſelves alone muſt take its riſe,

Voila de la vertu la digne recompenſe !
167 *Behold here the worthy recompenſe of virtue !*

The true Chriſtian is not without Paſſions or Deſires, but his Paſſions are ſubjected to exact Regulations, and his Deſires after ſenſual Objects

jects are eaſily gratified, and always reſigned to the Diſpoſitions of Providence.

Voulez-vous qu'en un char, fait pour la vanite,
Would you that in a coach, made for vanity,

De ſuperbes courſiers trainent l'humilite ?
Drawn by proud ſteeds humility ſhould ride?

Qu'a conſerver nos droits la juſtice occupee
That juſtice employ'd in preſerving our rights

Porte du conquerant la criminelle epee ?
Should bear the conqueror's avenging ſword?

Et que la verite, ſimple dans ſa candeur,
And that truth, plain in her ſnowy robe,

Se pare de la pourpre, & marche avec ſplendeur
Should deck herſelf with purple, and walk in pomp?

Que l'amour genereux, qui defend la patrie,
That publick ſpirit, the protectreſs of her country,

Prenant le ſceptre en main ſe change en tyrannie ?
Should take its ſceptre, and become its tyrant?

De ces dons la vertu connoiſſant le danger,
Virtue aware of the danger of theſe gifts,

Ou les fuit, ou du moins gemit de s'en charger.
Either ſhuns them, or at leaſt laments under their load.

Tel, qui dans ſon printems etoit plein de ſageſſe,
Thus, the man who in his youth was full of wiſdom,

Gate par la fortune, a terni ſa vieilleſſe. 312
174 *Undone by fortune, hath blemiſh'd his old age.*

FROM theſe general Views of Things, with which the Reader is dazzled and amuſed, the Poet deſcends to a more particular Inſpection.

Commencons par l'attrait, qui ſur le cœur humain
To begin with an attractive, which over the heart of man

A pris plus que tout autre un pouvoir ſouverain.
Has more command than any other ſovereign power.

La richeſſe jamais n'eut un droit legitime
Riches never had a juſt right

De gagner notre amour, d'attirer notre eſtime.
To win our love, to attract our eſteem.

Des Parlemens entiers, a la honte des loix,
Whole Parliaments, to the diſgrace of laws,

Ont quelquefois vendu leur criminelle voix ;
Have ſometimes ſold their guilty votes ;

Mais l'eſtime & l'amour, libres dans leurs ſuffrages,
But eſteem and love, free in their ſuffrages,

A la ſeul vertu preſentent des hommages. 320
178 *To virtue alone offer homage.*

Ce mortel vertueux, dont le cœur & l'eſprit
The virtuous man, whoſe heart and ſpirit

Le font cherir des ſiens autant qu'il les cherit,
Render him as much the darling as the lover of his kind,

Qui porte en un corps ſain une ame encore plus ſaine,
Who carries in a ſound body a ſtill ſounder ſoul,

Le croirez-vous l'objet de la celeſte haine,
Will you believe him the object of the divine hatred,

Parce qu'au neceſſaire etroitement borne
Becauſe confin'd within the narrow limits of neceſſaries

A d'amples revenus il n'eſt point deſtine ? 326
182 *He was not born to large poſſeſſions ?*

AFTER having ſhewn the Falſehood of the common Notions about Riches, he proceeds to the falſe Notions which are conceived of Honour.

Et la honte & l'honneur ſont dans les mains des hommes;
Shame and honour are in mens power ;

Il ne dependent point de la place ou nous ſommes.
They depend not at all on the ſtation wherein we are placed.

Le ciel en divers rangs voulut nous etablir ;
Heaven has been pleaſed to ſettle us in different degrees of life ;

Le veritable honneur eſt de les bien remplir. 330
184 *True honour is to diſcharge the duties incumbent on them.*

La fortune, a juger par la ſeule apparence,
Fortune, if we judge by outward appearance,

Entre

Entre tous les mortels met quelque difference.
Between all men makes ſome difference..

L'un dans un riche habit nous montre ſa fierte ;
One ſhews his pride in a rich dreſs ;

L'autre ſous des lambeaux cache ſa vanite.
Another under rags hides his vanity.

Couvert d'un tablier l'artiſan ſe pavane,
The artificer ſtruts behind an apron,

Le pretre s'applaudit dans ſa longue ſoutane,
The prieſt hugs himſelf in his long caſſock,

Un moine de ſon froc ſe couvre gravement,
A monk gravely wraps himſelf in his gown,

La couronne eſt d'un roi le ſuperbe ornement. 338
188 *The crown is a king's ſtately ornament.*

Quoi, s'ecrira quelqu'un, le froc & la couronne !
What, will one cry, a gown and a crown !

Rien n'eſt plus different. Mon diſcours vous etonne ;
Things cannot differ more. My diſcourſe ſurpriſes you ;

Apprenez qu'a mes yeux, les vices, les vertus,
Know ye that to my view, vice and virtue,

Le ſage & l'inſenſe, different encor plus.
190 *The wiſe man and the fool, differ yet more.* 342

Que d'un lache artiſan imitant la baſſeſſe,
By an unworthy imitation of the lazy mechanic,

Le pretre comme lui ſe plonge dans l'yvreſſe ;
Let the prieſt like him plunge himſelf in debauchery ;

Qu'a l'exemple d'un moine un monarque indolent
After the monk's example let the indolent monarch

N'aporte a ſes conſeils qu'un eſprit nonchalant,
Carry with him into council his regardleſs temper,

Et le pretre & le roi n'ont rien de reſpectable ;
Both the prieſt and the king deſerve not the leaſt reverence ;

C'eſt un vil artiſan, un moine mepriſable.
The firſt is a baſe mechanic, the other a pitiful monk.

Par le merite ſeul on peut etre eleve ;
By merit alone is a perſon raiſed ;

Tout eſt bas & rampant quand on en eſt prive.
All is mean and ſervile when devoid of that.

L'etat le plus abject, comme le rang ſupreme,
A condition the moſt abject, a ſtation the moſt exalted,

Sont les dehors de l'homme, & non pas l'homme meme. 352
197 *Are the externals of a man, and not the man himſelf.*

Les rois, & plus ſouvent les maitreſſes des rois,
Kings, or, what oftner happens, their whores,

Te pourront illuſtrer ſans raiſon, ni ſans choix. 354
169 *May make thee illuſtrious for no reaſon, and with no diſcernment.*

Du ſang de tes ayeux tu vantes la nobleſſe ;
Thou boaſteſt of the noble blood of thy anceſtors ;

Je veux qu'il ait coule de *Lucrece* en *Lucrece* ;
I grant it to have flow'd from Lucretia *to* Lucretia ;

Mais ne m'etale point leurs titres faſtueux,
But do not diſplay to me their arrogant titles,

Il faut me les montrer conſtamment vertueux,
Shew me them walking ſucceſſively in the paths of virtue,

Dignes par leurs travaux de vivre dans l'hiſtoire,
Worthy for their labours to live in hiſtory;

Si tu veux ſans rougir te parer de leur gloire.
If thou wilt without bluſhing deck thyſelf with their reputation.

S'ils ont vecu ſans mœurs, ſans courage, & ſans foy,
If they have lived without morals, without fortitude, or honeſty,

Le nom qu'ils t'ont laiſſe ne parle plus pour toi.
The name they have left thee no longer pleads for thee.

Vainement leur nobleſſe, ou ton orgueil ſe fonde,
In vain their nobility, on which thy pride is founded,

Remonteroit au tems du naufrage du monde,
Would trace itſelf upwards to the time of the deluge,

Ce nom qu'ils ont terni, bien loin de t'illuſtrer,
That name which they have ſpotted, far from honouring,

Aux yeux de la raiſon doit te deſhonorer.
Before the face of reaſon ſerves to diſgrace thee.

D'un cœur ignoble & bas rien n'efface les taches.
Of a baſe and ignoble ſpirit nothing wipes out the ſtains.

Rien ne peut anoblir ni des ſots ni des laches ;
Nothing can enoble ſots or cowards ;

Et fuſſent ils iſſus du premier des *Talbots*,
Tho' they were deſcended from the firſt of the Talbots,

Je ne reſpecte point des laches ni des ſots.
206 *I owe no reſpect to cowards or ſots.* 370

HONOUR is the Property of all Conditions, of Subjects as well as Kings; but *Greatneſs* is the Privilege of Men diſtinguiſh'd either by real or imputed Superiority of Genius.

Contemplons la grandeur, d'ou prend-elle naiſſance?
Look we on greatneſs, whence does it take its riſe?

Qui la fait eclater? la valeur, la prudence.
What makes it ſhine? valour, wiſdom.

Politiques profonds, rapides conquerans,
Profound politicians, rapid conquerors,

L'univers ebloui vous place aux premiers rangs;
The dazzled world places you in the firſt claſs of mankind;

Que, pour en mieux juger, la raiſon nous eclaire.
But let reaſon teach us to form a better judgment.

Les guerriers ſont marques au meme caractere,
Warriours paſs under one character,

Depuis ce furieux de carnage altere,
From that madman ſtained with blood,

Du beau titre de Grand par la *Grece* honore,
By Greece *honour'd with the fine title of Great,*

Juſqu'a ce roi du Nord, dont la valeur extreme
To that northern king, whoſe exceſs of valour

Ne fut pas moins funeſte aux autres qu'a lui-meme. 380
210 *Was no leſs fatal to others than himſelf.*

I have already obſerved *, that the Tranſlator uſes leſs Freedom of Language than the Original. It is poſſible to preſerve Truth and Decency at the ſame time; and when we ſpeak of Men

* That Obſervation is already examined. See the Beginning of the firſt Eſſay.

in

in high Rank, and particularly of crown'd Heads, this Reſtraint is certainly proper.

Un heros cherche a vaincre, & ne peut s'en laſſer
A hero aims at victory, and can never be tired

Tant qu'il lui reſte encore un peuple a terraſſer.
While there remains a nation for him to ſubdue.

Un heros ſur ſes pas ne tourne point la tete,
A hero on his ſteps never turns his head,

Il court rapidement de conquete en conquete,
He hurries on from conqueſt to conqueſt,

Et ſans ceſſe de ſang arroſe ſes lauriers,
And with freſh blood ſtill waters his laurels,

Seul & frivole objet de ſes travaux guerriers. 386
214 *The ſole and trifling object of his warlike toils.*

Voila le conquerant! Quel eſt le politique?
See there the conquerer! What is the politician?

Un mortel circonſpect, dont tout l'eſprit s'applique
A circumſpect mortal, whoſe whole ſtudy is bent

A lire dans nos cœurs par ſes tours captieux
To pry into our hearts by his ſubtle artifices

Sans que jamais le ſien ſe devoile a nos yeux.
Without ever diſcovering his own to our view.

Il cherche a nous tromper. Nommerons nous ſageſſe
He ſeeks to deceive us. Shall we call wiſdom

Un art qui n'eſt fonde que ſur notre foibleſſe? 392
218 *An art which is only founded on our weakneſs?*

Mais enfin j'y conſens; que des ſuccès heureux
Well but I allow, that a ſeries of ſucceſs

Les conduiſent au but ou tendent tous leurs voeux;
May conduct them to the ſcope to which all their wiſhes tend;

Que l'un nous aſſerviſſe, & l'autre nous abuſe,
That one enſlaves us, and the other impoſes on us,

L'un par la force ouverte, & l'autre par la ruſe.
The firſt by open force, the other by cunning.

L'artifice pervers, l'homicide valeur,
Con induſtry miſapply'd, murdering valour,

Servient-

Seroient-ils, ſelon vous, les ſources de l'honneur?
Become, in your opinion, the fountains of honour?

Non; celui qui ne prend que la vertu pour guide,
No; he who takes virtue for his only guide,

Qui s'eleve aux honneurs dont il n'eſt point avide;
Who aſcends to honours of which he is not ambitious;

Celui qui ſans gemir, dans l'exil, dans les fers,
He who without complaining, in exile, in chains,

Conſerve ſa grandeur au milieu des revers,
Maintains his greatneſs in the midſt of changes,

Soit que par ſes vertus aimé de ſa patrie,
Whether for his virtues beloved of his country,

Sage comme *Antonin* il déſarme l'envie;
Like the wiſe Antoninus, *he diſarms envy;*

Soit que perſecuté par un injuſte ſort,
Or whether perſecuted by an unjuſt ſentence,

Ferme comme *Socrate* il recoive la mort,
Compos'd like Socrates, *he meets death,*

Celui-là ſeul eſt grand, & digne qu'on l'admire. 407
226 *He is the only great man, and worthy of admiration.*

FALSE Honour, with which Men ſuffer themſelves to be dazzled and captivated, is a mere external Advantage, independent of themſelves, which, as it adds nothing to their real Value, can add nothing to the Eſteem which they have a Right to demand.

THAT which is generally ſuppoſed to conſtitute Grandeur, is ſo far from raiſing them to any real Superiority above others, that it hinders them not from being mean and contemptible, Slaves to falſe Appearances, and, by their Injuſtice and Rapacity, the Object of Deteſtation.

YET theſe Titles, worthleſs as they are, Men determine to obtain, and feaſt upon the Imagination of Immortality, an Immortality of which they will not be conſcious, or will be

conſcious

conſcious only to their Miſery. True and deſirable Immortality is the Reward only of Virtue, and that Chimera, which Ambition has ſubſtituted in its Place, is well ſhown by our Author to be an idle Sound.

Cette immortalité que notre orgueil deſire,
That immortality which our pride covets,

Que par tant de travaux nous voulons acheter,
Which we would purchaſe by ſo many toils,

N'eſt qu'une illuſion, qui doit peu nous flater.
Is but a fancy, which ought not to flatter us.

Le tems de notre vie eſt le tems de la gloire ;
The time of our life is the ſeaſon for glory ;

Celle que vous voulez retrouver dans l'hiſtoire
That which you deſire to find in hiſtory

N'eſt qu'un frivole amas d'eloges ſuperflus,
Is but a trifling collection of ſuperfluous panegyrie,

Un vain concert de voix, que vous n'entendrez plus.
A vain concert of voices, which you will hear no more.

Milord, quand le deſtin bornant votre carriere
My lord, when fate that bounds your race

Viendra, malgre nos vœux vous ravir la lumiere,
Shall come, in ſpite of our prayers, to deprive you of light,

Que vous ſervira-t-il qu'un ſuffrage incertain
What will avail you an unſettled approbation

Se partage entre vous & l'orateur *Romain* ?
In ſuſpenſe between you and the Roman *orator ?*

Du bruit doux & flateur, qu'on nomme *renomme*,
With a ſmooth and flattering report, which men call renown,

Notre ombre chez les morts peut-elle etre charmee ?
Will our ghoſt among the dead be charmed ?

Ce plaiſir ſe termine a voir autour de nous
That pleaſure goes no farther than to ſee around us

Des amis ſatisfaits, ou des rivaux jaloux.
Our friends contented, or our rivals jealous.

Le reſte des humains confuſement admire
The reſt of mankind indiſcriminately admire

Ceſar

Ceſar qui ne vit plus, *Eugene* qui reſpire,
Cæſar who lives no more, and Eugene *who breaths,*

Sans diſtinguer les lieux, ni le tems, ni le nom,
Without diſtinguiſhing places, times, or names,

L'un traverſant le *Rhin*, l'autre le *Rubicon*.
One paſſing the Rhine, *the other the* Rubicon.

Tel eſt le triſte ſort du plus ferme courage.
Such is the melancholy fate of the moſt reſolute valour.

Les talens de l'eſprit ont-ils plus advantage?
The endowments of the mind have they more advantage?

Les honneurs paſſagers d'un ſterile laurier
The tranſitory honours of a barren laurel

Sont le prix du ſavant ainſi que du guerrier.
Are the reward of the learned as well as of the warrior.

THE Beauties that cannot but be obſerved between Verſe 295 and 430, the Pleaſure which the Reader indulges in reading them, and Self-approbation that ariſes from the Indulgence of it, will be found by every Man, that examines the Motions of his own Heart, to ariſe from that Suppoſition which common Senſe, neither inſtructed, nor perverted, teaches every Man to form, that he is a free Agent, Maſter of his own Determinations, and placed in the Capacity of recommending himſelf to his Creator, and becoming more or leſs worthy of Reward, as he ſhall make his Duty more or leſs the Rule of his Choice.

THESE admirable Lines exhort us, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to make a wiſe Choice; to enter into the Ways that may lead us to Virtue and true Honour, and to avoid thoſe Paths that carry us away to Vice, Ignominy, and Contempt: But if Men ſhould act in direct Oppoſition to theſe ſalutary Rules, if they ſhould abandon themſelves to Paſſions directly contrary to

their

their Duty, how would they be blameable, or yet worthy of Puniſhment, if it be true that their Bodies are only Parts of the great Machine, and dependent on the Motions of the Univerſe; if all the Impulſes they receive or communicate proceed from a Train of Cauſes not to be interrupted; and, to carry the Notion yet farther, if THE FIRST and RULING CAUSE has determined from the Beginning to create and unite to theſe corporeal Machines, Subſtances that ſhould will and think exactly according to theſe particular Notions and Paſſions?

How great is the Difference between the Notion of Happineſs, which Mr *Pope* here lays before us, as the Conſequence of Virtue, and the juſt Recompenſe of ſo good a Choice, from the Paſſage in his ſecond Eſſay, in which, to prove that Happineſs is equally diſtributed, he ſuppoſes that the ſupreme Cauſe ſupplies the want of Talents, by beſtowing on thoſe to whom he has denied them proportionable Degrees of Error and of Pride! He that dwells with a proper Attention upon the foregoing Lines of this Eſſay, cannot but lament that in the ſecond ſhould be found Notions ſo directly oppoſite, and that an Eccleſiaſtic ſhould be conſtrain'd, by an exact Adherence to his Original, to copy Notions ſo contrary to Truth.

Un mortel vertueux, un mortel vraiment ſage,
A virtuous man, a man truly wiſe,
De la main du tres haut eſt le plus noble ouvrage;
Is the moſt noble work of the hand of the moſt high;
Et le ſeul dont le nom juſtement reſpecte
And the only one whoſe name with juſt reſpect
Soit digne de paſſer a la poſterite.
Is worthy to be tranſmitted to poſterity.

Cet

Cet intime plaiſir, qui nait de l'innocence,
That inward pleaſure, which flows from innocence,

Que la vertu produit, qui fait ſa recompenſe,
Which virtue produces, which is its reward,

N'eſt-il pas plus touchant que ces airs redoubles
Is not this more affecting than thoſe repeated blaſts of huzzahs

Qu'exhale la faveur des peuples aſſembles ?
Puff'd on thee from the favour of the crowd?

Quel ſeroit ton bonheur lors que la renommee
What would be thy happineſs, when fame

L'un encens impoſteur t'offriroit la fumee,
Shall offer thee the ſmoke of flattering incenſe,

Si ton cœur, dementant ſes eloges pompeux,
If thy heart, in defiance of her pompous elogies,

T'accabloit en ſecret de reproches honteux?
Should lead thee in ſecret with ſhameful reproaches?

Marcellus eſt rempli d'une plus vive joie,
Marcellus *is fill'd with a more lively joy,*

Dans cet illuſtre exil, ou le tyran l'envoie,
In that illuſtrious exile, whither the tyrant ſends him,

Que *Ceſar* triomphant, en voyant a ſes pies
Than Cœſar *triumphant, in ſeeing at his feet*

Le peuple, & le ſenat ramper humilies.
The people, and the ſenate creeping lowly.

Les funeſtes auteurs d'une trahiſon noire,
The miſchievous plotters of black treaſon,

D'un parricide affreux, ſont places dans l'hiſtoire;
Of horrid parricide, are recorded in hiſtory;

Quels noms ſont plus connus, plus ſouvent repetes?
What names are more known, oftener repeated?

Mais plus ils ſont fameux, plus ils ſont deteſtes. 450
248 *But the more famous they are, the more they are deteſted.*

I HAVE made in my Examen ſome little Remarks, which I will not repeat.

THERE are Men, who, if they can pleaſe themſelves, give themſelves no Pain about the Praiſe or Reproach of their Contemporaries,

and yet leſs do they conſider what will be the Sentiments of Poſterity, to which they have no Relation. Their ruling Paſſion is a brutal Self-love, others ſuffer by their Cruelty; but they gratify their own Pride by making their Power felt, and their Severity dreaded. If therefore we ſuppoſe the Univerſe to be governed by a Being equally powerful and juſt, he muſt decree Rewards and Puniſhments in a future State.

Mr *Pope* then proceeds to examine the Value of *ſuperior Parts*, conſidered without Regard to the right Uſe of them, and the Satisfaction that ariſes from the Conſciouſneſs of having employ'd ſuch Bleſſings to the End for which they were beſtowed.

Les ſublimes talens furent votre partage;
Sublime talents fell to your ſhare;

Apprenez-nous, milord, quel en eſt l'avantage,
Let us learn, my lord, what is their advantage,

Qu'apportent-ils a l'homme? Un triſte deſeſpoir.
What do they procure to a man? Melancholy deſpair.

Il voit que plus il ſait, plus il reſte a ſavoir.
He ſees that the more he knows, the more there remains to be known.

Ils eclairent nos yeux ſur les defauts des autres,
They clear up our eyes to the faults of others,

Et nous font reſſentir plus vivement les notres. 456
252 *And make us more feelingly ſenſible of our own.*

Occupe nuit & jour dans les premiers emplois,
Buſy'd night and day in the higheſt employments,

Un eſprit tranſcendant en ſoutient tout le poids:
An extraordinary genius ſuſtains all their weight;

Si l'amour des beaux arts le conduit au *Parnaſſe*,
If the love of the belles lettres conduct him to Parnaſſus,

Quel juge y trouve-t-il pour y regler ſa place?
What judge finds he there to appoint him his due place?

En bute au traits malins d'un rival envieux,
As a butt to the ſpiteful arrows of an envious rival,

Plus il acquiert d'eclat, plus il bleſſe ſes yeux. 482
54 *The more luſtre he acquires, the more he hurts his own eyes.*

LET us imagine a Man that has received an immenſe Sum from the Bounty of his Prince, ſhutting it up in a Cheſt, and hiding it with the utmoſt Induſtry from the Sight of Mankind: Let us ſuppoſe another ſhewing it them at a Diſtance to raiſe Envy and Admiration, but making no other Uſe of it. The firſt is a juſt Repreſentation of a learned Man, who confines his Knowledge to his own Study; and the ſecond, of one that communicates his Ideas with Unwillingneſs and Malignity, that envies Mankind the Learning which he diſpenſes, and would carefully conceal the Diſcoveries that he has made, did not his Vanity prompt him to publiſh them. There are others that diſplay all their Learning, and yet endeavour to perſuade the World that they know much more than they communicate.

LET us, in Contraſt with theſe vain and malevolent Students, conſider the Character of a Man, who, without Affectation or Hypocriſy, devotes to the Honour of God thoſe Abilities with which he has endowed him, and that Knowledge with which he has enlightened him; and applying all his Learning to its proper End, endeavours with all the Zeal of Benevolence to inſtruct others, whom he conſiders as his Brethren, and equally the Sons of the univerſal Father.

MANY, 'tis true, will be ungrateful for his good Intentions, and their own Improvement; but ſtill he does his Duty in attempting their

Advantage, nor do Oppoſition or Perverſeneſs diſcourage his Endeavours. The Favours of Providence itſelf are often beſtowed without exciting, Gratitude, and ſometimes upon thoſe who deny its Superintendence, or cenſure its Impartiality; and how weak muſt he be that can expect more Regard than is paid to Heaven!

Veut-il, d'un plus beau zele animant ſon courage,
Would he, with a moſt excellent zeal animating his courage,

De l'etat en danger prevenir le naufrage,
Of the ſtate in danger prevent the ſhipwreck,

Loin de le ſeconder dans ſes nobles tranſports,
Far from being ſeconded in his noble tranſports,

Ou l'on blame, ou l'on craint ſes genereux efforts.
Either he is blamed, or his generous efforts are ſuſpected.

A Stateſman, if he be wiſe, and a Chriſtian, will have the ſame Views with the Scholar, and alike devote his Attainments to the publick Good.

O funeſte bonheur! triſte preeminence!
O fatal happineſs! ſad prebeminence!

Que donnent aux mortels l'eſprit & la ſcience!
Which wit and learning beſtow on mortals!

Trop ſages pour gouter ces frivoles plaiſirs,
Too wiſe to reliſh thoſe trifling pleaſures,

Qui du foible vulgaire amuſent les deſirs,
Which of the weak vulgar a uſe the wiſhes,

D'un cote la raiſon, & de l'autre envie,
On one ſide reaſon, on the other envy,

Les privent tour a tour des douceurs de la vie. 472
257 *Rob them by turns of the comforts of life.*

A WISE Man has a more certain Method of eluding Envy than that of deſpiſing it; his Conſciouſneſs of the Divine Approbation, the Smile of that Being which it is his chief and only ardent

dent Deſire to pleaſe, exempts him from any Concern at the weak Attacks of human Malice. If any ſhort Emotion be raiſed, his Reaſon, enlightened by Piety, immediately confirms his Virtue, and reſtores his Tranquillity.

Parcourons d'un coup d'œil les differens objets,
Let us run over with a glance the different objects,

Ou ſe portent nos vœux, ou tendent nos projets;
Whither our wiſhes carry us, whither our projects tend;

D'abord, reduiſons les a leur juſte meſure,
Firſt, let us reduce them to their juſt meaſure,

Et peſons le bonheur, que chacun d'eux procure.
And let us weigh the happineſs, which each of them yields.

Toujours l'un prend ſur l'autre, & ſouvent le detruit;
Still one encroaches on the other, and often deſtroys it;

La peine les precede, & le degout les ſuit.
Pain goes before, and ſatiety follows them.

A quelle prix leur douceur nous eſt-elle donnee!
How dearly does he pay for their ſweetneſs!

De combien d'amertume eſt-elle empoiſonnee! 480
264 *With how much bitterneſs is it allayed!*

Si de leur faux eclat tes yeux ſont faſcines,
If with their falſe luſtre thy eyes are bewitched,

Voi donc a quel mortels ces biens ſont deſtines:
See then to what kind of mortals theſe good things are allotted:

Voudrois-tu te changer contre ces ames baſſes,
Wouldſt thou change with thoſe baſe ſpirits,

Sur qui le ſort ſe plait a repandre ſes graces?
On whom fortune is pleaſed to beſtow her favours?

Si l'eclat d'un rubin, vaine gloire d'honneur,
If the luſtre of a ribband, the vain glory of honour.

En flatant ton orgueil, te paroit un bonheur,
By flattering thy pride, tricks thee up an happineſs,

Voi ſi cet ornement donne un air de nobleſſe
See if that ornament gives an air of nobleneſs

Au chevalier S——*s*, a milord *In*——*ſſe*. 488
268 *To Sir* —— S——*s*, *to my lord* In——*ſſe*.

L'or ſeroit-il objet de tes deſirs jaloux?
Were gold the object of thy jealous wiſhes?

Jette les yeux ſur L——E, & ſur ſon triſte epoux. 490
270 *Caſt thy eyes on* L——E, *and his melancholy wife.*

De briller par l'eſprit aurois-tu la manie?
To ſhine in parts wouldſt thou madly wiſh?

Rapelle-toi *Bacon*, ce ſublime genie,
Call to mind Bacon, *that ſublime genius,*

Cet homme ſi profond, ſi grand dans ſes ecrits,
That man ſo profound, ſo noble in his writings,

Devient par ſa conduite un objet de mepris. 493
272 *Become by his conduct an object of contempt.*

De l'immortalite ſi le deſir te touche,
If the deſire of immortality affects thee,

Si tu veux que ton nom paſſe de bouche en bouche,
If thou wouldſt have thy name paſs from mouth to mouth,

Songe que de *Cromwel* le nom & les forfaits
Conſider that Cromwel's *name and crimes*

Devenus immortels ne periront jamais. 497
274 *Become immortal will never periſh.*

De ces differens biens ſi le riche aſſemblage
If the rich union of thoſe different bleſſings

Du ſolide bonheur te preſente l'image,
Preſents thee with the image of ſolid happineſs,

Pren de leur fauſſete l'hiſtoire pour garand;
Take hiſtory for witneſs of their impoſture;

Vois y l'homme d'etat, & le riche, & le grand,
See there the man of quality, the rich, and the great,

Et les guerriers fameux, conduits par l'apparence,
And the famous warriors, who were led by ſhow,

De ces fragiles biens pleurer l'inſuffiſance. 504
278 *Lament the inſufficiency of theſe frail enjoyments.*

THAT Man to whom God grants the Wiſdom and Happineſs of making the Maxims of which I have been proving the Neceſſity, (*v.*54.) the unvaried Rule of his Conduct, and the perpetual Foundation of his Peace; the Man whoſe Employment it is to hear and obey the Call of God, will paſs his Days without any Danger of being

being the Sport of thoſe Paſſions, which are here ſo elegantly deſcribed.

Qu'un courtiſan ſans foi, par ſon art impoſteur,
Let a courtier without faith, by his cozening arts,

D'un maitre qu'il trahit ait ſu gagner le cœur;
Know how to gain the heart of a maſter whom he betrays;

Crois-tu qu'il ſoit heureux, quand l'intrigue & la ruſe
Doſt thou think him happy, when intrigue and cunning

Sont les honteux appuis d'un rang dont il abuſe?
Are the ſhameful ſupports of a place which he abuſes?

Dans ſa propre grandeur il trouve ſon tourment,
In his own greatneſs he finds his torment,

Quand la honte & la fraude en ſont le fondement. 510
280 *When villainy and fraud are its foundation.*

THERE are ſome Men ſo entirely poſſeſſed by Ambition, that they never ſtop in their Career, long enough to examine whether the Advantages they attain are worth more or leſs than the Labour of the Acquiſition.

Ainſi des vils roſeaux d'une rive fangeuſe
Thus from vile reeds of muddy ſhores

On vit jadis ſortir *Veniſe* l'orgueilleuſe.
Was ſeen of old proud Venice *to ariſe.*

Voi parmi les heros, voi, malgre leur ſplendeur,
See among the heroes, ſee, notwithſtanding their ſplendor,

Marcher d'un pas egal le crime & la grandeur.
Guilt and greatneſs walking ſide by ſide.

En vain de ce beau nom le vulgaire le nomme;
In vain the vulgar call him by that fine name;

Ce qui fait le heros degrade ſouvent l'homme. 516
284 *What makes the hero oft degrades the man.*

Dans le plus grand eclat de leurs exploits guerriers,
In the greateſt luſtre of their warlike atchievements,

Regarde-les couverts d'equivoques lauriers;
Behold them cover'd with falſe laurels;

Lauriers,

Lauriers, toujours le fruit d'une ardeur ſanguinaire,
Laurels, always the product of a ſanguinary fire,

Et quelquefois le prix d'un trafic mercenaire.
And ſometimes the purchaſe of a mercenary traffick.

Contemple-les enfin epuiſés de travaux,
Behold them at laſt worn out with toils,

Ou perdus de molleſſe, & conſumés de maux;
Or undone with luxury, and waſted with diſeaſes;

On ne voit plus en eux que d'illuſtres coupables;
You regard them as no other than illuſtrious criminals;

Dans leurs propres palais devenus mepriſables,
In their own palaces grown contemptible,

Ils trainent ſans honneur le reſte de leurs jours.
They linger out the remainder of their days in diſhonour.

La mort vient-elle enfin en terminer le cours?
Comes death at length to finiſh their courſe?

Une femme hautaine, un heritier avide,
An imperious wife, a greedy heir,

Se font de leur trepas une douceur perfide;
Reap the ſweet fruits of treaſon over their grave;

Et, loin de ſoulager leurs mortelles langueurs,
And, far from lending ſupport under declining nature,

Du ſort qui les accable augmentent les rigueurs. 530
294 *Augment the horrors of the fate that overwhelms them.*

Helas! par leur midi que ta vue emblouie
Alas! let not thy ſight dazzled with their noon

Ne te ſeduiſe pas ſur le jour de leur vie;
Betray thy judgment on the day of their life;

De leur matin obſcur, de leur ſoir tenebreux,
Of their louring morn, of their gloomy evening,

Rappelle a ton eſprit les momens malheureux.
Recall to thy mind the unhappy moments.

Eh! que reſtera-t-il de tant de renommee,
Ah! what will remain of all this fame,

Qu' un ſouvenir confus, qu' une vaine fumee,
But a confuſed remembrance, an empty ſmoak,

Ou leur gloire & leur crime egalement traces,
Where their glory and their guilt equally marked,

L'un par l'autre ſeront tour a tour effaces? 538
298 *Shall be by one another in turns effaced?*

THIS

THIS Picture has ſo much the Marks of an Original, that it may be readily conceived to have been copied from the Life. Whether any of the Features are aggravated by the Paſſions of the Painter, it is not my Buſineſs to decide; that Kindneſs will ſoften, and Ill-will heighten a Deformity, is without Diſpute: But I cannot forbear to obſerve, that the Life and Spirit of the Verſion deſerve our Admiration, as the Tranſlator could be animated only with his natural Fire, not agitated by perſonal Motives.

Appren, foible mortel, (& qu' a cette ſcience
Learn, weak mortal, (and by this ſcience

Se borne, s'il ſe peut, toute ta connoiſſance)
Be bounded, if poſſible, all thy knowledge)

Appren, donc, qu'il n'eſt point ici bas de bonheur,
Learn, then, that there is no happineſs here below,

Si la vertu ne regle & l'eſprit & le cœur.
If virtue does not regulate the paſſions and heart.

La vertu ſait trouver le ſeul point immuable;
Virtue can diſcover the only fixed point;

Elle rend le bonheur auſſi parfait que ſtable;
She renders happineſs perfect as well as laſting;

Des traits de la fortune elle brave l'effort;
Of the bolts of fortune ſhe defies the ſhock;

Et nous met au deſſus des caprices du ſort.
And ſets us above the caprice of fate.

Sans flatter notre eſprit d'une vaine eſperance,
Without flattering our mind with vain hopes,

Elle donne a chacun ſa juſte recompenſe.
She gives to every one his juſt reward.

Soit que ſa main recoive ou verſe des bienfaits,
Whether her hand receives or beſtows benefits,

Son plaiſir eſt egal, ſes vœux ſont ſatisfaits.
Her pleaſure is equal, her wiſhes are ſatisfied.

AN

An Inſtance, that may eaſily be underſtood, will ſufficiently demonſtrate that an Equality of Wealth and Eſtate could not long ſubſiſt in the World. Let us ſuppoſe a ſmall Number of Families obliged by Perſecution to fix their Reſidence in a deſart Iſland. All the Members of this new Community, united by their Religion, their Virtue, and their Sufferings, love each other with the utmoſt Tenderneſs: In a ſhort time they clear and cultivate their Iſland, and make it a commodious Habitation; the Stronger aſſiſt the Weaker, and they that have more than their Neceſſities demand, beſtow their Superfluities upon thoſe that have leſs: Such would be the State of this new Colony for ſome time after their Settlement; but this Fervour of Affection would in Time abate, and this amiable Friendſhip be diſturbed: Their Numbers would perpetually increaſe, and new Families be formed; after a few Generations, Sloth, Ill-nature, and Intereſt would intrude, and Envy and Malice would ſoon put an End to this peaceable Equality.

Many are the Accidents to which Families owe their Diſtreſſes or Decay. In ſome the Infirmities of Age hinder the Father from conducting his Affairs; in others, the bad Conduct of the Chief involves the reſt in Poverty: Some are impoveriſh'd by Sickneſs: An Eſtate is ſometimes loſt in the Hands of Orphans, and ſometimes is ſub-divided into ſo many Portions for numerous Deſcendants, that no ſingle Perſon has ſufficient for his Support. Others not only receive large Inheritances from their Anceſtors, but increaſe them by Strength and Application. Thus, while ſome are hourly gaining what others

loſe,

loſe, either by their Faults or Misfortunes, an Equality of Condition cannot be maintained; and if it could, it would deprive us of all Opportunity to exerciſe either the Virtue of Liberality, or that of Reſignation.

As a Man is empower'd to give, or obliged to receive, he has an Opportunity of practiſing two great Virtues. An ungenerous Man, that deſires to engroſs all he has for his own Uſe, never gives without Reluctance; and he whoſe Vanity makes a State of Inferiority uneaſy to him, cannot without Pain receive thoſe Favours which his Circumſtances require; however he may appear grateful, and ſubmiſſive, in reality he envies his Benefactor, and feels nothing within but Diſcontent. But a good Man, enriched by the Bounty of his Maker, knows that his Wealth was beſtowed for no other Purpoſe than to be diffuſed, and delights in concurring with the Deſigns of Providence; nor if, by a Change of his Circumſtances, Gratitude and Humility become the Duties of his Life, is he leſs ready to obey the Call. In one State he will give without Haughtineſs, in the other aſk without Dejection: When he beſtows he will appear to receive the Obligation he confers, and when his Neceſſities reduce him to receive, he will obſerve the Affluence of others, perhaps, with more Satisfaction than the Poſſeſſors enjoy; for a wiſe Man is cautious of giving himſelf over to the Contemplations of his own Proſperity, but indulges, without Reſtraint, the Satisfactions which are afforded him by partaking of that of others. To know how to give, and how to receive, is of great Uſe; and, however difficult to the Envious and Ill-natur'd, is very eaſy to the Benevolent and Good.

En proie a la douleur, ſeule dans ſa retraite,
A prey to grief, alone in her retreat,

Elle goute toujours une douceur ſecrete ;
She always taſtes a ſecret ſweetneſs ;

Le vice en reſſent moins au milieu des plaiſirs,
Vice reliſhes leſs in the midſt of pleaſures,

Qui ſans remplir ſon cœur irritent ſes deſirs. 554
310 *Which without ſatisfying her inclination provoke her longings.*

Du plus affreux objet, du lieu le plus ſauvage,
From the moſt diſmal object, from the moſt deſart place,

La vertu ſans effort tire quelque avantage ;
Virtue without labour draws ſome advantage ;

Sans jamais ſe laſſer, toujours en mouvement ;
Without ever being tired, always in motion ;

Toujours prete, ſans trouble, a tout evenement.
Always ready, without diſturbance, for every event.

Que ſes rivaux jaloux tombent dans la diſgrace,
Let her jealous rivals fall into diſgrace,

Qu'un revers imprevu confonde leur audace ;
Let an unforeſeen accident confound their confidence ;

Qu'ils montent par le crime au comble des honneurs ;
Let them mount by crimes to the height of honour ;

Elle voit du meme œil leur gloire & leurs malheurs.
She ſees with an indifferent eye their glory and their misfortunes.

Soumiſe au loix du ciel, & jamais empreſſee
Submiſſive to the laws of heaven, and never buſied

A former de projets une chaine inſenſee,
In forming a mad chain of projects,

Elle etouffe ou bannit tous deſirs ſuperflus ;
She ſuppreſſes or baniſhes all ſuperfluous deſires ;

Les ſiens ſont ſatisfaits auſſi-tot que conçus. 566
316 *Her own (wiſhes) are ſatisfied as ſoon as conceived.*

Tel eſt le vray bonheur ; la divine ſageſſe
Such is true happineſs ; the divine wiſdom

En a fait aux humains une egale largeſſe :
Hath made of it to mankind an equal diſtribution :

Il eſt le ſeul ſenſible aux plus groſſiers eſprits,
It is the only one perceptible to the groſſeſt underſtandings,
Le ſeul dont tous les cœurs puiſſent ſentir le prix.
The only one whoſe worth every heart can feel.

THIS Truth, which is hinted to us by Reaſon, is confirmed by Revelation, and proved by Experience. This Happineſs is not the Prerogative of deep Reaſoners, or Capacities exalted above the common Level; for it often happens, that ſuch Men, endeavouring to riſe ſtill higher than Nature intended, and aiming at Reputation for Diſcoveries out of the Reach of vulgar Minds, fall into Errors, in which none but the Subtle, and the Inquiſitive, could poſſibly have been entangled, and adhere with inflexible Obſtinacy to Notions wholly oppoſite to the plaineſt Truths, and moſt fundamental Doctrines of Religion.

Bonheur que les mechans, pauvres dans l'opulence,
A happineſs which the wicked, poor amidſt abundance,
Et, malgre leur ſavoir, plonges dans l'ignorance,
And, in ſpite of their learning, ſunk in ignorance,
Recherchent nuit & jour ſans pouvoir l'acquerir,
Search after night and day without being able to attain it,
Tandis que de lui-meme aux bons il vient s'offrir.
While of its own accord to the good it preſents itſelf.
A l'homme vertueux l'eſperance fidele
For the virtuous man hope aſſured
Fait briller pour lui ſeul ſa lumiere immortelle,
Kindles up for him alone its immortal light,
Juſqu' a cet heureux jour, ou l'ardeur de la foi
Unto that happy day, when the fervour of faith
La rempliſſe, l' abſorbe, & la confonde en ſoi;
Compleats, abſorbs, and blends it in itſelf;
Jour heureux, ou de Dieu notre ame penetree
Happy day, when with the Divinity our ſoul penetrated
Sera du vrai plaiſir pour toujours enyvree! 580
334 *Shall be with true pleaſure for ever ſatiated!*

I WROTE my Remarks on this Poem as I read it, and I have the Satisfaction to find, as I proceed in it, that I have been too haſty in producing my Illuſtrations: So clear and ſo bright is the Light in which the Poetical Tranſlator has placed thoſe, which the Proſe Verſion exhibited with greater Obſcurity! I find here the ſacred Terms of *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; but ſo introduced, that I find it not eaſy to know whence they came, or to annex to them, as they now ſtand, the Ideas which they generally produce.

La nature nous porte, en ces terreſtres lieux,
Nature leads us, in theſe terreſtrial manſions,

A rechercher les biens qui s'offrent a nos yeux;
To court thoſe good things which offer themſelves to our ſight;

Tandis que de la foi les arrets infaillibles
Whilſt of faith the dictates infallible

Nous montrent le bonheur dans des biens inviſibles.
Shew us happineſs in bleſſings inviſible.

THE Word *Nature* is here evidently intended to mean the Paſſions of a Soul united to the Body; Paſſions which Faith teaches us to ſubdue. So that we have now, at length, recourſe to REVELATION, which teaches to conſider the Natural, in Oppoſition to the Spiritual Man; or the Man that has no other Ideas than what his Senſes ſuggeſt, that has no View beyond the Gratification of his Appetites, and the Pleaſures of the preſent Life, to him that knows by Experience the Aſſiſtance of the Divine Grace, and that Happineſs which ariſes from Devotion to his Creator.

Les animaux, guides par l'attrait de leurs ſens,
The brutes, guided by the allurement of their ſenſes,

Bornent tous leurs deſirs aux ſeuls beſoins preſens;
Confine all their deſires to preſent neceſſities only;

Mais l'homme, que le ciel doua d'intelligence,
But man, whom heaven hath endow'd with underſtanding,

S'etend dans l'avenir aide par l'eſperance.
Reaches into futurity aſſiſted by hope.

MAN is here once more re-inſtated in his Priviléges, and exalted as far above the brute Creation, as the Heavens are above the Earth. How widely doth this Paſſage differ from ſome which are found in the three former Eſſays! But this is perhaps not ſufficient to remove the Prejudices of corrupt Minds, which the former Aſſertions had contributed to ſtrengthen. The Ideas of Virtue are here elegantly explained, but ſtand unſupported with ſuch Arguments, as might reſolve the Doubts that have been already raiſed. The Poet, after having amuſed us with ſuch a Deſcription of the Tranquillity, and pleaſing Ideas of the ſavage *Indian*, as might almoſt incline us to envy his Condition, now exerts all the Power of his Fancy to exhibit a View of the virtuous Man, whom he repreſents as worthy of the higheſt Regard, and as entitled to boundleſs Rewards: A delightful Idea, a pleaſing Proſpect, and exalted Hopes; but how well grounded he does not tell us, but leaves us ſtill to doubt on about Man's Superiority to Brutes.

La nature & la foi, par l'appas du bonheur,
Nature and faith, by the attractive of happineſs,

Tournent a la vertu les deſirs de ſon cœur,
Turn towards virtue the deſires of his heart,

Redreſſent doucement ſa pente tortueuſe,
Rectify gently his inclination perverſe,

Briſent des paſſions la fougue impetueuſe,
Break of the paſſions the tide impetuous,

Et le portant ſans ceſſe a tendre vers le bien,
And inducing him continually to tend towards good,

Dans le bonheur d'autrui lui font trouver le ſien.
In the happineſs of others make him find his own.

Ainſi donc l'amour propre eſt rendu ſociable;
Thus then ſelf-love is rendered ſocial;

Aux yeux meme du ciel il devient agreable;
In the ſight of heaven itſelf it becomes agreeable;

Par lui l'homme ſe rend doux, bienfaiſant, humain,
By it man is made gentle, beneficent, humane,

Et ne ſauroit s'aimer qu'il n'aime ſon prochain. 598
344 *And knows not to love himſelf but in loving his neighbour.*

MAN is conſcious of his Exiſtence, and delighted with it: He inquires after the Author of ſo great a Bleſſing, to return his Acknowledgements, to receive his Commands, and to make them the Rule of his Life: Finding his Search not vain, and his Wiſhes granted, he feels new Ardours of Gratitude, and is more zealous to obey: This Zeal is rewarded, and his Gratitude ſtill increaſes. God furniſhes him with proper Objects for the Exerciſe of his Gratitude, and teaches him to regard other Men as his Brethren, and to love them as he loves himſelf. As the Love of himſelf prompts him to acquire what is convenient for him, and to preſerve his Acquiſitions, ſo his Love of others inclines him to endeavour the Increaſe of their Happineſs: he has a like Senſe of their Advantage and his own, and the Affection he has for them and for Himſelf are ſo connected in his Mind, that he forgets to diſtinguiſh them.

Des nobles ſentimens, dont ton ame eſt pourvue;
Of the noble ſentiments, with which thy mind is furniſhed,

Eſt-ce trop, ſelon toi, reſſerrer l'etendue?
Is it too hard, in thy opinion, to confine the extent?

Juſq' a tes ennemis, par de plus grands efforts,
Even to thy enemies, by the greateſt efforts,

Porte de ton amour les genereux tranſports;
Extend of thy love the generous tranſports;

Sur celle de ton Dieu regle ta bien-veillance;
By that of thy God regulate thy benevolence;

OF this Concluſion we ſee the Reaſonableneſs and the Neceſſity, but do not ſo eaſily concur with the following Exhortation:

Que ton cœur s'intereſſe a tout etre qui penſe,
Let thy heart intereſt itſelf for ev'ry being that thinks,

A tout etre qui vit a ces mondes divers,
For ev'ry being that lives, in thoſe various worlds,

Qui forment, avec toi, cet immenſe univers.
Which makes up, with thee, this immenſe univerſe.

IT is not without ſome Struggles that we prevail upon ourſelves to love our Enemies, and the Grace of God is neceſſary to raiſe us to an affectionate and warm Concern for them. But as for the reſt of the Univerſe, and all thoſe immenſe Spaces which we gaze at from afar, or which are expanded at an immenſe Diſtance beyond our View, we do not feel for their Inhabitants any Emotions of Averſion, or any Tendencies to Love. And indeed while we are encompaſſed more nearly with ſo great a Number of Objects that demand our Attention and Regard, it would be at leaſt a very unneceſſary, perhaps an unreaſonable Solicitude, to encourage any Sentiments of Tenderneſs for the Inhabitants

bitants of *Jupiter*, or to ſend up Wiſhes for the Proſperity of the Planetary Nations.

Would it not be an extraordinary Converſation, if a Miniſter ſhould ask one of thoſe whom he was inſtructing in Religion, *What Tenderneſs do you feel for the Inhabitants of* Saturn? Might he not anſwer properly, *I never once thought of them, there are Men ſufficient to engroſs my Affection, and employ my Benevolence.* And would not the Teacher make himſelf compleatly ridiculous, if he ſhould proceed to admoniſh him in Terms like theſe, *viz. How little, poor narrow-thoughted Wretch, art thou acquainted with the Extent of Chriſtian Charity! Learn to raiſe thy Affection yet higher than the Orb of* Saturn, *and diffuſe it to the utmoſt Bounds of the Creation.* Such Hyperboles as theſe prove that the Writer does not well conſider what he is ſaying; a Negligence, which often ſteals upon a Writer that has no farther Views than to dazzle the Imagination of his Reader.

I acknowledge that a Man devoted to God, and elevated to Raptures with Admiration at the View of his amazing Works, may ſometimes wiſh that he could communicate, even to inanimate Beings, his Sentiments and his Voice, that they might all unite with him in paying their Thankſgiving to their common Creator, whoſe Glory they diſplay with ſo much Magnificence, with being conſcious of the Hand that formed them.

I own too, that a Soul filled with Piety, and informed of the Exiſtence of thoſe happy Beings that are without Number employ'd in the Praiſes of their Creator, with Raptures which we cannot yet conceive, may dwell with Delight upon their

Excellence and Happineſs. He may rejoice at their ſuperior Bliſs, and tho' he feels himſelf yet unworthy to be admitted to bear his Part in thoſe ſacred Feſtivities, hopes to arrive at length to the ſame Perfection, and thoſe Hopes enable him to riſe towards it. But the Regard and Reverence with which he conſiders thoſe exalted Beings, are very different from that Good-will and Kindneſs which he feels for his Brethren on Earth. With ſuch Compaſſion and Love the Angels may, perhaps, look down upon us; but we cannot reflect upon them without far different Emotions.

THIS chimerical Diffuſion of Benevolence can exiſt only upon the abſurd Suppoſition of a Totality, or complex Syſtem, of which all the Parts are ſo conſtantly dependent upon each other, that no one can be diſplaced, or interrupted in its Motion, or ſuffer any Alteration in its Manner of Action, without bringing Confuſion upon the Whole, and conſequently upon us, who are an eſſential Part of it: But Intereſt will extend our Kindneſs as wide as Motion and Exiſtence are diffuſed. Yet we are without any Apprehenſions of ſuch Irregularities; for the Machine of the Univerſe, with the various Particles that contribute to it, are ſo formed and regulated, that no Power leſs than that of God can produce the leaſt Alteration; and that infinite Perfection, which determined him to create this Work in that State, which of all others was alone worthy of his Wiſdom, will determine him likewiſe to preſerve it entire and unchanged, ſince every Variation muſt diminiſh its Excellence, which is already ſuch, that it cannot be imagined greater without Abſurdity.

THE

THE Conſequences of this Hypotheſis extend far. The Credit of Miracles, or Deviations from the natural Order of Things, falls immediately; for nothing that has been, could have been otherwiſe, or could poſſibly not have been. Such is the Foundation of the grand Paradox, ſo often repeated, and ſtrongly recommended, *Whatever is, is right*; it was neceſſary to the Perfection of the Univerſe, that every thing ſhould be as it really is.

THE Univerſe would be a Work leſs worthy of its Author, if there were neither Atheiſm nor Superſtition to be found in it; it would be defective without Perſecution and Idolatry, nor could the Tyrant, the Poiſoner, and the Aſſaſſin be reformed without deſtroying Part of the Beauty of the Creation. When, therefore, one of theſe Ornaments of Nature ſhould be aſked, *How many have died this Month by his Ponyard*, or another, *How many have taſted his Powder to their Deſtruction*, the Aſſerter of this happy Hypotheſis might anſwer, upon hearing the Number, *I congratulate you upon your good Actions, which may be likewiſe a rational Ground of Satisfaction to yourſelves. Whatever you have done was right. This may be proved without Difficulty: You have done it*, And whatever is, is right. *The Univerſe had been leſs perfect, if what has happened had either not happened at all, or happened in any other Manner*; the grand Machine, of which the Motions are irreſiſtible, and the Effects certain, was ſo conſtituted from the Beginning, as to produce thoſe Actions in you which you have now been performing.

De

De l'amour propre en nous l'impetueuſe flamme
Of ſelf-love in us the vehement flame

Anime a la vertue les puiſſances de l'ame,
Animates to virtue the powers of the ſoul.

WHEN Self-love is predominant and unreſtrained, the Effects of it are uncertain, but for the moſt part prejudicial to Society; for it ſuffers the Man who is enſlaved by it, to regard nothing but his own Advantage, it incites him to exert his utmoſt Force; to gratify his Deſires; and unhappy is that Man, who, without Strength to conquer him, ſhall have Spirit to oppoſe him. On the contrary, the more a Man ſtudies the Good of others, the leſs he conſiders his own Intereſt, and while he is attentive to ſerve the Public, ſuffers his own Affairs to paſs leſs regarded. The impetuous Nature of Self-love is therefore only maintained here, to give Dignity to the following Compariſon.

Comme on voit une pierre, en tombant dans les eaux,
As you ſee a ſtone, in falling into the water,

Y former a l'inſtant des cercles inegaux,
There make at that inſtant circles unequal,

Qui croiſſant, par degres, de diſtance en diſtance,
Which increaſing, by degrees, diſtance after diſtance,

A mille autres bientot donnent encor naiſſance;
To a thouſand others ſoon again give riſe;

De meme l'amour propre, agiſſant ſur le cœur,
Even ſo ſelf-love, working in the heart;

Fait cherir le parent, l'ami, le ſerviteur;
Endears the kinſman, the friend, the ſervant;

Apres eux la patrie attire ſa tendreſſe;
Next to them his country draws his affections;

A tout le genre humain enfin il s'intereſſe,
For all mankind at laſt he is concerned,

Et ſuivant de ſon cœur les premiers mouvemens,
And following of his heart the firſt propenſities,

Il en repand par tout les vifs epanchemens.
He diffuſes all around the lively overflowings.

THESE Circles are formed in a regular Succeſſion; and extend but to a ſmall Compaſs; as they are multiplied they riſe leſs, and ſoon ſink to a Level with the reſt of the Water. Theſe Circumſtances make the Compariſon juſt. Our Senſibility, Activity, and Strength, are confined to narrow Limits, and as our Love is diffuſed to a great Number of Objects, its Motions are more languid, and leſs perceptible. If a Father has twelve Sons whom he loves equally, and to whoſe Intereſts he has an equal Regard, no ſooner does one of theſe fall dangerouſly ſick, than the Father's whole Solicitude is engroſſed by him; and he is treated with a Degree of Tenderneſs which he never found before. The reſt do not in reality loſe the Affection of their Father, but his Thoughts are at that Time ſo contracted by the preſent Danger, that he does not attend to his Affection for them, or dwell upon any Sentiments of Love that ariſe in his Mind.

Plus l'homme vertueux devient ſenſible & tendre,
The more a virtuous man becomes ſenſible and tender,

Plus il ſent ſon bonheur s'aggrandir & s'etendre;
The more does he feel his Happineſs ſpread and increaſe;

WE are born to love one another, and the more any Man indulges his Benevolence, the more ſenſibly he perceives the Happineſs of Loving; the more he practiſes his Duty, the more agreeable does his Duty grow.

Et quand ſon feu s'enpure, & devient charite,
And when his fire is purified, and becomes charity,

Il met en fin le comble a la felicite. 622

362 *He puts at laſt the finiſhing ſtroke to happineſs.*

THE Meaning of theſe two Lines is not extremely clear, but this is the Senſe in which I underſtand them. In proportion as our Self-love becomes more pure, that is, as we have leſs Need to make uſe of private Conſiderations to incite us to love others, as we love them, with leſs Attention to our own Intereſt, and leſs Regard to the Return of Kindneſs that may be expected from thoſe who receive Proofs of our Regard; as the bare Conſideration that they are our Brethren, the Sons of the ſame Father, and the Works of God, is ſufficient to influence us to love and eſteem them, the more certainly do we love them as we ought, and that Love ſo purified acquires the Name of Charity, and becomes a Virtue of the firſt Rank. With ſuch Affection as this, do we love thoſe Objects which are really dear to us.

AT the Concluſion, Mr *Pope*, that he may deſerve, in every Reſpect, the Character of a great Poet, addreſſes his Patron in the ſame Manner which the Ancients uſed to call upon the Muſe; and it may be aſſerted, without Flattery, that he has improved upon his Originals. He confeſſes himſelf indebted to the juſt Diſcernment, extenſive Knowledge, and boundleſs Invention of his noble Friend, for all the Beauties of his Poem; and in a few Lines gives us a Succinct Account of the Science of Poetry, which, if it is read with *Horace*'s long Letter to the *Piſoes* will not ſuffer by the Compariſon.

Arbitre

Arbitre de mes chants, mon genie, & mon maitre,
Judge of my ſong, my genius, and my maſter,

Seconde les tranſports que toi-meme a fait naitre;
Aſſiſt the raptures which thyſelf haſt raiſed;

Tandis qu'en liberte variant mes accens
While with freedom changing my notes

Je m'eleve tantot, & tantot je deſcens;
I ſoar ſometimes, and ſometimes ſtoop;

Que ma muſe de l'homme expoſe la nobleſſe,
That my muſe of man may ſet forth the dignity,

Ou decouvre au grand jour le fond de ſa baſſeſſe;
Or diſplays in full light his loweſt pitch of meanneſs;

Qu' anime par le feu de tes doctes lecons
That quicken'd by the fire of thy learned inſtructions

Je prenne, comme toi, tous les airs, tous les tons;
I may comprehend, like thee, all forms, all ſounds;

Que ſelon le ſujet, par un ſage contraſte,
That according to the ſubject, by a judicious contraſt,

Je tombe ſans baſſeſſe, & m'eleve ſans faſte:
I may ſink without meanneſs, and ſoar without oſtentation:

Que je puiſſe, imitant ton ſtile ingenieux,
That I may, in imitation of thy ingenious Stile,

Paſſer du grave au doux, du vif au ſerieux,
Paſs from grave to pleaſing, from lively to ſevere,

Dans les traits les plus forts eviter la rudeſſe,
In ſtrokes the boldeſt to avoid harſhneſs,

Dans le plus grand eſſor conſerver la juſteſſe,
In the loftieſt flight to preſerve correctneſs,

Et donner de la grace a mes raiſonnemens,
And to add grace to my arguments,

Sans affoiblir leur poids par de vains ornemens. 638
Without weakening their force by vain embelliſhments. 272

Mr *Pope*, to omit nothing that the Rules of Poetry require, or which the Examples of thoſe who are allowed the greateſt Maſters of that Art had recommended to the Imitation of Poſterity, expatiates upon the pleaſing Hopes of tranſ-

tranſmitting his Patron's Name, and his own to Immortality, but he expreſſes theſe Sentiments with more Delicacy and Addreſs than his Predeceſſors.

O! tandis que ton nom recueillant notre hommage,
Oh! while thy name, collecting our homage,

Sur le courant du tems paſſera d'age en age,
Down the current of time ſhall paſs from age to age,

Di-moi, puis-je eſperer que mon frele vaiſſeau
tell me, can I hope that my frail veſſel

Accompagne de loin un triomphe ſi beau;
Shall accompany at diſtance a triumph ſo fair;

Qu' avec toi partageant le vent qui te ſeconde,
That with thee partaking the gale that thee favours,

Mon nom avec le tien vole un jour dans le monde?
My name with thine ſhall fly one day through the world?

MR *Pope* writes like a Poet, and a Poet of the firſt Claſs. But every Man has his Inadvertencies, and Mr *Pope*, while he wrote this Paſſage, forgot the judicious Precepts he had been laying down, and the Cenſures which he had ſo juſtly caſt upon that vain Deſire of an uſeleſs Immortality.

THIS is not the only Inconſiſtency to be found in theſe Eſſays, and I know ſome who, from the Author's Diſagreement with himſelf, have conjectured, that he did not compoſe theſe Poems in a regular Series of Study, but that having written ſeveral Fragments of Poetry, each finiſhed in its Kind; ſuch as the Parallel of Reaſon and Inſtinct, the ill-grounded Vanity of Mankind, the Contraſt of Religion and Superſtition, the Original of Communities, and ſeveral Paragraphs upon the Paſſions and Self-love, he digeſted them into theſe four Eſſays, as they

are ſaid to have anciently collected the Rhapſodies of *Homer*.

Lorsqu' enfin les heros, les miniſtres, les rois,
When at laſt heroes, miniſters, kings,

De l'implacable mort auront ſubi les loix,
Of implacable death ſhall have ſubmitted to the laws,

Que les fils rougiront, informes que leurs peres,
How the ſons will bluſh, when told that their fathers,

Jaloux de ton eclat, furent tes adverſaires! 648
378 *Jealous of thy glory, were thy enemies!*

Mr *Pope* does not ſeem to flatter himſelf with the Improvements which Poſterity will make by his Precepts, and particularly by that grand and philoſophical Concluſion, on which he dwells with ſo much Pleaſure, *Whatever is, is right*; for if the *Sons ſhall bluſh that their Fathers were the Foes of* Lord *Bolingbrooke*, they muſt be ſo far from believing that *whatever is, is right*, that with regard to the Oppoſition made by their Fathers to his Deſigns, they muſt be convinced that *many Things are wrong*.

Percans de l'avenir les *voiles* tenebreux,
Penetrating of futurity, the dark veil

Ces vers apprendont-ils a nos derniers neveux,
Theſe verſes will inform our lateſt poſterity,

Que, m'ouvrant les treſors de la philoſophie,
That, opening to me the treaſures of philoſophy,

Tu fus et le ſoutien & l'honneur de ma vie;
Thou waſt both the ſupport and ornament of my life,

Qu' encourage par toi, je cherchai dans mes chants
That animated by thee, I have ſought in my ſong

Non le charme des ſons, mais la beaute du ſens;
Not the charm of ſounds, but the beauty of ſenſe;

Qne

Que j'oſai negliger les *peintures* brillantes,
That I have dared to neglect glittering expreſſions,

Pour preſentir au cœur des *verites* touchantes;
To offer to the heart affecting truths;

MR *Pope* thinks too modeſtly of his Poetry, and I believe he is indebted to the Power of that engaging Art, to the Charms of his Muſic, and the Brightneſs of his Colouring, for having been able to dazzle or affect any other Readers than ſuch as were already prejudiced in Favour of his Hypotheſis, an Hypotheſis that recommends itſelf to Regard by flattering the Inclination ſo prevalent in moſt Men, to live without Conſtraint, without Remorſe, and without Apprehenſion of future Puniſhment.

LET him ſay in plain Terms without the Blaze of Deſcription, or the Allurements of Verſe, that Men, however they may exult upon their Superiority to the brute Creation, received far leſs Benefits from their boaſted Reaſon than were beſtowed by Inſtinct on other Animals; that they had never known how to build without being inſtructed by the Mole, or to ſail without the Example of the *Nautilus*, that they owed the Art of Weaving to the Spider, the Laws of Republicks to the Ant, and the monarchical Form of Government to the Bee.

LET him declare, that the Religion of Men, while they lived under the Direction of God, was the ſame with that of Beaſts, that the firſt Adorations of the divine Being were paid jointly by Men and Beaſts in the Deſarts. To conclude, let the Philoſophy and Divinity of Mr *Pope* be propoſed in a plain Summary, without Embelliſhments, and it will appear whether ſuch Poſi-

tions as he has here laid down, will obtain Credit by their own Evidence, and it will be more eaſy to examine whether ſome ſecret Paſſions, and latent ill Principles, are not the chief Motives of the Deſire that any Man feels to find them true.

Qu' eteignant de l'erreur le vulgaire flambeau,
That extinguiſhing of error the vulgar torch,

Je fis ſur les mortels briller un *jour* nouveau ;
I cauſed on mortals to ſhine a new light ;

THESE Opinions, which he terms a falſe Mirror, appear to me the moſt valuable Truths, by which the Conduct of the truly Knowing is regulated, and upon which the Hopes of the Good are founded. What he terms the Light of Nature, is a gloomy Glimmer, which affords no certain Direction. That his Principles are without Proof, and, if they are diſintangled from Equivocations, without Conſequence, we have not only aſſerted, but often proved, as well in the foregoing Examen as in this Attempt.

Que de l'*orgueil* humain confondant l'impoſture,
That of human pride *confuting the impoſture,*

J' appris que tout eſt bien dans toute la nature,
I have taught that all is right throughout all nature,

BUT what can be more agreeable to the Pride of Man, than to be told that he is under no Reſtraint, that the Reproaches of his Conſcience are chimerical Anxieties, that there is no Puniſhment to be feared, and that whatever he has done *is right*.

Que

Que de nos paſſions, les prompts elancemens
That of our paſſions the ſudden ſallies
Pretent a la raiſon d'utiles inſtrumens ;
Lend to reaſon uſeful inſtruments ;
Que l'amour-propre, loin d'etre mepriſable,
That ſelf-love, far from being contemptible,
Fait le bonheur de l'homme, & le rend ſociable ;
Makes the happineſs of Man, and renders him ſocial ;

AN Attempt has been already made to explain the Nature, and ſhow the Neceſſity of Self-love, and to diſtinguiſh the good from the bad Uſe of it, without Ambiguity or Perplexity.

Qu'il ne peut ici bas etre vraiment heureux,
That he cannot here below be truly happy,
Si la ſeule *vertu* n'eſt l'objet de ſes vœux ;
If virtue *alone be not the object of his deſires* ;

To free the Idea of Virtue from the Exaggerations of Stoiciſm, has been likewiſe endeavoured. The Source of true virtue has been laid open and it has been proved that it is not to be accounted a moral Excellence, but merely a phyſical Effect, unleſs we allow in Man not only the Faculty of receiving different Determinations, which is only a Kind of *paſſive* Liberty, but alſo an *active* Liberty, or Power of determining himſelf.

Et que, pour un mortel, la *ſcience* ſupreme
And that, for a mortal, the higheſt. knowledge
Et enfin de ſavoir ſe connoître ſoi-meme. 658
386 *Is in ſhort to learn to know himſelf.*

HE that ſtudies that important Science, the Knowledge of himſelf, under the Direction of

Mr *Pope*, will, at the End of his Enquiries, find his Mind clouded with Uncertainty, and perplexed with Contradictions, he will have few clear Ideas to contemplate, and yet leſs Evidence to ſupport his Opinions. If it be true that he has in reality adopted the Syſtem to which he ſeems too much inclined, his Ideas of human Nature are directly oppoſite to thoſe that are diſcovered to us by that Light which moſt deſerves to be reverenced and followed.

FINIS.

A LET-

A LETTER TO Mr. CROUSAZ.

SIR,

I HAVE been reading your ſecond Examen in your Friend's Hands, and am aſtoniſhed at the Efforts that you make to free Mr. *Pope* from the Suſpicion of favouring the Fataliſts; a ſincere Account of the Reaſons of this Conduct will be conſidered as a great Favour, by, Sir, Your, *&c.*

The ANSWER.

SIR,

MY Intention is to give you the Satisfaction that you deſire, without any Artifice or Diſguiſe.

When I take an impartial Survey of the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem, without any Regard to the celebrated Name of its Author, from which all the Prejudice that can affect my Enquiries muſt proceed; for I never had the leaſt

leaſt Reaſon for perſonal Malevolence to his Character: The more attentively I dwell upon it, the more inconſiſtent does it appear, not only with revealed Truths, but with thoſe that ſeem moſt confirmed by the Evidence of Reaſon, and the more plainly do I diſcover how weakly it is ſupported by Argument and Proof: So that, in Conſequence of my own Obſervations, I always decline charging any Man with adhering to ſo abſurd and pernicious an Hypotheſis, who does not in plain Terms profeſs that he adopts it.

Some of theſe profound Theologiſts I have met with, who have declared expreſsly, that God will not inflict any Puniſhment in a future State, becauſe no Being can ſuffer for its Actions without Injuſtice. And others that profeſs this Syſtem, however they may diſguiſe their Sentiments, prove, by their Conduct, that they are in very little Apprehenſion of Retributions to come, and live with great Security in a Courſe of Debauchery and Drunkenneſs, and practiſe any Artifice, without Scruple, by which they can impoſe on the Credulity, or encroach upon the Property of others.

There are ſome ſlow Capacities that are ſatisfied with Sounds, and embrace Opinions dreſſed up in plauſible Language, without ſeeing the dreadful Conſequences that flow neceſſariſy from them. Some of theſe are even ſtupid enough to celebrate the Juſtice of Providence, for adding new Followers to their Sect, and fortifying their Opinion with new Vindicators, when they ought rather to bluſh at their Aſſociates, and abandon the Syſtem, when they ſee it only ſupported by Libertines, the meaneſt, and the worſt Part of Mankind.

Many

Many of these give themselves very little Trouble to examine the Foundations of a System, the Absurdity of which they cannot but perceive: they have a nearer Way to Security, and lull themselves in their Negligence, by knowing in general, that some Men of the first Character have set them at full Liberty, and freed them from the Fetters of moral Obligations, by proving that there is nothing to be feared in another Life. These Men, so learned, and so inquisitive, compose the main Body of the present Fatalists.

It seems now not improper to acquaint you with the principal Reasons, that hold me at the greatest Distance from this Opinion: Some of them you have read already, and of the others I shall give you only a short Summary, having a Design of enlarging on this Question, in a new Edition of my *Treatise on the Mind of Man*, to which I intend to make large Additions.

In the first Place it seems a very improper, if not a criminal Degree of Rashness, for Understandings, limited like ours, to determine, That of all the Plans of the Creation that could be formed by infinite Knowledge, one only appeared so compleat, that the divine Being was, by his own Attributes, laid under the Necessity of chusing it. Whatever Degree of Perfection we assign to a System of created and independent Beings, this Perfection must have its Limits, and fall below the supreme Excellence, the Excellence of the divine Being, the only Being absolutely infinite. Now that of several Systems, each excellent indeed, but not strictly perfect, there may not be more than one, of which the Excellence, considered in general, may be equal to the Excellence of any other, is a Sup-

poſition, of which we cannot have Evidence ſufficient to make it the Foundation of a Syſtem, a Syſtem not only unheard of till now, but entangled with ſuch great and terrifying Difficulties.

In the ſecond Place, who ſhall convince us, that of two Plans of an Univerſe, that which is inhabited by Beings inveſted with Powers to deliberate, and Freedom to chuſe, is not more perfect than that which is only a Receptacle of paſſive Creatures, free only in Appearance, acted upon irreſiſtibly by ſuperior Powers, and unable to regulate their own Motions. But I ſhall not repeat, upon this Occaſion, what I have already ſaid on this Subject.

Thirdly, by this the Doctrines of natural Philoſophy are entirely deſtroyed, for it is agreed by the Writers of that Science, that to give a rational Explication of natural Appearances, it muſt firſt be made appear, that the Effects bear a juſt Proportion to the Cauſes to which they are aſſigned.

That nothing can deviate more widely from this Principle, than the Hypotheſis which we are now examining, I ſhall prove by one Inſtance: There is in Letters, or Marks, differently combined, no inherent, or phyſical Power of ſignifying Words, but their Force depends wholly upon Cuſtom, and an arbitrary Choice to which Mankind has agreed.

Yet, according to this Syſtem, a Machine not directed by any Power of Intelligence, and entirely unconſcious of its own Motions, ſhall, upon the Pronounciation of theſe Words, *Take this* Greek, *and tranſlate it into* Latin, *and you ſhall receive a Guinea a Page*, immediately, without underſtanding the Import of

thoſe

thoſe Words, have its Parts ſo diſpoſed, that it ſhall call for Pens, Ink, and Paper, and, from the Impreſſion made upon its Eyes by the *Greek*, of which Impreſſion it has no Perception, writes *Latin* Characters, which having no natural Relation to the *Greek*, expreſs the ſame Things, and repreſent exactly the ſame Ideas. This Inſtance will preſs upon the Mind more ſtrongly, if it be carried on through the Bookſellers, the Purchaſers, the Machines that read, and that write Remarks.

Such is the Conſtitution of the univerſal Machine, that ſubordinate Machines, called human Bodies, after ſeveral Encampments and Battles, in which they have, without knowing why, cut the Throats of each other, in Purſuance of ſome Orders, of which they have no Idea, ſhall be diſpoſed to lie without Action; during which Time, ſome other human Machines hold a Congreſs, and after ſome Preliminaries, entirely uncomprehended by any of the Negociators, come to the principal Queſtion, and, after ſome Debates, utterly unintelligible to the Diſputants, one Machine receives ſeveral Millions, which he carries off without being ſenſible of it; and then the Machines of War march out of the Cities which they had taken Poſſeſſion of, and others return to their Habitations, without knowing, on either Side, what they are leaving, or whither they are coming.

And that this univerſal Machine may want Nothing that can contribute to its Perfection, the great Creator has choſen, or, to ſpeak in the Language of this wonderful Philoſophy, was determined by his own immutable Nature, to chuſe one out of an innumerable

Number of poſſible Beings, a Being capable of thinking, and to make him *me*; with regard to this Being it was decreed, that from the Birth of this corporeal Machine with which he was aſſociated, a Series of Sentiments ſhould be inevitably produced in him, in exact Conformity with the Motions of my corporeal Machine, and the Impreſſions which ſhould be made upon it, of which Sentiments he ſhould imagine himſelf to be inveſted with the Direction. Another Subſtance is doom'd in the ſame Manner to receive its Determinations from your Body, and to a third is aſſigned another Mode of thinking, to be produced with equal Certainty by like Cauſes. Thus the Motions of our Bodies have been determined from the Beginning of the World, and we act by a conſtant Impulſe, of which we are not conſcious, and which we cannot reſiſt while our Souls are expoſed by their Relation to our Bodies to a continual Train of Chimeras and Deluſions.

But this is not all that may be urged againſt the Perfection of the *Leibnitzian* Univerſe. One Machine is impelled, by the great Series of Cauſes, to commit Murder, its Parts are diſpoſed, and its Springs ſet to produce this particular Effect: Another mixes a Bowl of Poiſon, in Conſequence of the ſame over-ruling Direction, and when, by the Motions of other Machines acting in Concurrence with ſome Parts of the Univerſe, it ſhall come to paſs that the one ſhall be broken on the Wheel, and the other burned at a Stake, though they will neither know the Sentence, nor feel the Puniſhment, they will vent the moſt dreadful Outcries of Impatience and Deſpair, which yet have

no

no Meaning with regard to thoſe that utter them. But theſe two Subſtances, choſen from all Eternity out of an infinite Number of Beings, that might poſſibly have been formed to accompany thoſe Bodies, would ſuffer horrid Tortures, without having deſerved them; for how could Beings incapable of directing their own Motions, and unable to break the Chain of Sentiments following each other by a phyſical Neceſſity, offend a juſt Maſter, or expoſe themſelves to his Vengeance.

Let us now withdraw our Attention from theſe horrid Conſequences, and direct it to Abſurdities of another Kind, Abſurdities that may rather excite Mirth than Indignation; for ſuch they are, and in ſuch Numbers, that upon a Moment's Reflection they crowd themſelves upon us.

The corporeal Machine of Mr. *Reſnel* is ſo formed, and his Hand, without the Direction of his Mind, ſo impelled by the Influences of the Univerſe, that it has written a Poem, which, by a Series of irreſiſtible and invariable Cauſes, has been laid before my Eyes; but thoſe Eyes have never ſeen it yet. However, the thinking Subſtance, which I call *myſelf*, has been ſo properly ſelected, that an inevitable Train of Ideas, Perceptions, and Inclinations, have produced in it the very ſame Sentiments, Sounds, and Characters, that had before ariſen in the Mind of that great Poet, though I was never able to write a Verſe.

If I was at *Paris*, and ſhould in paſſing over the *Pont Neuf* hear certain Machines ſing Ballads, if the Song made any Impreſſion upon me, I ſhould, by the ſame Series of Cauſes, be made a wretched Poet, and an unſufferable Fidler. At the Opera, the Caſe would be alter'd, I ſhould immediately riſe up a Poet and

Muſician of the firſt Claſs, without being indebted to the Actors for my new Accompliſhments; for whatever Impreſſions they may make upon my Eyes and Ears, they could have, according to this admirable Syſtem, no Effect upon my thinking Part. At the *French* Theatre I ſhould ſhed Tears, and have the Sentiments of *Voltaire*. At the *Italian* I ſhould burſt into Laughter, and form ſuch Scenes as would ſuit the Character of *Harlequin*. At the Academy I ſhould receive not the leaſt Inſtruction from my learned Aſſociates, but ſhould imagine myſelf indebted to their Converſation for thoſe Ideas that would have ariſen in my Mind without their Aſſiſtance. And, to conclude, when, by the great Chain of Cauſes, I have been introduced to the Converſation of the firſt Perſons in the World, I ſhould, by ſuch a Succeſſion of Ideas as would then be produced in me, find myſelf exalted to a Degree of Genius and Elevation, of which I never believed myſelf capable, but unfortunately this Illumination would be withdrawn at the Inſtant in which I took my Leave.

Is this the Univerſe, the perfect Syſtem which the Omniſcience of God was neceſſitated to make Choice of out of an infinite Number of other Schemes? Is the continual Motion of unintelligent Machines, are the perpetual Dreams of Beings that falſely imagine themſelves veſted with Freedom, the nobleſt Exertions of infinite Power?

But a great Mathematician, a Man of extenſive Learning, a fruitful Imagination, a ready Comprehenſion, and Attention not eaſily to be depreſſed or diverted, animated by an Ambition of diſtinguiſhing himſelf

himſelf by Novelties, and eclipſing the reſt of Mankind, perſuaded himſelf that he had clear Notions of an inexplicable Syſtem, and that he was able to ſupport it againſt weaker Abilities. Theſe Hopes made his new Syſtem, his favourite Idea, and nothing has engroſſed ſo much of his Endeavours as its Eſtabliſhment and Vindication: Diſciples were found proud enough to adopt it, and their Heads were filled with innumerable Terms and Evaſions, to be made uſe of in defending it againſt the dangerous Attacks of right Reaſon. This Herd of ſlaviſh Adherents were ſoon joined by the looſe and the prophane, who came over to this pleaſing Syſtem in ſuch Multitudes, that of the Aſſemblies of theſe Philoſophers, we may truly ſay, *caſtra deſerat qui volet eſſe pius*; let him that would preſerve his Morals avoid their Converſation.

The Laws of Logick allow any Suppoſition, however abſurd or inconſiſtent to be made, for the Sake of Conſequences that may promote the Confirmation of Truth. Let us make uſe, for once, of this Privilege, and ſuppoſe a wiſe Man to be empowered by God to give Exiſtence to Beings yet uncreated, and allowed to uſe this Power according to his own Choice; Would he confine himſelf to the Creation of Machines, which ſhould move for ever, in Conſequence of the firſt Impulſe impreſſed upon them? Would he next ſummon into Being Subſtances capable of Ideas, Perceptions, and Deſires, that ſhould riſe in a determinate Succeſſion, in a Manner agreeable to the Motions of the Bodies with which they are connected; and which, during the whole Continuance of their Exiſtence, ſhould falſely imagine that they received Impreſſions

from the Body, though all their Perceptions were Produced by other Cauſes, and that they directed its Motions, upon which, in Reality, they had no Influence: No wiſe Man ſurely would be the Author of perpetual Ignorance and Error; and yet Men have been found capable of aſſerting, that ſuch are the Beings which the infinite Perfection of the Deity neceſſarily determines him to create. So far can the Mind of Man, however, aſſiſted by Learning and Study, wander from the Truth, when Vanity, and a wild Deſire of Superiority, have provoked God to withdraw his Direction, and to reſign him to be led away by his own Preſumption.

For what Uſe thoſe Machines that are generally called human Bodies are intended, the *Leibnitzian* Syſtem no where informs us. To exiſt without Conſciouſneſs, is no Advantage or Happineſs to them; they are therefore not made for their own Sakes, nor do they, as theſe Philoſophers teach, make any Impreſſions on the thinking Part; nor, to conclude, do they, according to this Syſtem, receive any from it.

Nor does the Argument end here; for if we ſuppoſe the thinking Subſtance to have been created without the Body, and to have exiſted apart from it, the ſame Succeſſion of Ideas and Deſires had nevertheleſs been produced in it: So that there is no Method by which it can be evident to me, that there are any corporeal Beings, or any thinking Subſtances, except myſelf; for all my Ideas ariſe originally within my own Imagination, without the Aſſiſtance of any outward Objects, and were continued by an endleſs Series of ſucceſſive Illuſions.

We

We may proceed farther, and demonſtrate from the fundamental Principles of this Philoſophy, that we are without any Characteriſtick of Truth or Certainty. It has been hitherto univerſally allowed, that we are certain of the Truth of a Propoſition, when we are forced to admit it as ſoon as we underſtand it, and have no Power to ſuſpend our Belief, when we attend to it. The Machine of a *Leibnitzian* is inevitably confined to think and ſpeak in this particular Manner, and the Subſtance united to that Machine lies under a Neceſſity of thinking what the corporeal Part pronounces in Words, or exhibits on Paper. And ſince I oppoſe his Syſtem, and oppoſe it with the utmoſt Sincerity, theſe Philoſophers will ſurely favour me with admitting, that all my Parts are ſo conſtituted, as neceſſarily determine me to ſpeak and write in this Manner, without knowing what I ſpeak or write, and at the ſame Time think as I do, and to believe that I voluntarily, and by Choice, form in my Mouth the Sounds that I utter, and direct my Pen to produce the Lines and Characters which it delineates. Both they and I muſt inevitably think as we do, nor is it in my Power to entertain their Notions, or in theirs to embrace mine. We are determined by invincible Neceſſity to differ in Opinion, and to believe ourſelves in the Right, and our Opponent miſtaken.

The Machine of a Philoſopher advances, without knowing it, ſome Propoſitions which it has no Conception of; which are received by the Machine of a Divine with Exclamations ſo vehement and loud, that the Hearers are inclined to believe it very much offended, tho' it never knew what was meant by Offence. The

two Machines proceed to reciprocal Reproaches, and ſevere Cenſures. Each of theſe Machines is accompanied with a thinking Subſtance, of which one believes itſelf to be revealing Wonders, and enlightening the World; the other imagines itſelf to be detecting Impoſture, and confuting Impiety.

Among thoſe Machines that engage the Side of the Philoſopher, there is one inevitably determined by its own Conſtruction, and the co-operating Conſtitution of the Univerſe, to aſſert, that the ſupreme and eternal Wiſdom produced the Machine at a particular predeſtined Point of Time, that it might hold among Philoſophers the ſame Rank that a young Prince of conſpicuous Qualities will one Day hold among Kings.†

But what Account can be given of the Tranſmigration of the Philoſopher, and its Cauſes? To this Queſtion, however curious and unexpected, an Anſwer may eaſily be made. Though it is not in any Degree the Property of a Machine, which is only determined to write and ſpeak, and to write and ſpeak in a particular Manner.

While I was employed in writing this Letter, I have more than once called to mind two Occurrences which have a cloſe Connection with this Subject.

I was once acquainted with a Man of great Reputation for Learning, Piety, and ſtrict Life, whoſe predominant Paſſion was to form Syſtems, which he contrived with ſuch a regular Concatenation, that if you granted him his firſt Principles, you could not deny

† This Paſſage probably alludes to ſome panegyrical Parallel drawn between *Leibnitz* and ſome Prince by one of his Followers.

ny the Juſtneſs of his Concluſions, or the Succeſſion of his Conſequences. He had ſome relating to natural Philoſophy, drawn from the Writings of *Moſes*; ſome upon the ſeveral Diſpenſations of Nature, Law and Grace, and ſome upon the Converſion of a Sinner: but I ſhall only make you acquainted with his favourite Hypotheſis. God was, according to him, the only Being truly real, all others being no more than mere Appearances, like the Circles of Fire which are made by turning about a lighted Brand. His Aſſertion was founded upon this Paſſage, *viz. Surely every Man walketh in a vain Show.* Pſalm xxxix. 6.

There was then no Cauſe, except the firſt, and from that he therefore ſuppoſed all the Actions of created Beings, as well Vices as Virtues, to proceed; and when it was objected to his Hypotheſis by asking him whether, as Vice had only the Appearance of Guilt, he believed that it would be puniſhed. Without doubt, anſwered he, and very conſiſtently with my Syſtem, for as we exiſt but in Appearance, we can only in Appearance commit Crimes, or be puniſhed for them.

Thus when a Man's Head is once poſſeſſed by a darling Syſtem, he imagines all Objections eluded by a nice Diſtinction, and never perceives that every Attempt to clear himſelf from Difficulties, entangles him more cloſely.

This Philoſopher had ſtill a Conſcience eaſily touched, and more than once I have ſeen him with Tears and Lamentations reproach himſelf for ſome Miſcarriages of which he had been guilty. *I could never*, ſays he, *either pardon myſelf, or receive any Comfort, if I had*

myſelf

myſelf been the Author of thoſe Actions which I condemn; but when I aſcend to the original Cauſe, my Sorrows are at an End, and I ſay with great Tranquillity, I LAY MY HAND UPON MY MOUTH, FOR THOU HAST DONE IT.

Of this Syſtem, wild as it was, he was a zealous Vindicator, and imagined he could ſupport it by more than 300 Paſſages of the Holy Scriptures, yet, as I before ſaid, I always obſerved him to be a Man of Conſcience and Probity, ſo hard is it to efface, by chimerical Speculations, Sentiments founded in our Natures, and written on our Hearts, and by Means of theſe Principles yet unextinguiſhed, it pleaſed God to recall him from all his Errors, of which there appear no Trace in any ſingle Page of his numerous Writings.

I was likewiſe acquainted with a young Man of great Learning for his Age, who had joined to a fine Taſte and bright Imagination, Diſcretion, Modeſty, and every other Virtue. Good-nature conſtituted his Character, and to that all his Errors and Perplexities are to be aſcribed, for the Pain which he felt from the Opinion that Men would ſuffer eternal Damnation, made him employ all his Speculations in ſearch of ſome Train of Thought by which he might be ſet free from Imaginations ſo terrible, not on his own Account, but that of others, and to this End he ſtudied a long Time without communicating to any either his Doubts or his Concluſions. At length he fell into an Opinion, that nothing is in reality criminal, but that God has thought fit to interdict ſome Actions, and enforce the Prohibition with Threatenings of eternal Puniſhment, that thoſe whom he ſuffers to commit them, may have

a

a quicker Senſe of their Felicity after having been alarmed with Apprehenſions of Miſery.

Many would have been corrupted in their Morals, and made irregular in their Conduct by ſuch an Opinion; but this Man did not ſuffer his Hypotheſis to have any Effect upon his Conduct, to relax the Severity of his Life, or vitiate the Purity of his Mind; but the Struggles which his Underſtanding, naturally ſound and clear, neceſſarily underwent in his Endeavours to confirm himſelf in his new Syſtem, and habituate himſelf to ſuch wild Ideas, at length diſordered his Head, and ſoon after, young as he was, he ſunk into Dotage and Stupidity.

It is to the laſt Degree dangerous for a Man to confine all his Imagination to his own Breaſt, to be wholly buried within himſelf, and to revolve a Set of odd Ideas in his Mind without communicating them, till by long Meditation they have gained Poſſeſſion of his Attention, and are become predominant. He is, perhaps, at firſt convinced of their Abſurdity, at leaſt knows them to be very uncertain, but by ſlow Degrees he loſes his Conviction, thinks them every Day leſs chimerical, and at length reſigns himſelf up wholly to them. So ſometimes at the End of a Dream which has made a ſtrong Impreſſion upon our Minds, we wake, and for ſome Moments believe it real.

Perhaps the Fool of *Athens*, by amuſing himſelf with building what the *Engliſh* call Caſtles in the Air, and accuſtoming himſelf to fancy as he walked upon the Key, that every thing which he ſaw there was his own, familiariſed his Mind ſo long to that Notion, that at length it overbore his Knowledge, and was believed by himſelf to be true.

So

So there was a Hatter who by conſtantly reading the News-Letters, and giving himſelf up to the infatuating Amuſement of forming Schemes, at length imagined himſelf a King. —— Thus Chemiſts have dwelt ſo long on the Philoſopher's Stone, that they have at length bequeathed it to their Heirs. —— Thus likewiſe it is that young Ladies have had their Imaginations diſordered by reading Romances; and the Hiſtory of the celebrated Knight of *La Mancha*, may inform us how much a good Underſtanding may be impaired by an inceſſant Attention to the Books of Chivalry. Diſcourſe with him upon many Occaſions, and he expreſſed himſelf very judiciouſly, but even upon indifferent Subjects was leſs rational, as his Mind was more intent upon his Syſtem.

The Sceptics make themſelves appear Fools by giving themſelves up to the Pleaſure of Contradiction, and by ſeeking perpetually for Subterfuges to avoid the Neceſſity of admitting any Certainty.

Miſera Mens hominum quo te fata ſepiſſime trahunt. Unhappy Mind of Man! whither art thou hurried by Deſtiny?

Should any Man accoſt me with ſuch Language as this, I ſhould very readily anſwer, "Far be it from me to ſubject the ſupreme Being to the Dominion of Deſtiny, nor may I ever have the Impiety and Inſolence to imagine in the eternal Creator, infinitely pure, holy and happy, ſuch Determinations as produce all the Effects of Deſtiny, our Vices, and by means of our Vices, our Miſeries.

Our hard Fate, the cruel Deſtiny that we complain of, is nothing more than our Appetites and Inclinations

ons which we indulge and gratify, instead of making use of our Power to resist them, and which, as we resolve to continue that Indulgence, incite us to search every where for Systems that may set us free from the Apprehensions of Punishment. When the Mind is thus secretly prejudiced and disposed, a Genius eager of shining and being distinguished from the Crowd, easily invents, and as easily establishes an Hypothesis which boasts at once two alluring but fatal Advantages, as it encourages every Gratification of the Appetite by removing the Restraints of Religion, and flatters the Pride of Man by an Appearance of great Elevation, Profundity and Extent.

The

The ABBE *du* RESNEL's
PREFACE
To his Traſlations of Mr POPE's ESSAY *on* MAN *and* ESSAY *on* CRITICISM.

CONTAINING,

Obſervations upon the ENGLISH *and* FRENCH *POETRY, and the different Taſtes of the two Nations.*

THE Taſte of the preſent Age ſeems to be confined to Romances, Stories and Novels, nor does the polite Part of the World appear ſenſible of any other Merit either in Men or Books, than the Quality of diverting; a Quality ſo much in Eſteem, that Authors are afraid of profeſſing any thing beyond it, and think Excuſes and Vindications neceſſary when they attempt to profit or inſtruct. It required therefore no ſmall Degree of Courage to preſent the Public at one Time with two Performances, of which the firſt is filled with profound Truths and ſevere Morality, entirely oppoſite to thoſe trifling and licentious Syſtems which ſome Authors of late Times labour to ſupport, and the other contains Principles of Criticiſm, and Precepts of Taſte wholly irreconcileable with that which is daily encroaching upon us, inſenſibly getting Poſſeſſion both of our Authors and Readers.

I publiſhed, in 1730, a poetical Tranſlation of Mr. *Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm*, a Production which had done him more Honour than any other, and the only Piece, except the *Eſſay on Man*, which he has publiſhed without being attacked by the Criticks of his own Country.*

I have now in my Hand about twenty Pamphlets written againſt that great Poet, without the leaſt Regard to *Decency*, and with all the Virulence that Envy of ſuperior Abilities can produce in a narrow Mind: yet even in theſe the Eſſay on Criticiſm is never mentioned, but with Commendations, and the ſame Reſpect which is paid in *France* to *Boileau's* Art of Poetry.

The only Reaſon for which this Poem can be properly termed an Eſſay is, that the Author has not formed his Plan with all the Regularity of Method which it might have admitted; but this Omiſſion muſt be allowed to be more pardonable in him than in *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, becauſe a compleat Treatiſe is not promiſed. Such a Piece well deſerved, in my Opinion, to be tranſlated into our Language; and the favourable Reception which my Verſion has found, encouragesme to believe, that I have not wholly miſcarried in my Attempt, and that my Performance is, in ſome meaſure, what I intended.

But as the Faculties of the Underſtanding conſtitute no more than half of the Man, and, if not aſſociated with Rectitude of Mind, have often no other Effect than that of making him more abject and deſpicable; I thought it not improper to add to the *Eſſay*

* The Eſſay on Criticiſm was animadverted upon by Mr. *Dennis*, with great Fury and Malice, and has been denied by others, who could not but allow its Excellence, to be Mr. *Pope's*; but not to have heard of theſe Cenſures and Calumnies is very pardonable in a Foreigner, ſince, there are perhaps not many, even of our own Countrymen, better acquainted with them.

on Criticism the *Essay on Man*, another of Mr. *Pope*'s Productions, which is regarded by the *English* as one of the most beautiful Poems in their Language; being, by the Persuasions of many Persons, whose Virtue and Capacity gave them a Claim to Respect and Distinction, prevailed upon to engage in a second Task of the same Kind, however laborious and unpleasing, in hopes that these two Poems published together, might contribute at the same Time to rectify the Taste and the Inclinations, to improve the Genius, and reform the Conduct of great Numbers, who want either Leisure or Learning to go regularly through the Studies of Morality and polite Literature.

From the *Essay on Man* the Reader will learn to know the Tendency of his own Genius, to comprehend the endless Diversity that is to be found in the Minds of Men, and to remark the original Causes of our Errors and false Opinions; he will there be shewn the Sources from which he must draw Precepts for forming his Judgment, and will learn what are the true and valuable Beauties of a Writer of Genius, what Caution a Reader is to use, that he may not confound Excellencies with Faults, and what are the Qualities that constitute not only a good Critick, but a good Author.

In the *Essay on Man* he will meet with all that Metaphysics teach, with any great Degree of Certainty, relating to the Knowledge of ourselves, and all the necessary Rules which Morality lays down for the Practice of our Duty to God and Man.

Poetry and Methaphysics, say the Authors of *The Memoirs of Trevoux**, are generally considered as two Kinds of Writing inconsistent with each other; nor is that Opinion without some Foundation in Experience. The Extasies and Flights of the Poet, and the Nicety and cool Argumentation of the abstracted Reasoner, are not easily united. This Conjunction has not been at-

* *June*, 1736.

attempted by many Writers; and of thoſe few that have endeavoured it, yet fewer have ſucceeded. To form ſuch a Deſign, and execute it in ſuch a Manner, as to attain the Applauſe of all true Judges, was an Honour reſerved in theſe later Ages for Mr. *Pope*.

He begins with an Examination of the Nature of Man, according to the Light of unaſſiſted Reaſon, and ſhews, in the *firſt Epiſtle*, that Reaſon repreſents Man as created to inhabit this World; and that from this Notion of his State conſidered together with our Ideas of the Wiſdom and Goodneſs of the ſupreme Being, we may conclude, that he has all the Perfections ſuitable to his preſent State, and to the Relation which he bears both to his Fellow-Creatures here, and to the other Parts of the Univerſe; that as we do not ſee this Relation in its whole Extent, we cannot diſcover what Degree of Wiſdom God has exerted in the Formation of the human Species; but we know in the general, that Man is a finite Being, and therefore cannot reaſonably be ſurpriſed at the Weakneſs and Imperfection both of his Mind and Body.

In the *ſecond* he diſcovers, that the Goodneſs and Wiſdom of God are conſpicuous even in thoſe Miſeries and Infirmities which are ſo numerous in our preſent Condition, and which are ſometimes uſeful and advantageous; that the Paſſions are good in themſelves, and that by uſing them well or ill, we produce as well private as publick Happineſs or Calamities. That the Notion embraced by Man, *that all is made for him*, is the original of his Miſtakes, and of his unreaſonable Complaints againſt Providence, it being certain that He is made for the Whole, not the Whole for Him.

The *third Epiſtle* teaches Man, that it is vain to endeavour after an Happineſs unconnected with that of others; and that he neither can nor ought to be happy, but as he contributes to the reciprocal Communication of Happineſs eſtabliſhed between all the different Parts of

the Univerſe, which is the great Object of the Creator's Regard. This Diſpoſition for Happineſs can be produced only by Virtue, and therefore as Men improve in Virtue, they advance in Felicity.

But the Author does not confine himſelf to inſpire his Readers with that Juſtice, Benevolence, and Rectitude of Mind which conſtitutes an honeſt Man, but raiſes their Thoughts, by a juſt Gradation from natural and moral Virtues, to the Perfection which mere Nature cannot attain. Though Chriſtianity preſuppoſes moral Honeſty, there is nevertheleſs a great Diſtance from one to the other; Faith only can bring to Perfection thoſe Virtues which Reaſon can only sketch out: He therefore ſhews, in the *fourth Epiſtle*, that whoever would attain to the utmoſt Happineſs which his preſent Condition admits, and aſſure himſelf of eternal Felicity in a future State, muſt elevate his Mind, above the Doctrines of mere Reaſon, apply himſelf to the Precepts of Religion, and found his Happineſs upon a ſteady Faith, an unſhaken Hope, and a glowing Charity.

This is a ſhort View of the general Plan of the Poem, which has no other Tendency than to inflame us with an ardent Love both of God and Man, to raiſe in us an exalted Idea of the great Creator, and enforce an implicite Submiſſion to his Will. I am therefore ſurpriſed that ſome Readers of this Tranſlation, after having owned, that in ſome Places they could not underſtand it, ſhould pretend to diſcover in it a lurking Poiſon, and charge it with the Abſurdities of *Spinoſa*'s Syſtem. An Accuſation ſo ill-grounded does not deſerve that any Time ſhould be ſpent in confuting it, as it has obtained Credit only among very few, and theſe either unable to form a true Judgment of the Queſtion, or miſled by a Deſire to diſcover in Mr. *Pope* thoſe Notions which they have themſelves unhappily adopted. I ſhall therefore forbear to engage in ſo needleſs a Controverſy, and refer it to the *Journal*

des Sçavans *, the *Memoires de Trevoux* †, and *the Obſervations upon modern Writings*, Vol. IV. Letter 47. The Character of Mr. *Pope* is a ſufficient Vindication, and ought to ſecure his Work from ſuch odious Suſpicions. He has always openly profeſſed the Catholick Religion, in which he was born and educated, in a Country where ſo much is loſt by diſſenting from the eſtabliſhed Religion, that every Man who adheres to any other Communion, gives a ſufficient Teſtimony of his Sincerity. Thoſe Enemies which his Merit has raiſed in his own Country, are ſo far from doubting his Principles, that they reproach him with them in their Libels, and pretend, however ridiculouſly, that his Popery affects his Compoſitions, and deprives them of that daring Freedom of Thought which they regard as the very Soul of Poetry.

Strict Juſtice however requires, that in reading the following Poem, we never ſuffer ourſelves to forget the Title, and that we always remember that we are not promiſed a compleat Body or Syſtem, but a mere *Eſſay*, and that this is only *the general Map of Man* ‡.

It was not his Deſign to give us a Collection of all that might be ſaid on ſo extenſive a Subject, but only to lay down the general Principles upon which Morality is founded. It is always to be remembred that he writes not in the Character of a Divine, but of a Philoſopher, a Philoſopher profeſſing Chriſtianity, who, by making the proper Uſe of the Light of Reaſon, diſpoſes the Mind to admit the brighter Illuminations of Faith, and ends at the very Point at which the Divine is to begin.

I therefore cannot but flatter myſelf that I have done ſome Service to the Publick, by tranſlating this Work, which is of a particular Kind, too ſhort to frighten away Indolence by its Bulk, and yet large

* *April*, 1736. † *June*, 1736. ‡ *Vide* Preſ..

enough to inſtruct and improve, written with too much Truth and Judgment to ſhock the Reader with unheard of Singularities, and yet ſo diſpoſed and contrived as to recommend the moſt common Maxims and known Truths, by an Air of Novelty, too much embelliſhed to appear tedious or jejune, and yet ſo juſt and ſolid as to engage the Attention rather by the Strength of Argument, and Importance of Precept, than by the Glare of Expreſſion, and Variety of Images. *It is with Poetry*, ſays Mr. *de Fenelon* *, *as with Architecture, the neceſſary Parts muſt be made ornamental, but every Ornament which ſerves no other Purpoſe than that of Embelliſhment is to be rejected as ſuperfluous.* This Precept Mr. *Pope* ſeems always to have had before him; he was determined to write in Verſe rather than Proſe only by the Deſire of expreſſing himſelf with greater Cloſeneſs; and it is well known that Precepts written in Verſe have this farther Advantage; that they ſtrike with more Force upon the Mind, and fix themſelves mor deeply in the Memory.

Lord *Roſcommon* in his Eſſay upon tranſlated Poetry, affirms, that to ſucceed in a Tranſlation, we muſt ſingle out ſome Writer whoſe Taſte and Sentiments reſemble our own.

——Chuſe an Author as you chuſe a Friend,
United by this ſympathetic Bond,
You grow familiar, intimate and fond,
Your Thoughts, your Words, your Stiles, your Taſtes agree,
No longer his Interpreter, but he.

Gladly ſhould I perſuade myſelf that my Choice of this Work was produced, by the Similitude of my own Sentiments to thoſe of my Author; but who would dare to attempt a Tranſlation of him, if ſuch a Reſemblance was neceſſary to his Succeſs?

That

* Lettre a l'Academie Francoiſe.]

That Poetry can only be tranſlated into Verſe, is agreed, I think, by all the Learned, except Madam *Dacier*, whoſe Intereſt in the Queſtion makes her Judgment of no great Weight; and Experience, without Authority, is a ſufficient Proof of the Juſtneſs of that Opinion, which I ſhall the leſs labour to ſupport here, becauſe a Man of the firſt Character, who has ſhewn the preſent Generation, what thoſe learned Magiſtrates were that appeared in the Time of the Revival of Learning, has in a Work lately publiſhed *, proved both by unanſwerable Arguments, and by his own Example, that nothing but Poetry can give any Repreſentation of the Genius and Manner of a Poet. As this is true of Poetry in general, it is in my Opinion more eminently true of the *Engliſh* Poetry. The Writers of that Nation make Uſe, even in Proſe, of ſuch daring Sentiments, and ſtrong Expreſſions, as our Poetry ſcarcely ventures to admit, or is able to copy, without loſing ſome Part of their Force. How then ſhall we, without graſping all the Advantages, and taking all the Liberties which Verſe is allowed, be able to give any Idea of their *Poetry*, which riſes very far above the Proſe even of that Language.

The *Engliſh* is allowed, by all who underſtand it, to be the moſt conciſe Language in the World; and this Quality it is in which the Writers of that Country place its Beauty, and for which they prefer it to the *French*, a Language which Lord *Roſcommon*, who is acknowledged to have held the firſt Rank among their Criticks, allows to be copious, florid, pleaſing to the Ear, and to have more Softneſs than the *Engliſh*; but defies us to produce a ſingle Inſtance of equal Strength, Cloſeneſs and Energy. A Thought, ſays he, which we comprehend in a ſingle Line, diffuſed by

* Preſident *Boulier's* poetical Tranſlation of *Petronius* on the Civil War.

by a *French* Author, would glitter through whole Pages *.

In reading this Production of Mr. *Pope*, it is not eaſy to forbear thinking that he had the Honour of the *Engliſh* Brevity in View, which he has preſerved ſo tenaciouſly, that ſome have accuſed him of cramping his Stile, by crouding it too cloſely. I know not indeed any Writer either of the former or later Ages that can enter into Competition with him, for the Prize of Conciſeneſs, or has ſaid ſo much in ſo few Words; but then it muſt be owned that he ſometimes preſumes too much upon the Penetration of his Readers, for which Reaſon ſome Paſſages in theſe Epiſtles reſemble the firſt rough Draughts of a great Maſter; they are ſtruck out with a Strength and Spirit that charm the Judicious, but eſcape the Obſervation of common Eyes. Thoſe Touches which the Critic

* I know not what Edition of *Roſcommon* has fallen into the Hands of Mr. *Du Reſnel*, or whence it proceeds, that the Quotation which he has ſubjoined in his Margin, differs from thoſe Copies which I have ſeen. The Paſſage, as he has publiſhed it, is this:

'Tis copious, florid, pleaſing to your Ear,
With Softneſs, more, perhaps, than ours can bear.
But who did ever in French *Authors, &c.*

Which in all the Editions that I have read, ſtands thus:

'Tis courtly, *florid, and abounds in Words*
Of ſofter Sound than ours perhaps affords.

How much more poetical and correct this Reading is, requires no Proof, nor is the Difference only in Elegance but in Truth. The genuine reading only admits that the *French* Language is *courtly*, a Quality which cannot be denied to a Speech conſiſting wholly of Hyperbole: The Paſſage, as cited by *Du Reſnel*, aſſerts it to be copious, an Excellence for which even their own Writers have never ventured to commend it.

Critic looks upon with Admiration, appear rude and artleſs to the Unskilful, who are inclined to imagine that there are not really in thoſe Sketches the Beauties which more knowing Spectators diſcover and applaud. If in theſe Poems there appear ſome Expreſſions that may be cut off, either as Superfluities or Repetitions, there is not, even in thoſe conſidered by themſelves, a ſingle Word unneceſſary. There is a Diſtinction to be made between exact Cloſeneſs of Expreſſion, which our Critics will not deny the *Engliſh*, and exact Regularity of Thought, which they will not ſo eaſily allow them.

This Brevity was, in my Opinion, to be moſt ſucceſsfully imitated by a cloſe Stile, not weakened by ſcrupulous Regard to Connection, or a rigid Adherence to the Niceties of Conſtruction. I would not willingly have made Uſe in my Verſion of any other Liberties than ſuch as the Author himſelf muſt have taken, had he attempted a *French* Tranſlation of his own Work; but I was, by the unanimous Opinion of all thoſe whom I have conſulted on this Occaſion, and among them of ſeveral *Engliſhmen* compleatly skilled in both Languages, obliged to follow a different Method. The *French* are not ſatisfied with Sentiments, however beautiful, unleſs they are methodically diſpoſed, Method being the Characteriſtic that diſtinguiſhes our Performances from thoſe of our Neighbours, and almoſt the only Excellence which they agree to allow us. That Mr. *Pope* did not think himſelf confined to a regular Plan in writing his Eſſay on Criticiſm I have already obſerved. I have therefore, by a neceſſary Compliance with our Taſte, divided it into five Cantos; nor have I only in this Particular deviated from the Original, but have changed the Place of ſome Sentiments, which ſeemed too far diſtant from each other, and have connected ſome Paſſages which appeared independent of the main Work.

The

by a *French* Author, would glitter through whole Pages *.

In reading this Production of Mr. *Pope*, it is not eaſy to forbear thinking that he had the Honour of the *Engliſh* Brevity in View, which he has preſerved ſo tenaciouſly, that ſome have accuſed him of cramping his Stile, by crouding it too cloſely. I know not indeed any Writer either of the former or later Ages that can enter into Competition with him, for the Prize of Conciſeneſs, or has ſaid ſo much in ſo few Words; but then it muſt be owned that he ſometimes preſumes too much upon the Penetration of his Readers, for which Reaſon ſome Paſſages in theſe Epiſtles reſemble the firſt rough Draughts of a great Maſter: they are ſtruck out with a Strength and Spirit that charm the Judicious, but eſcape the Obſervation of common Eyes. Thoſe Touches which the Critic

* I know not what Edition of *Roſcommon* has fallen into the Hands of Mr. *Du Reſnel*, or whence it proceeds, that the Quotation which he has ſubjoined in his Margin, differs from thoſe Copies which I have ſeen. The Paſſage, as he has publiſhed it, is this:

'Tis copious, florid, pleaſing to your Ear,
With Softneſs, more, perhaps, than ours can bear.
But who did ever in French *Authors, &c.*

Which in all the Editions that I have read, ſtands thus:

'Tis courtly, *florid, and abounds in Words*
Of ſofter Sound than ours perhaps affords.

How much more poetical and correct this Reading is, requires no Proof, nor is the Difference only in Elegance but in Truth. The genuine reading only admits that the *French* Language is *courtly*, a Quality which cannot be denied to a Speech conſiſting wholly of Hyperboie: The Paſſage, as cited by *Du Reſnel*, aſſerts it to be copious, an Excellence for which even their own Writers have never ventured to commend it.

Critic looks upon with Admiration, appear rude and artleſs to the Unskilful, who are inclined to imagine that there are not really in thoſe Sketches the Beauties which more knowing Spectators diſcover and applaud. If in theſe Poems there appear ſome Expreſſions that may be cut off, either as Superfluities or Repetitions, there is not, even in thoſe conſidered by themſelves, a ſingle Word unneceſſary. There is a Diſtinction to be made between exact Cloſeneſs of Expreſſion, which our Critics will not deny the *Engliſh*, and exact Regularity of Thought, which they will not ſo eaſily allow them.

This Brevity was, in my Opinion, to be moſt ſucceſsfully imitated by a cloſe Stile, not weakened by ſcrupulous Regard to Connection, or a rigid Adherence to the Niceties of Conſtruction. I would not willingly have made Uſe in my Verſion of any other Liberties than ſuch as the Author himſelf muſt have taken, had he attempted a *French* Tranſlation of his own Work; but I was, by the unanimous Opinion of all thoſe whom I have conſulted on this Occaſion, and among them of ſeveral *Engliſhmen* compleatly skilled in both Languages, obliged to follow a different Method. The *French* are not ſatisfied with Sentiments, however beautiful, unleſs they are methodically diſpoſed, Method being the Characteriſtic that diſtinguiſhes our Performances from thoſe of our Neighbours, and almoſt the only Excellence which they agree to allow us. That Mr. *Pope* did not think himſelf confined to a regular Plan in writing his Eſſay on Criticiſm I have already obſerved. I have therefore, by a neceſſary Compliance with our Taſte, divided it into five Cantos; nor have I only in this Particular deviated from the Original, but have changed the Place of ſome Sentiments, which ſeemed too far diſtant from each other, and have connected ſome Paſſages which appeared independent of the main Work.

The

The Eſſay on Man is in Reality more methodically drawn up, tho' the Order of its Parts is not very eaſily diſcovered by thoſe who are accuſtomed to the exact Regularity of our Treatiſes in Proſe. But every one knows that Poetry could not admit of Diviſions, Definitions, Proofs, Objections, and Solutions, without loſing its Spirit, languiſhing into Proſe, and being entirely deprived of that Freedom and Wildneſs that conſtitute its Character. But tho' a Poet may, without Cenſure, paſs from one Thought to another, without leading the Reader through a regular Tranſition, yet he is to take Care that his Thoughts have, tho' not a verbal, an intellectual Connection, and that they follow one another in ſuch a Train as correſponds with the natural Order of Things. And therefore whenever Mr. *Pope* appeared to have neglected to follow this Rule, I have choſen to conform to the Taſte of our Nation, without regarding whether Strangers will call it Weakneſs or Accuracy, or being at all ſolicitous about the Cenſure uſually thrown upon us, that we are Babes that cannot take a ſingle Step without being led. But it was not in my Power to reduce theſe Poems to ſuch a Method as a *Frenchman* expects, without forſaking the Province of a Tranſlator, and modelling them afreſh; it is, however, not ſo much the Manner in which the *Engliſh* range their Notions that has made ſeveral conſiderable Alterations neceſſary, as that in which they form them.

Whatever is foreign, ſays *Ariſtotle*, raiſes Admiration, and whatever raiſes Admiration gives Pleaſure; a Remark, which, tho' perhaps generally true, is not applicable to us, who are accuſed of endeavouring by a national Prejudice, which we call the Love of Elegance, to reduce every Thing to our own Notions; and certain it is, that a foreign Air is ſo far from a Recommendation to our Favour, that we are ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed to its Diſadvantage. As in this Particular

cular we reſign ourſelves up rather to Inclination than to Reaſon, theſe Impreſſions can only be effaced by Time and Cuſtom; Reformers, that proceed but ſlowly, and act generally in a Manner that we ourſelves ſcarcely perceive.

Since the laſt Peace we have begun to be more acquainted with the *Engliſh*, and moſt who deſire to be thought either Men of Taſte or Learning, think themſelves obliged to ſtudy their Language. We are now no longer Strangers to the great Writers of that Nation, from whom ſome of our Authors, if they could be ſuſpected of underſtanding them, might be reaſonably imagined to have learned the Uſe of ſome very extraordinary Words, as well as the Art of diſtinguiſhing between the ſeveral Paſſions and Inclinations of the Mind, where ſcarcely any Difference is to be found, and the Practice of expreſſing theſe Subtilties in a metaphyſical Cant, not more intelligible than that of the Schools. But this Kind of Conformity is of too late a Commencement to prove that we are naturally diſpoſed to a Simularity of Notions; and it is Matter of Wonder that theſe two Nations, ſo near to each other by Situation, ſhould be ſo remote in their Taſtes and Ideas. We approach more nearly to the *Italians*, tho' neither they, nor the *Engliſh*, are without ſomething in their Writings which appears to us extremely odd and ſingular; but their Singularities or Oddneſſes are different; and this Difference it may not be improper to explain, that the Reader may have a more adequate Conception of the *Engliſh* Writers.

The *Italian*, tranſported by his Fire, and Vigour of Imagination, flies off, if I may uſe that Term, in Spirit, and preſents us with the Quinteſſence of his Genius. The *Engliſhman* dives into himſelf, and draws all his Conceptions from the Depth of his own Breaſt. The *Italian* only pleaſes us by his Ingenuity, the *Engliſhman* only ſtrikes us by his Solidity. The Sentiments of the *Italian* loſe their Force, thoſe of the *Engliſh-*

Englishman gain new Strength by a severe Examination; the Ideas of the *Italian* have indeed the Grace of Novelty, but then they generally appear such as might have been easily struck out*. Those of the *Englishman* have so much Subtilty and are so remote from common Life, that it is not easy to conceive how he was led to them. Both of them fall often into Meanness and Puerility; but the *Italian* seems to fall into them by Negligence and Levity, and the *Englishman* to run into them upon Reflection, and with Design. The *Italian* cannot refrain from throwing some comic and ludicrous Ideas into his most serious Writings; the *Englishman* even in his Amusements of Gaiety and Merriment, retains an Air of Thoughtfulness and Gravity; the *Italian* dazzles the Reader at first, but when, upon a closer Inspection, offers him nothing but false Metal, and empty Glitter; the *Englishman* comes always with true Gold in his Hand, but it is Gold just taken from the Mine unrefined, clouded and debased with extraneous Mixtures. The *Italian* diverts and gladdens the Imagination, but rarely affords any Instruction; to instruct is the grand Design of the *Englishman*, a Design in which he seldom fails of Success; but then he so much wearies and harrasses the Mind, that when the Reader rises from his Book, he leaves the Company of an austere and dogmatical Scholar, who wearies and depresses him at the same Time that he raises his Admiration.

Such is, in my Opinion, the Difference and the Resemblance between the two Nations in Stile and Conception. It is enough, if the Picture which I have

* The *Abbe*, in this Comparison, whether by Design or not, ascribes to the *Italians*, perhaps the highest Perfection of Writing; such Thoughts as are at once new and easy, which, tho' the Reader confesses that they never occurred to him before, he yet imagines must have cost but little Labour. This is not the Character which other Critics give of those Authors.

have drawn, has the Features of the greateſt Part of their Writers; nor have thoſe particular Authors, who have riſen above the general Rate of their Countrymen, in that Caſe, any Reaſon to complain of Injuſtice. As all other Writers have not a juſt Pretence to the Excellencies allowed them, ſo all are not to be charged with the Defects imputed to them: Such general Draughts have always many Exceptions, and with this Precaution I intreat the Reader to peruſe what I am obliged to ſay farther of the Differences between the *Engliſh* Taſte and ours, by the Neceſſity which I diſcovered of varying from my Author in ſeveral Places.

They love even in the leaſt Performances to leave Room for Reflection, and imagine that they give the Reader Pleaſure, by leaving always ſomething to be diſcovered by himſelf. We demand that every Thing be clear without the Labour of Enquiry, and that our Eagerneſs be not oppoſed by any Difficulties. They imitate Nature with great Happineſs, but, like the *Flemiſh* Painters, they have not much Delicacy in their Choice, but a true Picture, whatſoever it repreſents, gains their Applauſe. We are rigid Exactors of Delicacy and Diſcrimination, and how skilfully ſoever the Pencil may be handled, if the Subject has not Grandeur and Dignity, quarrel with the Performer. They beſtow more Attention upon the Subject than upon the Expreſſion, and expect, that, if their Ideas are explained with Perſpicuity and Energy, the Reader ſhould be ſatisfied. By us Beauty of Stile is often confounded with Beauty of Sentiment, and we attend more to the Turn of the Thought, than to the Thought itſelf, and almoſt always think that low, coarſe, and deſpicable, which they conſider as eaſy, ſimple, and familiar. They allow that we ſpeak and write well, but ſay, at the ſame Time, that we know not how to think; and for our Part, we object, that their Thoughts are ſo ſtrained, far-

fetched, and ſubtle, that inſtead of enlightening, they only perplex. They will not grant us any of the Qualities that conſtitute a Poet, and make no Scruple of aſſerting, in plain Terms, that we cannot pretend to them. We admit that they have Fire, but ſo gloomy, that it emits more Smoke than Flame; we allow that they have a ſtrong Imagination, but ſuch as has more of the Dreams and Chimeras of Melancholy, than the Flights and Follies of a fruitful and happy Genius. That their Stile is bold, and its Elevation quite enthuſiaſtic, we do not deny; but we ſay of them in the Words of *Petronius, Plus poetice quam humane locutus eſt.* They write more like Poets than like Men, and what is ſaid by the Duke of *Buckingham*, of Poets in general, we think more particularly applicable to them.

For ten inſpir'd, ten thouſand are poſſeſt.

Sir *W. Temple* in his Eſſays, calls *England* the Country of the *Spleen*; and Mr. *Addiſon*, *Spec.* 419, *confeſſes, that the* Engliſh *are naturally fanciful, and diſpoſed by that Gloomineſs and Melancholy of Temper, which is ſo frequent among them, to many wild Notions and Viſions to which others are not ſo liable.* This produces, in the Opinion of that great Genius, their Inclination to allegorical Fictions; and why may we not aſcribe to this the Multitude of Compariſons which they croud into their Compoſitions of every Kind, juſt indeed, but produced with too much Labour of the Invention? The *Frenchman* lively and eager, can bear nothing that puts any Stop to his Career, but condemns every Thing as trifling and impertinent, that retards his Attainment of the Object he purſues. The *Engliſh*, in whom, to an extenſive Genius and profound Knowledge is joined a wonderful Facility of Invention, cannot confine themſelves to ſevere Accuracy, but ſometimes venture beyond Rules or Bounds, and

main-

maintain that no Poet is to own any other Maſter than *Apollo*, which, in plain Terms is his own Fancy. We who think it more ſhameful to miſs our Way, than to take a Guide, ſubmit ourſelves willingly to the Conduct of the Ancients; and as we allow that we ourſelves are obliged to the Obſervation of Rules, are not eaſily perſuaded, that any Nation can claim a juſt Exemption from them.

What Juſtice or what Exaggerations there are in theſe mutual Objections, is not my Province to decide, and yet leſs will I undertake to ſettle the Balance between the Excellencies which we pretend to above our Neighbours, and thoſe by which they claim a Superiority to us. Perhaps no Man is ſo much emancipated from the Power of Cuſtom, and the Prejudices of Education, as to engage in this Task, without Hazard. But though the *Engliſh* ſhould prove, that our Authors are rather timorous than prudent, that what we cenſure as Temerity, is only Boldneſs, that what we term Licentiouſneſs is only a noble Contempt of Reſtraint, and that the ſcrupulous Nicety with which we avoid all common Ideas and Expreſſions proceeds only from a falſe Delicacy, and inſtead of embelliſhing enervate our Productions; yet will our Authors, however ſatisfied of the Truth of theſe Poſitions, continue to believe that Rules are ſtill to be obſerved to a certain Degree, and that without a blind Compliance with them, where they are defective, are to be kept inviolable where they are juſt. If it be at all allowable to flatter Men in their Weakneſſes, it muſt be when the Intention of it is to cure them, and to lure them to right Reaſon. Our Language does not want Force and Energy, but ourſelves, who know not how to make the true Uſe of it, as appears from the nervous Stile, and maſculine Air, the daring Felicity, the ſtrong and ſprightly Periods, and that Vigour of Sentiment, which Foreigners admire in *Montaigne*, *La Bruyer* and more eminently in *Boſſuet*. However,

tho' the Diſguſt and particular Averſions of a ſick Man be merely the Effect of Weakneſs, yet as he cannot conquer them while his Diſtemper continues, it would be Folly and Cruelty to treat them with entire Diſregard, but much more would he be blameable, who, by too eaſy a Compliance, ſhould contribute to the Continuance of them.

Mr. *Pope*, from whom I borrowed this Reflection, will be ſo generous as to pardon the Uſe which I have made of it in my own Vindication even againſt himſelf. With regard to this Tranſlation, if I have even taken away from the Dignity of his Sentiments, it has been only that I might reduce them to the Level of our Capacities; if I have ſometimes ventured to ſubſtitute the plain and natural Expreſſion, inſtead of Metaphors, with which he elevates his Poetry, and to ſuppreſs ſome of his Images and Compariſons, I here declare, that it is not ſo much, becauſe my own Judgment diſapproves them, as becauſe I found it impoſſible to reconcile them to the Taſte of common Readers.

One Inſtance which I ſhall give, ſeems to deſerve the more Regard on Account of the Conſequences that may be drawn from it, of which great Uſe may be made in an Attempt to ridicule thoſe Critics, who, after fruitleſs endeavours to make themſelves Authors, fall without Mercy upon the Reputation of thoſe who have ſucceeded better. Mr. *Pope*, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, uſes this Compariſon:

So modern 'Pothecaries taught the Art,
By Doctors Bills, to play the Doctor's Part;
Bold in the Practice of miſtaken Rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their Maſters Fools.

This Image with which the *Engliſh* are pleaſed, ſhocks every *Frenchman* to whom I have mentioned it. It may be remarked that the Word *Apothecary* is the ſame, except the Termination, in both Languages, and

and therefore no Reaſon can be given why it may not be uſed in both with equal Dignity or Propriety; or why certain unpleaſing Ideas annexed in common Conception to that Profeſſion, may not as well be revived by the Mention of it, in one Country as another. We can therefore only aſcribe this Difference to the oppoſite Character of the two Nations, of which one regards every Thing that is of Uſe in common Life, as indifferent at leaſt, if not elevated, provided it have nothing contrary to our natural Ideas; and the other habitually conſiders every Phraſe appropriated to thoſe Actions or Employments which do not belong to Perſons of high Rank, as low and deſpicable.

It is for this Reaſon alone, if I may be permitted to ſay it, that *Homer*, without loſing any Part of his Grandeur, was at Liberty to deſcend to ſuch Particular Deſcriptions as would make any other Poet ridiculous. In his Days, as in thoſe of the Patriarchs, Kings and Princes killed their Beaſts for their own Table, dreſſed their Dinners for themſelves, and harneſſed their own Horſes to their Chariots. Their Sons kept their Flocks, and their Daughters waſh'd their Linnen with their own Hands, and drew Water at the common Fountains. The Terms in which theſe Actions were expreſſed, and the Names of the Inſtruments uſed for thoſe Purpoſes, had then no Meanneſs of Sound, becauſe they participated in ſome Degree of the Dignity of the Perſon that made Uſe of them, but among us, the low Rank of thoſe that practiſe the mechanical Arts, inclines us inſenſibly to affix Ideas of Contempt to every Sound appropriated to them. Nor are we at all to wonder that Men of Literature do not affix the ſame Ideas to the Words of the ſame Import in the learned Languages, ſince they are ſo far from hearing them in the Mouths of the loweſt of the People in Shops and Streets, that they find them only in Books of great Antiquity, and habitually reverenced. We may obſerve farther, that in the an-

cient Languages theſe Words were more harmonious and ſonorous, than in the modern. But this could only add to the Flow and Cadence of the Stile, and could produce no conſtant or laſting Effect; for, tho' a melodious Line may impoſe upon the Ear, yet the Fallacy is quickly detected; and how agreeable ſoever a Language may be, it is a vain Attempt of ſome of the Critics to perſuade us that they can, by their Muſic, exalt Meanneſs, or give Graces to Deformity.

Thus it evidently appears, that it is not the Fault of our Language, but our own Weakneſs; or if we might be admitted as Judges in our own Cauſe, 'tis the Delicacy of our Taſte, and the Elevation of our Genius, that deprives all our poliſhed Writings of a Multitude of Subjects, that ſupplied the Ancients with ſuch a Variety of affecting Paſſages and which give us Pleaſure in the Compoſitions of moſt of our Neighbours.

Every Nation concludes, that the Way of writing practiſed among themſelves, is the leaſt exceptionable, and gives often the ſame Reaſons for their Eſteem, that are urged by others, for their Contempt of it. All have, when they are vigorouſly attacked, at leaſt one Anſwer to make, which ſeems ſufficient to repreſs the moſt reſolute Critic, *that thoſe who cenſure do not underſtand them.* Thus the *Abbe Fontanini*, a Man not more valuable even for his great Learning, than for the Exactneſs of his Taſte, inſtead of admitting the Cenſure of Father *Bohours*, upon the *Italian* Authors, *maintains, that he only condemns them, becauſe he did not underſtand them, and makes no Scruple to ſay, no Foreigner is capable of judging, becauſe he has been educated in a high Notion of the Productions of his own Country, and has but an imperfect Knowledge of thoſe of another.†

That

* Maniere de bien penſer.

† *Fontanini* died at *Rome*, in 1736. He was titular Archbiſhop of *Ancyra*.

That this Principle is true to a certain Degree, cannot be denied, but if it be unjuſt in us to paſs a Judgment upon Foreigners, of whom, being at a Diſtance from them, we have but little Knowledge, are we not equally unqualified to decide upon the Merit of our own Writers on account of our too near Acquaintance? When we are too far from an Object we ſee it but confuſedly, and ſeldom otherwiſe than in Part; if we are near it, it ingroſſes our Sight, and hides every Thing elſe from us, with which we might compare it. How ſhall a proper Medium be aſſigned, where we may determine between Foreigners and ourſelves, without Danger of erring, by knowing too little of one, and too much of the other?

The ſame Pride that blinds particular Men, operates likewiſe upon whole Nations. Every Man thinks himſelf obliged to ſupport his Honour, and becomes a Party in the Queſtion, by the ſecret Influence of a Perſuaſion that his native Country excels all others. This he ſeriouſly believes, and the Prejudice becomes too ſtrong to be diſtinguiſhed from Reaſon. 'Tis to little Purpoſe that thoſe who differ from us, after having exhauſted their Arguments, appeal to Experience, and demand, that the Merit of Authors be decided by the Pleaſure which they give; for Opinion in Time becomes Nature, and what others cannot read without Wearineſs in our Authors, we peruſe with Pleaſure, becauſe we deſire nothing better. Thus, when we love any Thing, it is paſt Controverſy, that we think it amiable, but to determine that it is therefore amiable in Reality, would be to decide with very little Regard to Reaſon or Experience.

Since therefore no Man can be admitted to judge his own Cauſe, of whatever Kind it be, and Queſtions of Taſte are ſuch as may betray us to impoſe upon ourſelves, more eaſily than any other, where ſhall we find an Arbitrator diſintereſted enough to decide between Reaſon and Self-love? Nothing is in its Nature

leſs

leſs fixed, or certain than Taſte, how far it proceeds upon neceſſary Principles, and where it begins to depend upon arbitrary Precepts, the moſt penetrating Eye cannot exactly diſcover; and that the moſt celebrated Critics of every Age have determined in direct Oppoſition to each other, is well known. *Cicero*, whoſe Judgment will not be diſputed, recommends *Plautus* as the great Pattern of genteel Raillery, and diſcovers in him a peculiar Delicacy of Wit, and an happy Genius for a Jeſt. But *Horace*, who ſeems to have been Maſter of all the good Taſte of *Auguſtus*'s Court declares, without any Heſitation, that the old *Romans* were too good natur'd, if not ſtupid, in commending his low Mirth. *Hegeſias* remark'd, upon hearing that the Temple of *Diana* was burned the ſame Night in which *Alexander* was born, that *Diana*'s Habitation might eaſily be deſtroyed, while ſhe was gone to the Aſſiſtance of his Mother; an Obſervation recorded by *Cicero* with Applauſe, but ſo much diſapproved by the judicious *Plutarch*, that he holds it *frigid* enough to have put out the Fire.

Horace, *Virgil*, *Livy*, *Saluſt*, *Tacitus*, *Cicero*, are indeed univerſally eſteemed, the *Iliad* and *Æneid* are equally approved by the *Italian* Advocates for *Taſſo*, and the *Engliſh* Admirers of *Milton*; but this Approbation, however general it may appear at the firſt View, is well known not to extend to particular Parts of thoſe Works, tho' the Beauty of the whole is unconteſted; but while they all agree in that one Poſition, nothing can be more oppoſite than their Opinions upon the Stile and Sentiments of thoſe great Authors. Nor did thoſe who are now the moſt loudly celebrated, arrive immediately at the Height of Reputation, where they now ſtand; their Writings ſtruggled for whole Centuries, with the bad Taſte of Mankind, and only Time produced this general Acknowledgment of their Merit. Nor is it neceſſary to prove this from Examples of ancient Times, the Attacks upon

the

the *Gieruſalemme Liberata*, by the *Italian* Critics, and the Obſcurity in which the *Paradiſe Loſt*, now ſo much admir'd, lay buried for a long Time among the *Engliſh*, may clearly demonſtrate the Weakneſs of the human Mind, and the Uncertainty of its Judgment.

More needs not ſurely to be ſaid, after theſe Examples, to prevail upon us to ſuſpend our Sentences not only upon thoſe Writers, whom Nature ſeems to have placed beyond the Bounds of our Juriſdiction, but upon our Countrymen concerning whom we ſeem more able to decide. Till therefore ſome uncommon Genius ſhall ariſe, whoſe Authority Mankind ſhall ſo generally agree to allow, that his Determinations ſhall be the laſt Appeal, we can take no Method of deciding upon the Merit of Foreigners, more prudent or juſt, than that which *Quintilian* recommends to the Moderns with Regard to the Ancients, *We ought*, ſays he, *to be cautious, and modeſt in our Criticiſms upon ſuch great Writers, leſt, as has been the Fate of many, we cenſure what we do not underſtand.* Though we have not ourſelves any indiſputable Right to the firſt Rank in the Republick of Letters, yet neither have they any better Pretenſions to Superiority, but have, like us, their Perfections and Defects, and perhaps in the ſame Proportion. Of theſe we have doubtleſs a Right to tell our Opinions, but Reflection will teach us to do it with the utmoſt Modeſty and Diffidence, leſt we ſhould condemn or even applaud what we ſhall appear not to comprehend. And perhaps in ſuch Enquiries it may be proper to confine our Remarks to the general Deſign and Plan of the Work, which, depending upon Principles eſtabliſhed in Nature, muſt, in all Places and all Ages, be the ſame, without extending our Criticiſm, to the particular Dreſs or Ornaments of the ſeveral Parts, which being not in themſelves reducible to certain Rules, may be compared to Faſhions indifferent in themſelves, and only neceſſary to be obſerved in thoſe Countries where they prevail.

As

As for our own Writers, tho' it be allowed that the Authority of Cuſtom ought not to prevail ſo far as to oblige them to rack their Imaginations, and force their Stile for the Sake of ſurpriſing their Readers with new and unexpected Epithets, or to fill their Writings with Antitheſes and Oppoſitions, which owe all their Beauty to the Choice and Diſpoſition of the Words, tho' they ought yet leſs to abandon true Wit for glittering Points, ſolid Senſe for ſparkling Trifles, and Inſtruction for Amuſement; yet it muſt be owned that they ought to pay ſome Deference to the Taſte of the Nation, by which they are to be judg'd, but they are under a Neceſſity of conforming to it no farther than that they cannot be accuſed of too great a Deviation from it.

And ſince, notwithſtanding all his Reaſon, Man finds himſelf unhappily conſtrained often to ſubmit himſelf to the Conduct of Prejudice, and can generally make no further Uſe of his Wiſdom than to chuſe of two Opinions, neither of which are fully comprehended by him, rather that which is better ſupported, than that which can ſhow leſs Authority, it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that nothing is more rational or leſs ſerviile, than in Compliance with the general Prejudice of every Age and Nation to conſider the great Authors of Antiquity, as the only Models which we ought to imitate; yet without ſuffering our Veneration to perſuade us that there is in every Paſſage of their Works, the ſame Strength, and the ſame Beauty. If our Gratitude will not allow us to charge them with the leaſt Defect, there is yet a Way by which we may, in Imitation of their warmeſt Defenders, preſerve their Characters, without injuring our own; let us, at the ſame Time that we defend what is diſapproved by their Adverſaries, forbear to copy it.

If any Man, more a *Frenchman* than a Critic, ſhould conceive, that I have not ſollicitouſly enough

maintained the Honour of my Country, I ſhall reply with *Voltaire*, *That the true Love of our Country conſiſts in being good Subjects, and promoting the general Happineſs, but to contend ſolely for the Reputation of our Authors, and to boaſt of having better Poets among us than our Neighbours, is rather Self-love than Patriotiſm.*

That there is much more to be ſaid upon Subjects of ſo great Importance, is eaſily diſcovered, eſpecially as Queſtions of this Kind admit of ſuch Diverſity of Opinions, and perhaps I may ſome Time treat of them in greater Latitude, but at preſent I believe, that what I have ſaid is ſufficient to qualify the Reader to peruſe the following Poems with Advantage, and to juſtify myſelf for having tranſgreſſed the Limits of an exact Tranſlation.

That it is generally to be wiſhed, that Tranſlators would conſider themſelves as *having their Hands tied*†, is not to be denied, and that they would, without any Regard to their own particular Taſte or Prejudices, endeavour to exhibit the Work as it really is in itſelf, that they would not ſo much endeavour to give us Pleaſure, as to ſhow us what has given Pleaſure to the Nation, for which the Original was written. Great would be the Uſe of ſuch Verſions, as they would not diſguiſe the real Manner or Character of foreign Writers, and would preſerve the peculiar and natural Air of every Author, without concealing even his Defects.

That nothing would be more uſeful or more curious, at leaſt, than ſuch Tranſlations as theſe I readily admit, but muſt confeſs, at the ſame Time, that, in my Opinion, no ſuch Tranſlation can poſſibly be written, at leaſt of an Author like Mr. *Pope*. Expreſſion is the Soul of Poetry, and there is no Repreſentation to be made of a Poet, without giving an Idea of his Expreſſion:

† See the Journal *des Scavans*, *April*, 1736. upon the Verſion of the *Eſſay on Man*.

ſion; even the Sentiments will often be loſt, which always depend on the Language, and of which, if you diveſt the Thoughts of our beſt *French* Poets, all their Force and Sublimity will vaniſh, and nothing will be left but a few well-known, and beaten Truths, which I do not indeed deny, but cannot applaud. The Skeleton of a Poet will indeed remain, but without any Beauty or Power to pleaſe.

The Baſis or ſolid Sentiment may very compleatly, ſays a celebrated Critic, be preſerved in Proſe, but it can retain neither the Force nor the Beauties which ariſe from the artful Diſpoſition of choſen Words, nor can any Idea be given of the Numbers or Harmony. A *French* Tranſlation can, in his Opinion no more enable us to determine the poetical Merit of the *Greek* or *Latin* Writers, than a Graver can give us in a Print a compleat View or Idea of the Genius exerted in Painting by *Titian* or *Caracbe*.

What the Author of the *Obſervations upon Modern Writings* † has ſaid of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, he had aſſerted with greater Reaſon of the *Engliſh*, whoſe Manner of Expreſſion is more diſtant from ours, than ours from that of the Ancients; and therefore what Value ſoever may be juſtly ſet upon the Tranſlations which Mr. *D. S.* has given of theſe two poetical Works, yet thoſe who are in the ſame Degree Maſters of the *Engliſh* and *French*, ſay, in plain Terms, that there is nothing of Mr. *Pope* to be found in them, and that if they ſometimes diſcover the Philoſopher, the Poet is always loſt.

I am far from concluding, that my Verſion will enable the Reader to judge better of the particular Character of Mr. *Pope*'s Poetry, and am convinced that Part of what I have urged againſt Proſe Tranſlations may be retorted upon thoſe in Verſe. They may, to a certain Degree, preſerve the Force and Fire, the

† Tom III. Letter 420.

the daring Spirit and rigorous Imagination, that make the Original admired, but the particular Strokes that mark out and diſtinguiſh that Force, Spirit, and Imagination from the ſame Excellenices in any other Writer, cannot be expected from a Tranſlation, and can only be learned by learning to Perfection the original Language.

In 1717 came out a Poem in five Cantos, called *An Eſſay on Criticiſm*, in Imitation of Mr. *Pope*, but Mr. *Roboton*, the Author of it, who was Counſellor and Privy Secretary to the late King of *England*, has treated the Thoughts of his Author ſo much like his own, and given them ſo compleat a *French* Dreſs, or rather garniſhed them ſo much, according to his own Fancy, that it would not be eaſy for the original Writer to know them. It is ſtrange that with ſuch excellent Materials, for leſs cannot be ſaid of Mr. *Pope*'s Performance, he could frame nothing more accurate or perfect; all the Faults which a *Frenchman* would find in an *Engliſh* Poem, he has retained, but almoſt all the Beauties he has loſt. *It is impoſſible*, ſay the Journaliſts of *Trevoux**, *to judge whether this Poem was written to ſhew how a Work of the Imagination may be written without Faults, or to teach the Art of criticiſing ſuch Works; He throws out at Hazard ſome Obſervations upon the Writers and Criticks of all Nations, and particularly his own, ſometimes indeed not without Wit, but always without Order or Judgment.* Though it cannot be ſaid, that a poetical Eſſay requires the ſame Degree of Regularity as a Treatiſe in Proſe, yet no Writer is exempted from the Neceſſity of making his Thoughts juſt, and his Reaſonings connected. In this reſpect there may perhaps appear the ſame Difference between my Tranſlation and Mr. *Roboton*'s, as between his Performance and that of Mr. *Pope*.

With regard to my Stile, I ſuppoſe it is not neceſſary to inform the Reader, that he is not to expect here

* *Auguſt*, 1717.

the Pomp and Elevation of the Epic Language, or of those Poems of which the Diction is adapted to marvellous Events, and great Actions. Instruction, not Imagery, is the Business of the didactic Writer, and the Excellencies of his Stile are Simplicity, Accuracy, and Perspicuity. The Poets of this Class, if they can claim that Title, apply to the Reason, not the Imagination, and are therefore not at Liberty to give full Play to the Efforts of Genius. So generally has this Truth been allowed, that *Horace* has, by many Critics, been affirmed to have descended in his Epistles from the natural Sublimity of his Stile to make his Precepts more efficacious, and to shew that his Instructions were founded on Truth, and needed not the Assistance of sounding Syllables, or Magnificence of Language.

There are, however, some Elegancies and Ornaments which didactic Poetry may properly admit, tho' its Province is always rather that of instructing than entertaining: and even Mr. *Pope*, tho' he teaches with more Politeness, Insinuation and Address, than his Predecessors, is nevertheless a Teacher, and has consequently something disgusting in his Manner. He endeavours not to dissipate the Attention by Variety, but to contract it to a single Point. To impress his Precepts with more Force, he sometimes traces back his own Reasonings, and returns to his first Principles.

For the Relief of his Readers he sometimes roves into Digressions, but there are few who are willing to be fatigued for the sake of knowing the Satisfaction of Repose. Satire contributes much to the Pleasure of this kind of Performances, but the Strokes which are to be found here, will not much gratify the Malignity of corrupt Hearts, because they are for the most Part general, or, if ever pointed at particular Persons, directed at such as are not known in our Country. Whoever therefore will be his Pupil here, must attend only from principles of Reason, a Kind of Attention, which

even

even Philoſophers can rarely ſupport without ſome Struggles and Reluctance.

Theſe Poems are therefore by no Means accommodated to thoſe who read, rather to lull themſelves in Tranquillity and Indolence, than to enlarge their Views and fortify their Minds. But thoſe who penetrate farther, who are not afraid of the Labour of Reflection, and whoſe Judgments are too ſolid to applaud a Book which does not require more than a ſingle reading, will find here no diſagreeable Employment.

Should any Man attempt to run over the Maxims of *Rochefoucault* with equal Rapidity as a Novel or a Hiſtory, he would haraſs himſelf without Advantage, and would find only a Croud of Maxims that would burthen the Mind, without enriching it, unleſs he allowed himſelf Time to dwell upon them, and to apply them to his own Ideas and Experience.

To make the Tranſlation of the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* more compleat, and more uſeful to young Readers deſirous of forming a Taſte, and qualifying themſelves to judge upon ſolid and extenſive Principles, not only of Poetry, but of all the polite Arts, I have ſubjoined to ſome particular Paſſages, either my own Obſervations, or Remarks extracted from Authors ancient or modern of greater Authority, in which ſome of Mr. *Pope*'s Sentiments are more fully explained. Some of the Notes I was obliged to inſert, merely for the Sake of common Readers. As to the Imitations which I have been careful to remark, I was of Opinion that it would be agreeable to obſerve what Paſſages Mr. *Pope* thought worthy of his Choice, and that by pointing them out, I ſhould rather heighten than depreſs his Character. Doctor *Atterbury*, a Wit of the firſt Claſs, to whoſe Friendſhip I had the Honour of being admitted, often aſſerted that there never was a good Writer who had not the Art of tranſplanting into his own Writings the Beauties of his Predeceſſors, and that the Man who imitated no Body, would probably find no Imitators.

F I N I S.

BOOKS *lately printed for, and Sold by* EDWARD CAVE *at St.* John's Gate.

THE General Dictionary Historical and Critical; in Ten Volumes Folio, containing, besides a compleat Translation of Mr *Bayle*'s Dictionary, his Dissertations, &c. many additional Lives, a new and very large Index to the whole, an alphabetical List of the Articles and a Chronological Table, which shews the Reader at one View who were contemporary, and enables him to peruse their Lives according to the Order of Time in which they flourished. The whole Work containing the History of the most Illustrious Persons of all Ages and Nations, particularly those of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*. Among the new Lives, besides many others equally curious and entertaining, are those of

Addison,
Andrews,
Arioſto,
Arminius,
Arnobius,
Arrian,
Aſcham,
Aſhmole,
Atkins,
Atterbury,
Audley,
Bacon,
Baillet,
Thomas Baker,
Richard Baker,
Bale,
Baliol,
Balwze,
Bartlay,
Barlow,
Barnes,
Baronius,
Barrow,
Bates,
Baxter Richard,
Baxter William,
Bayle,
Beaument,
Bedell,
Bennet Earl of Arlington,
Bennet Thomas,
Bernard,
Betterton,
Beveridge,
Biddle,
Bidloo,
Blackall,
Blake,
Blount,
Bodley,
Boileau,
Bond,
Bonet,
Borelli,
Borgia,
Boſſu,
Boyle,
Brake,
Briggs,
Brown,
Brun,
Buckingham,
Bull,
Burnet,
Calamy Edmund,
Calamy, Benj.
Camoens,
Cange,
Carpenter,
Cartes,
Caſaubon Iſaac,
Caſaubon Meric,
Cave,
Cavendiſh,
Caxton,
Cecil,
Chaucer,
Cheke,
Chillingworth,
Coke,
Colet,
Collier,
Collins,
Congreve,
Cotes,
Cowel,
Creech,
Cromwell,
Cudworth,
Cumberland,
Dacier,

Daverant,
Dawes,
Denham,
Digby,
Dodwell,
Donne,
Dorſet,
Dryden,
Dugdale,
Echard,
Egerton,
Epictetus,
Epiphanius,
Erpenius,
Evelyn,
Evremond,
Euſebius,
Fabretti
Falkland,
Falſtaff,
Fanſhaw,
Fell,
Fevre,
Fiddes,
Flamſtead,
Fleetwood,
Fletcher,
Forbes,
Fortescue,
Fox,
Friend,
Fuller,
Gale,
Garth,
Gataker,
Gay,
Glanvill,
Goodwin
Francis,
Godwin Dr.
Thomas,
Grabe,
Grævius,
Graunt,
Greaves,

Gregory, Jo.
Gregory, Ja.
Gregory, D.
Greenville,
Grew,
Grindal,
Gronovius,
Grotius,
Guarino,
Guicciardini,
Guillim,
Hakluyt,
Hale,
Hales,
Hall,
Halifax,
Hambden,
Hammond,
Hardouin,
Harrington
Hearne,
Herbelot,
Herbert,
Herodian,
Herodotus,
Heylin,
Hicks,
Hobbes,
Hodges,
Hollinſhed,
Holyoke,
Hooke,
Hooker,
Hooper,
Horneck
Horrox,
Howe,
Howel,
Hudſon,
Huet,
Hughes,
Huggens,
Hyde,
Jewel,

Johnſon,
Jones,
Keill John,
Keill James,
Ken,
Kennet,
Kettlewell,
Kidder,
King John,
King Peter,
Kœmpfer,
Kuſter,
Langbaine,
Lanſdowne,
Laud,
Lannoi,
Lee,
Leland,
Lenfant,
Leſley,
Leſtrange,
Lewis,
Lightfoot,
Lilburn,
Lilly,
Linacre,
Liſter,
Littleton,
Llhwyd,
Locke,
Lockman,
Longomontanus,
Lower,
Lucas,
Ludlow,
Ludolf,
Lycophron,
Mabillon,
Mackenzie,
Malebranche,
Malpighi,
Mandeville,
Marlborough,

Marſhall,
Marſham,
Marvell,
Maſſinger,
May,
Mayne,
Maynwaring,
Mede,
Merſenne,
Mezeray,
Mill,
Milton,
Molineux,
Monnoy,
Montague,
More, Sir T.
More Henry
Morley,
Morton,
Moſs,
Moyle,
Nelſon,
Newton,
Nicholſon,
Norris,
Ogilby,
Oldenburgh
Oldham,
Osborn,
Otway,
Overbury,
Oughtred,
Owen,
Ozanam,
Palearius,
Pallavicino,
Panormita,
Parker,
Parſons,
Patrick,
Pearſon,
Peirce,
Pell,
Penn,

Perizonius,
Peter I.
Petrarch,
Petty,
Philips,
Pocoke,
Poole,
Potter,
Prideaux,
Prior,
Prynne,
Puffendorf,
Rapin de
Thoyras,
Raleigh,
Ray,
Reland,
Rowe
Nicholas,
Rowe Eliz.
Ruſhworth,
Ruſſel,
Sackville,
Sancroft,
Sandys,
Savile,
Scaliger
J. Cæſar,
Scaliger
Joſeph,
Scot,
Selden,
Shadwell,
Shaftsbury,
Shakeſpear,
Sharp,
Sheffield,
Sheldon,
Sherburne
Sherlock,
Shirley
Sidney,
Smalridge,
Smith,
Somers,

Somner,	Spencer	Talbot,	Wake,	Wilkin*,
South,	John,	Taylor,	Waller,	Williams
Southwell,	Spinckes,	Temple,	Wallis,	John,
Spanheim	Spotſwood,	Teniſon,	Walton,	Williams
Ezekiel,	Sprat,	Tillotſon,	Ward,	Daniel,
Spanheim	Stanhope,	Tindal,	Wharton,	Willis,
Frederick,	Stanley,	Toland,	Whichcot,	Wilſon,
Speed,	Steele,	Trenchard,	Whitby,	Winwood,
Spelman,	Stillingfleet	Vanini,	Whitelocke	Wollaſton,
Spencer,	Sydenham,	Uſher,	Whitgift,	Wood.

By

The Rev. Mr. *John Peter Bernard*, F. R. S.
The Rev. Mr *Thomas Birch*, A. M. F. R. S.
The late Mr *George Sale*,
Mr *John Lockman*; and other Hands.

N. B. *The Obſervations and Corrections of the late* Paris *Edition, of* Bayle's *Dictionary, and Reflections on the Paſſages which ſeem to favour Scepticiſm and the Manichee Syſtem, are inſerted in their proper Places thro' the whole, but thoſe, as well as all other Additions, are always diſtinguiſhed by proper Marks from what were written by Mr.* Bayle.

II. The Nature and Laws of CHANCE, wherein the Subject is fully, yet conciſely, handled; and the more abſtruſe and important Problems, as well as the more ſimple ones, are reſolved in a general and conſpicuous Manner; Containing the Doctrine of Combinations and Permutations clearly deduced: an Inveſtigation of the Probability that a propoſed Event happens a given Number of Times in a given Number of Tryals; a new and very comprehenſive Problem of great Uſe in Lotteries, Cards, &c. with others for determining the Probability of Winning, whether at Bowls Coits Raffles, &c. in any Circumſtance of the Play: A Problem for finding the Tryals wherein it may be undertaken that a propoſed Event ſhall happen or fail a given Number of Times; another to find the Chances for a given Number of Points with a given Number of Dice; and another on the Duration of Play being three of the moſt curious and remarkable in the Subject, and all ſolved by new and general Methods. The Solution of a Problem propoſed to the Publick ſome time ago, in *Latin*, as a very difficult one, with full and clear Inveſtigations of the two new Problems added at the End of Mr *de Moivre*'s laſt Edition, whoſe Demonſtrations are there omitted

mitted; one of which Problems is allowed, by that great Man himſelf, to be the moſt uſeful as well as the moſt difficult in the whole Subject.

III. Geography Reformed: or, a new Syſtem of General Geography according to an accurate Analyſis of the Science, augmented with ſeveral neceſſary Branches omitted by former Authors. In four Parts.

1. Of the *Nature* and *Principles* of GEOGRAPHY; its antient and preſent State in all Nations; its Uſefulneſs to perſons of all profeſſions, and the Method of ſtudying it; with its Analyſis or Diviſion into Species, according to former Authors, and a new plan, ſhewing the Errors and Defects of thoſe by *Varenius*, *Sanſon*, *la Martiniere*, Pere *Caſtel*, &c.

2. Of MATHEMATICAL GEOGRAPHY and its Branches, Aſtronomical and Geometrical: Shewing the ſeveral Diviſions of the Earth by Regions, Hemiſpheres, Zones, Climates, Meridians and Parallels, &c.

3. HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY and its Species, Natural; Civil; Eccleſiaſtical; National; Periodical, *ancient*, *middle*, *modern*; Parallel, and Critical.

4. Of TECHNICAL GEOGRAPHY and its Branches: Repreſentatory, by *Globes* and *Maps*; Synoptical, by *Tables*; and Explanatory, by *Syſtems* and *Dictionaries*.

Under each Branch is given an Account of its Object and Uſe, an Explanation of the *Terms*, the Hiſtory of its *Riſe* and *Progreſs*, with Rules for exhibiting it to the beſt Advantage. The whole illuſtrated with Notes and References to the principal Geographers, whoſe different Sentiments are *cited* and *examin'd*. Deſigned for the Uſe of the Curious in general, and Students in particular. There is added a copious Index of the Terms contained in the Work, anſwering the End of a Dictionary of General Geography. pr. 3*s*. 6*d*.

IV. The Hiſtory and Antiquities of the Corporation of *King's Lynn* in the County of *Norfolk*: Containing whatever is, or hath been curious and remarkable in this Town: With a chronological and hiſtorical Account of memorable Occurrences for more than 500 Years paſt. A particular Account of all the Monuments and their Inſcriptions, and of all the Coats of Arms and their Blazons in every Church: To which is added an accurate Deſcription of King *John*'s Sword and Cup, the Weſt Proſpect of the Town and Harbour, and *ten more Copper Plates* of the Arms, publick Buildings, &c. beautifully engraved; alſo a great Number of other Cuts. By *B. Mackerel*, Gent. Price bound 5 *s*.

V. Sir

V. Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Philoſophy explained for the Uſe of the Ladies. In ſix Dialogues on Light and Colours From the *Italian* of Sig. *Algarotti*, 2 Vols 12mo. Price bound 5 *s*. Tranſlated by Mrs *Elizabeth Carter*.

N. B. Monſ. *Voltaire* ſpeaks of Sig. *Algarotti*, and this his Work with great Applauſe, in a Poem on this Subject, *viz.*

Purſuing thee, I venture to advance,
And bring home Truth, that Wanderer, to France.
While Algarotti, *ſure to pleaſe and teach,*
Conducts the Stranger to the Latian *Beach*;
With Native Flow'rs adorns the beauteous Maid,
And Tyber *wonders at ſuch Worth diſplay'd.*

VI. An Examination of *Pope*'s Eſſay on Man. Tranſlated from the *French* of M. *Crouſaz*, Member of the Royal Academies of Sciences at *Paris* and *Bourdeaux*; and Profeſſor of Philoſophy and Mathematicks at *Lauſanne*. Price ſtitch'd 2 *s*.

VII. A Commentary on Mr POPE's Principles of Morality, or Eſſay on Man by Monſ. *Crouſaz*, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris and Bourdeaux, and Profeſſor of Philoſophy and Mathematicks at *Lauſanne*; in anſwer to a Letter of Remarks on his Examen, &c. Containing alſo,

1. The Letter of Remarks to Monſ. *Crouſaz*.
2. The Abbe du *Reſnel*'s Tranſlation of the *Eſſay* into *French* Verſe.
3. An Interlineary *Engliſh* Verſion of the ſame.
4. M. *Du Reſnel*'s Preface, with his Obſervations on the *French*, *Italian*, and *Engliſh* Poetry.
5. Some Annotations by the Tranſlator. Price 3 *s*.

VIII. The Parliamentary Regiſter, containing LISTS of twenty four Parliaments from 1660 to 1641. In which the Names of the Members are not only regiſtered under the Names of the Counties, Cities and Boroughs repreſented by them; (and a Margin left to regiſter many ſucceeding Parliaments) but they are collected again into an alphabetical Index, referring to the Places they have been returned for; and diſtinguiſhing the Reſtoration Parliament and the laſt.

The Second Edition, corrected by the Returns to Parliament; with a Preface containing ſome Obſervations on each Parliament. To which is added, an exact LIST of the preſent Houſe of Lords, and of the Peers of Scotland ſince the Union; and the Peers extinct ſince the Reſtoration. Price bound 2 *s* 6 *d*.

IX. Thirty-nine Sermons, by (a late very celebrated PREACHER) *John Cooke*, A. M. Rector of the United Parishes of St *George* the Martyr, and St *Mary Magdalen* in *Canterbury*, and of *Mersham* in *Kent*, and one of the Six Preachers of the Cathedral Church of *Canterbury*: From the Manuscript Copy, prepared by himself for the Press; (there being several Copies of some of the Sermons abroad in Writing, first granted at the Request of the Countess of *Coventry*, and other Persons of Distinction) On the following Heads and Occasions; *viz. Of Faith. Happiness. Coming to Christ. Righteousness, Temperance, and Judgment to come. Cleanness mistaken. God's Omniscience. On Prayer. Of Friendship with God. The Enmity of the Devil. Resolution in Faith and Practice. Of Proving and Persevering. The Nature of Cleanness.* Naaman's *Cure. Of Vision. Revelation, and Repentance. Of Zeal. The Crown of Glory. The Righteous Man's Reward. The Wicked Man's Lot. Blessed are the Meek. Mercy to the Merciful. Purity in Heart. Holding fast the Faith. Godly Fear and Obedience Covetousness. The Sabbath. Sion preferred. Of Superstition. The Difficulty of Salvation. On St Peter's Denial. Upon the Fifth of November*, preach'd before the Lower House of Convocation, who requested this Sermon to be Printed

X. A Compleat Catalogue of all the Discourses written both for and against *Popery*, in the Time of King *James* II Containing in the Whole, an Account of four hundred and fifty seven Books and Pamphlets, a great Number of them not mentioned in the three former Catalogues. With References after each Title, for the more speedy finding of a further Account of the said Discourses, and of their Authors in sundry Writers: And an Alphabetical List of the Writers on each Side. A Tract very necessary for these Times, and for all those who are desirous to compleat their Sets of those pieces, or would sort them to the best Advantage. Drawn up in a new Method, by *Francis Peck*, M. A. Rector of *Godeby*, near *Melton* in *Leicestershire*.

XI. The *Batchelor's Recantation*: Or, his Estimate of the Expences of a Marriage Life, re-considered paragraph by paragraph, and retracted. To which is added, 1. His passionate Address to all Batchelors and Maidens. 2. An old Maiden Lady's Advice to all young ones. (A *Tale* by a *Baroness*) 3. A *Form* of *Prayer* to be used daily by all spotless Virgins. 4. The Doctor confuted, or, *No Cure for Love*. 5. A young Lady's Recantation of her Resolution to turn Nun. Humbly Addressed to *Henry Stonecastle*, Esq; Author of the *Universal Spectator*. By *John Single* of *Gray's Inn*, Esq; price 6 *d*.

XII. Travels into the Inland Parts of *Africa*, Containing a Deſcription of the ſeveral Nations for the Space of ſix hundred Miles up the River *Gambia*; their Trade, Habits, Cuſtoms, Language, Manners, Religion and Government; the Power, Diſpoſition and Characters of ſome Negro Princes; with a particular Account of JOB BEN SOLOMON, a *Pholey*, who in the Year 1733 was in *England*, and known by the Name of the *African*. Being the Journal, *&c.* of FRANCIS MOORE, Factor ſeveral Years to the Royal *African* Company of *England*. To which he has added, Capt. *Stibbs*'s Voyage up the *Gambia* in the Year 1723, to make Diſcoveries; and Obſervation on the Captain's Remarks and Conduct. Alſo an accurate *Map* of that River taken on the Spot; and the Soundings for 503 Miles, by Mr *John Leach*; with *ten more Copper Plates* engraved by very good Hands, *viz.* Proſpects and Plans of the *African* Company's Fort on *James* Iſland, and of a Factory; a Draught of the ſtrange Situation of a *Pholey* Town, Figure, of uncommon Birds and Inſects, Repreſentation of a Negro Prince on Horſeback, and of the Method of climbing the Palm-Tree to extract the Wine. The Author has likewiſe, to compleat his Subject, given Extracts from the *Nubian*'s Geography, LEO the *African*, and other Authors antient and modern, concerning the *Niger Nile*, or *Gambia*, and this Part of *Africa*, with Obſervations thereon; and a Vocabulary, *Engliſh* and *Mundingo*, the Language moſt uſed by the Negroes The Work concludes with an Appendix containing, 1. His Contract with the *African* Company. 2 Several Letters, Papers and Inſtructions relating to the Company's Commerce, particularly the Gum Trade, 3. The Voyage of an Adventurer, who found, and deſcribes the Way to, the Gold Mines up the *Gambia*. To the whole is prefixt a Letter to the Publiſher, being a learned and critical Introduction to the honeſt *Factor*'s plain Narrative.

XIII The Hiſtory of the Life and Reign of Q. *Elizabeth*, of immortal Memory, from her Birth to her Death. With the whole proceedings of the Divorce of King *Henry* VIII. from Queen *Catherine*, his Marriage with the Lady *Anne Bullen*, and the Cauſe of her unfortunate Death on the Scaffold. Illuſtrated with Copper-plate Cuts, engraved by the beſt Hands. 2 Vols.

XIV. The Chriſtian's Guide to Devotion and Obedience: Or, the leſſer Whole Duty of Man. With Prayers for Families and private Perſons: Alſo the true and proper Preparation for the Sacrament. The Third Edition Price ſtitched 4d bound 6 d.

XV. A new Method to obtain the Knowledge of the *Hebrew* Tongue Speedily and without a Maſter; for the Uſe of the *Engliſh* Scholar. To which is affixed, A Praxis of Reading, together with an Eſſay to recover the Rhetorical Power of its Accents which are Inſtruments for interpreting of Scripture, uſed by the divinely inſpired Penmen under the Old Teſtament; Being a Key to a Critical Analyſis of all the *Hebrew* and *Chaldaic* Words in the Bible, By *Andrew Burrel*, M. A.

XVI. A true Scripture Account of the Nature and Benefits of the Holy Euchariſt, in Anſwer to a Book intitled, *A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper*. By Tho. Brett, L L D.

XVII. The Trial of *John Peter Zenger*, of New York, who was lately tried and acquitted for Printing and Publiſhing a Libel againſt the Government. pr. 1 *s*.

XVIII. Remarks on the Trial of *John Peter Zenger*. pr 1 *s*

XIX. Memoirs of St *George* the *Engliſh* Patron; and of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, being an Introduction to an intended Hiſtory of the Antiquities of the Caſtle, Town, and Borough of *Windſor* with the parts adjacent in the County of *Berks*. By *Thomas Dawſon*, D D.

Note, *Among other ancient Cuſtoms related herein, is that of Inveſting the Queen and the Ladies with the Robes and Enſigns of this Order.*

XX. A Miſcellary of New Poems on ſeveral Occaſions. By *R. Luck*, M. A. Maſter of *Barnſtable* School: Containing alſo the Loves of Hero and Leander, from the Greek of *Muſæus*. To which is added, *Foemata Quædam Latina. Auctore R. Luck:*

XXI. LONDON: A Poem, in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal By *S Johnſon*, pr. 1 *s*

XXII. Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, by Mary Maſters.

XXIII. The Hiſtory of *Thamas Kuli Khan*, Shah or Sophi of *PERSIA* Extracted from the *French*. pr. 6 *d*.

XXIV. POEMS on Various Subjects, Humerous and Serious, (many never printed before.) By Mr MOSES BROWNE. In 8*vo*. with a Fronriſpiece by *Gravelot*.

In this Volume are inſerted, with large Improvements and Additions, PISCATORY ECLOGUES, a New Attempt in Paſtoral; together with the Eſſay on the UNIVERSE, 3 Books firſt publiſhed; as alſo the Prize-Poems of the ſame Author that obtain'd the 50*l*. the Gold Medal, and the Prizes on Aſtronomy, the Queen's Grotto, and the Divine Attributes. All offer'd in the Gentleman's Magazine. Price 6*s*.

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 SE 1912